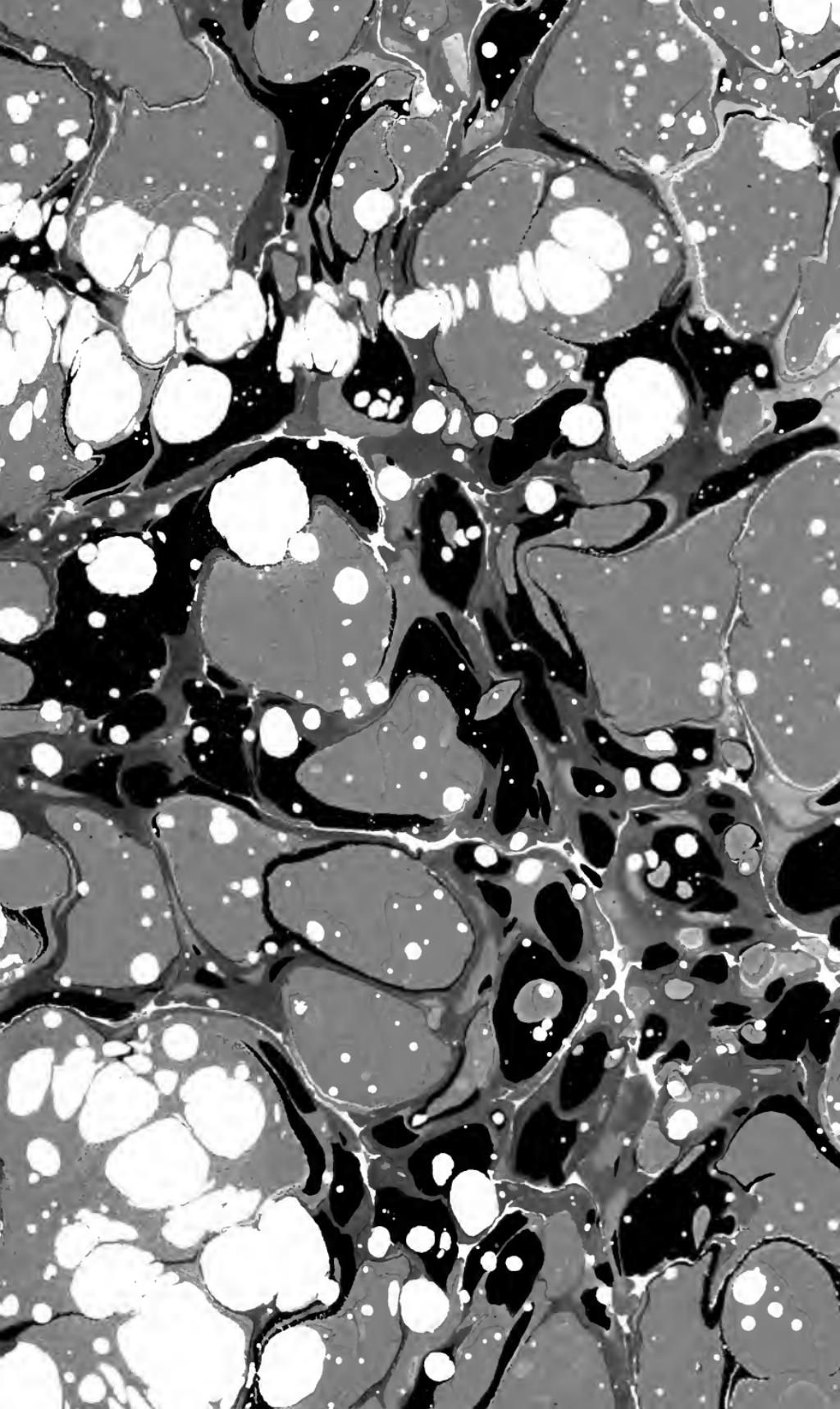


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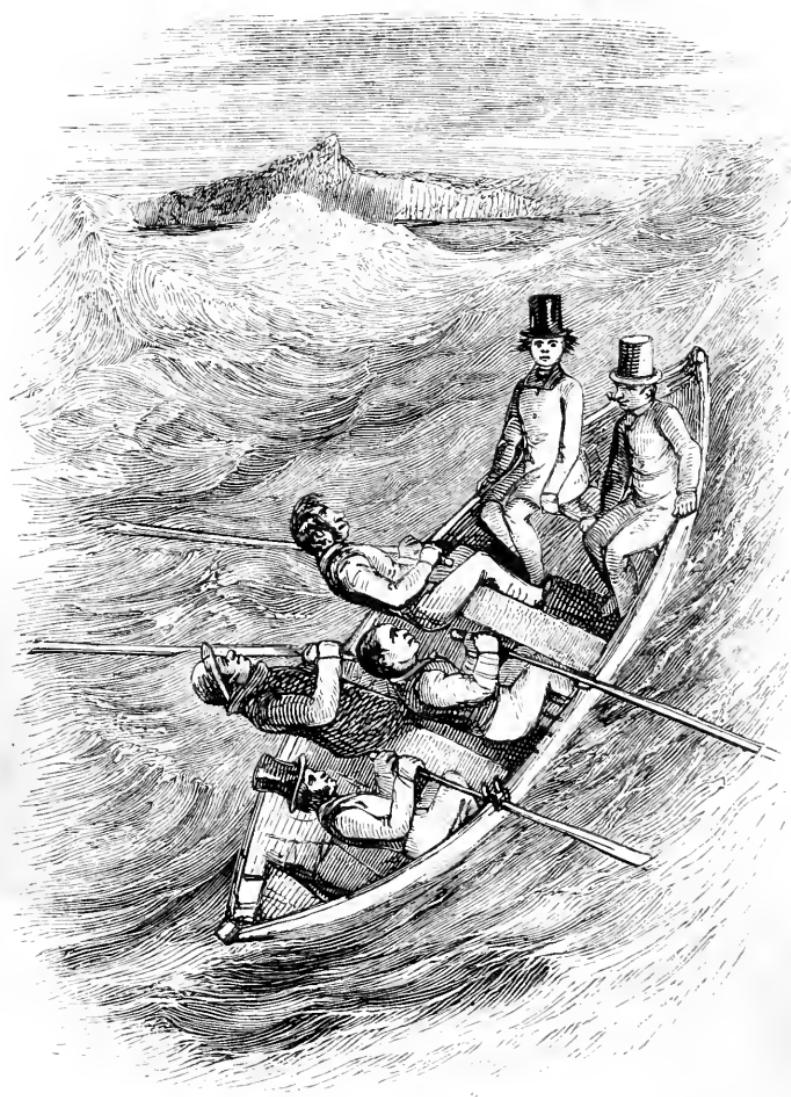
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THE IRISH SKETCH BOOK.





A PLEASURE-BOAT AT THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

THE
IRISH SKETCH-BOOK,

BY

MR. M. A. TITMARSH.



WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD,

DRAWN BY THE AUTHOR.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

MDCCCXLV.



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THE IRISH SKETCH-BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

MORE RAIN IN GALWAY—A WALK THERE—AND THE SECOND
GALWAY NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

SEVEN hills has Rome, seven mouths has Nilus' stream,
Around the Pole seven burning planets gleam.
Twice equal these is Galway, Connaught's Rome :
Twice seven illustrious tribes here find their home.*
Twice seven fair towers the city's ramparts guard,
Each house within is built of marble hard.
With lofty turret flanked, twice seven the gates,
Through twice seven bridges water permeates.
In the High Church are twice seven altars raised,
At each a holy saint and patron 's praised.
Twice seven the Convents, dedicate to Heaven,—
Seven for the female sex—for Godly fathers seven.†

HAVING read in Hardiman's History the quaint inscription in Irish Latin, of which the above lines are a version, and looked admiringly at the old plans of Galway which are to be found in the same work,

* By the help of an Alexandrine, the names of these famous families may also be accommodated to verse.

“Athey, Blake, Bodkin, Browne, Deane, Dorsey, Frinehe,
Joyce, Morech, Skereth, Fonte, Kirowan, Martin, Lynehe.”

† If the rude old verses are not very remarkable in quality,

I was in hopes to have seen in the town some considerable remains of its former splendour, in spite of a warning to the contrary which the learned historiographer gives.

The old city certainly has some relics of its former stateliness ; and, indeed, is the only town in Ireland I have seen, where an antiquary can find much subject for study, or a lover of the picturesque an occasion for using his pencil. It is a wild, fierce, and most original old town. Joyce's castle in one of the principal streets, a huge square gray tower, with many carvings and ornaments, is a gallant relic of its old days of prosperity, and gives one an awful idea of the tenements which the other families inhabited, and which are designed in the interesting plate which Mr. Hardiman gives in his work. The Collegiate Church, too, is still extant without its

in *quantity* they are still more deficient, and take some dire liberties with the laws laid down in the *Gradus* and the *Grammar*.

“ Septem ornant montes Romam, septem ostia Nilum,
 Tot rutilis stellis splendet in axe Polus.
 Galvia, Polo Niloque bis aequas. Roma Conachtæ,
 Bis septem illustres has colit illa tribus.
 Bis urbis septem defendunt mœnia turres,
 Intus et en duro est marmore quæque domus.
 Bis septem portæ sunt, castra et culmina circum,
 Per totidem pontum permeat unda vias.
 Principe bis septem fulgent altaria templo,
 Quævis patronæ est ara dicata suo.
 Et septem sacrata Deo cœnobia, patrum,
 Fœminei et sexus, tot pia tecta tenet.”

fourteen altars, and looks to be something between a church and a castle, and as if it should be served by templars with sword and helmet, in place of mitre and crosier. The old houses in the main street are like fortresses; the windows look into a court within; there is but a small low door, and a few grim windows peering suspiciously into the street.

Then there is Lombard-street, otherwise called Deadman's-lane, with a raw-head and cross-bones, and a 'memento mori' over the door where the dreadful tragedy of the Lynch's was acted in 1493. If Galway is the Rome of Connaught, James Lynch Fitzstephen, the Mayor, may be considered as the Lucius Junius Brutus thereof. Lynch had a son who went to Spain as master of one of his father's ships, and being of an extravagant wild turn, there contracted debts, and drew bills, and alarmed his father's correspondent, who sent a clerk and nephew of his own back in young Lynch's ship to Galway, to settle accounts. On the fifteenth day, young Lynch threw the Spaniard overboard: coming back to his own country, reformed his life a little, and was on the point of marrying one of the Blakes, Burkes, Bodkins, or others: when a seaman who had sailed with him, being on the point of death, confessed the murder in which he had been a participator.

Hereon the father, who was chief magistrate of the town, tried his son, and sentenced him to death: and when the clan Lyneh rose in a body to rescue the young man, and avert such a disgrace from their family, it is said that Fitzstephen Lynch hung the culprit with his own hand. A tragedy called “The Warden of Galway,” has been written on the subject, and was acted a few nights before my arrival.

The waters of Lough Corrib, which “permeate” under the bridges of the town, go rushing and roaring to the sea with a noise and eagerness only known in Galway; and along the banks you see all sorts of strange figures washing all sorts of wonderful rags, with red petticoats and redder shanks standing in the stream. Pigs are in every street, the whole town shrieks with them: and I saw the pair of lovers in the frontispiece; the girl with the little Galway *pet* in her lap. There are numbers of idlers on the bridges, thousands in the streets, humming and swarming in and out of dark old ruinous houses; congregated round numberless apple-stalls, nail-stalls, bottle stalls, pigs’-foot stalls; in queer old shops, that look to be two centuries old; loitering about warehouses, ruined or not; looking at the washer-women washing in the river, or at the fish-donkeys,

or at the potato-stalls, or at a vessel coming into the quay, or at the boats putting out to sea.



That boat at the quay, by the little old gate, is bound for Arranmore; and one next to it has a freight of passengers for the cliffs of Mohir, on the Clare Coast; and as the sketch is taken, a hundred of people have stopped in the street to look on, and are buzzing behind in Irish, telling the little boys in that language, who will persist in placing themselves exactly in the front of the designer, to get out of his way, which they do for some time; but at length curiosity is so intense that you are entirely hemmed in, and the view rendered quite invisible. A sailor's wife comes up, who speaks English, with a very wist-

ful face, and begins to hint, that them black pictures are very bad likenesses, and very dear too for a poor woman, and how much would a painted one cost, does his honour think? and she has her husband that's going to sea to the West Indies to-morrow; and she'd give anything to have a picture of him. So I made bold to offer to take his likeness for nothing. But he never came, except one day at dinner, and not at all on the next day, though I staid on purpose to accommodate him. It is true that it was pouring with rain, and as English waterproof cloaks are not waterproof in *Ireland*, the traveller who has but one coat must of necessity respect it, and had better stay where he is, unless he prefers to go to bed while he has his clothes dried at the next stage.

The houses in the fashionable street where the club-house stands (a strong building, with an agreeable Old Bailey look,) have the appearance of so many little Newgates. The Catholic chapels are numerous, unfinished, and ugly. Great warehouses and mills rise up by the stream, or in the midst of unfinished streets here and there; and handsome convents with their gardens, justice-houses, barracks, and hospitals adorn the large, poor, bustling, rough-and-ready looking town. A man who sells hunting-whips,

gunpowder, guns, fishing-tackle, and brass and iron ware, has a few books on his counter, and a lady in a bye-street, who carries on the profession of a milliner, eked out her stock in a similar way. But there were no regular book-shops that I saw, and when it came on to rain, I had no resource but the Hedge-School volumes again. They, like Patrick Spelman's sign,



(which was faithfully copied in the town,) present some very rude flowers of poetry, and “entertainment” of an exceedingly humble sort: but such shelter is not to be despised when no better is to be had; nay, possibly its novelty may be piquant to some readers, as an admirer of Shakspeare will occasionally condescend to listen to Mr. Punch, or an epicure to content himself with a homely dish of beans and bacon.

When Mr. Kilroy's waiter has drawn the window-curtains, brought the hot water for the whiskey-

negus, and a pipe and a “screw” of tobacco, and two huge old candlesticks that were plated once, the audience may be said to be assembled, and after a little overture performed on the pipe, the second night’s entertainment begins with the historical tragedy of the Battle of Aughrim.

Though it has found its way to the West of Ireland, the Battle of Aughrim is evidently by a protestant author ; a great enemy of Popery and wooden shoes ; both of which principles, incarnate in the person of Saint Ruth, the French General commanding the troops sent by Louis XIV. to the aid of James II., meet with a woful downfal at the conclusion of the piece. It must have been written in the reign of Queen Anne, judging from some loyal compliments which are paid to that sovereign in the play, which is also modelled upon Cato.

The battle of Aughrim is written from beginning to end in decasyllabic verse of the richest sort ; and introduces us to the chiefs of William and James’s army. On the English side we have Baron de Ginckle, three Generals, and two Colonels : on the Irish, Monsieur Saint Ruth, two Generals, two Colonels, and an English gentleman of fortune, a volunteer, and son of no less a person than Sir Edmonbury Godfrey.

There are two ladies Jemima, the Irish Colonel Talbot's daughter, in love with Godfrey; and Lucinda lady of Colonel Herbert, in love with her lord; and the deep nature of the tragedy may be imagined when it is stated that Colonel Talbot is killed, Colonel Herbert is killed, Sir Charles Godfrey is killed, and Jemima commits suicide, as resolved not to survive her adorer. St. Ruth is also killed, and the remaining Irish heroes are taken prisoners or run away. Among the supernumeraries there is likewise a dreadful slaughter.

The author, however, though a Protestant is an Irishman, (there are peculiarities in his pronunciation which belong only to that nation,) and as far as courage goes, he allows the two parties to be pretty equal. The scene opens with a martial sound of kettle-drums and trumpets in the Irish camp, near Athlone. That town is besieged by Ginckle, and Monsieur St. Ruth (despising his enemy with a confidence often fatal to Generals) meditates an attack on the besiegers' lines, if, by any chance, the besieged garrison be not in a condition to drive them off.

After discoursing on the posture of affairs, and letting General Sarsfield and Colonel O'Neil know his hearty contempt of the English and their General, all parties, after protestations of patriotism,

indulge in hopes of the downfal of William. St. Ruth says he will drive the wolves and lions' cubs away. O'Neil declares he scorns the revolution, and, like great Cato, smiles at persecution. Sarsfield longs for the day "when our Monks and Jesuits shall return, and holy incense on our altars burn."—When

"Enter a Post."

Post. With important news I from Athlone am sent,
Be pleased to lead me to the General's tent.

Sars. Behold the General there. Your message tell.

St. Ruth. Declare your message. Are our friends all well?

Post. Pardon me, sir, the fatal news I bring,
Like vulture's poison every heart shall sting.
Athlone is lost without your timely aid,
At six this morning an assault was made,
When under shelter of the British cannon,
Their granadiers in armour took the Shannon,
Led by brave Captain Sandys, who *with fame*,
Plunged to his middle in the rapid stream :
He led them through, and with undaunted ire
He gained the bank in spite of all our fire ;
Being bravely followed by his granadiers
Though bullets flew like hail about their ears,
And by this time they enter uncontroled.

St. Ruth. Dare all the force of England be so bold,
T' attempt to storm so brave a town, when I
With all Hibernia's sons of war am nigh ?
Return : and if the Britons dare pursue,
Tell them St. Ruth is near, and *that will do.*

Post. Your aid would do much better than your name.

St. Ruth. Bear back this answer, friend, from whence you
came. [Exit Post.]

The picture of brave Sandys, "who with fame,
plunged to his middle in the rapid strame :" is not a

bad image on the part of the Post: and St. Ruth's reply, "Tell them St. Ruth is near, and *that will do*," characteristic of the vanity of his nation. But Sarsfield knows Britons better, and pays a merited compliment to their valour.

"*Sars.* Send speedy succours and their fate prevent,
You know not yet what Britons dare attempt.
I know the English fortitude is such,
To boast of nothing, though they hazard much.
No force on earth their fury can repel,
Nor would they fly from all the devils in hell."

Another officer arrives—Athlone is really taken, St. Ruth gives orders to retreat to Aughrim, and Sarsfield, in a rage, first challenges him, and then vows he will quit the army. "A *gleam* of horror does my vitals *damp*," says the Frenchman (in a figure of speech, more remarkable for vigour than logic;) "I fear Lord Lucan has forsook the camp?" But not so: after a momentary indignation, Sarsfield returns to his duty, and ere long is reconciled with his vain and vacillating chief.

And now the love intrigue begins. Godfrey enters—and states Sir Charles Godfrey is his lawful name—he is an Englishman, and was on his way to join Ginckle's camp, when Jemima's beauty overcame him: he asks Colonel Talbot to bestow on him the lady's hand. The Colonel consents, and in

Act II., on the plain of Aughrim, at 5 o'clock in the morning, Jemima enters and proclaims her love. The lovers have an interview, which concludes by a mutual confession of attachment, and Jemima says, "Here, take my hand. 'Tis true the gift is small, but when I can, I'll give you heart and all." The lines show finely the agitation of the young person. She meant to say, take *my heart*, but she is longing to be married to him, and the words slip out as it were unawares. Godfrey cries in raptures—

"Thanks to the gods ! who such a present gave,
 Such radiant graces ne'er could man *receive (resave)* ;
 For who on earth has e'er such transports known ?
 What is the Turkish monarch on his throne,
 Hemmed round *with rusty swords* in pompous state ?
 Amidst his court no joys can be so great.
 Retire with me, my soul no longer stay !
 In public view, the General moves this way."

'Tis, indeed, the General, who, reconciled with Sarsfield, straightway, according to his custom, begins to boast about what he will do.

"Thrice welcome to my heart, thou best of friends !
 The rock on which our holy faith depends ;
 May this our meeting as a tempest make
 The vast foundations of Britannia shake,
 Tear up their orange plant, and overwhelm
 The strongest bulwarks of the British realm !
 Then shall the Dutch and Hanoverian fall,
 And James shall ride in triumph to Whitehall,

Then to protect our faith he will maintain
An inquisition here like that in Spain.

“*Sars.* Most bravely urged, my Lord ! your skill I own,
Would be *unparalleled*—had you saved Athlone.”

—“Had you saved Athlone !” Sarsfield has him there: and the contest of words might have provoked quarrels still more fatal; but alarms are heard: the battle begins, and St. Ruth (still confident) goes to meet the enemy, exclaiming, “Athlone was sweet, but Aughrim shall be sour.” The fury of the Irish is redoubled on hearing of Talbot’s heroic death: the Colonel’s corpse is presently brought in, and to it enters Jemima, who bewails her loss in the following pathetic terms.

“*Jemima.* Oh !—he is dead !—my soul is all on fire,
Witness ye gods !—he did with fame expire.
For Liberty a sacrifice was made,
And fell, like Pompey, by some *villain’s* blade.
There lies a breathless corse, whose soul ne’er knew
A thought but what was always just and true ;
Look down from Heaven, God of peace and love,
Waft him with triumph to the throne above ;
And Oh ! ye winged guardians of the skies
Tune your sweet harps, and sing his obsequies !
Good friends, stand off——whilst I embrace the ground
Whereon he lies ———and bathe each mortal wound,
With brinish tears, that like to torrents run
From these sad eyes. Oh Heavens ! I’m undone.

(*Falls down on the body.*)

“*Enter Sir Charles Godfrey. He raises her.*

“*Sir Char.* Why do these precious eyes like fountains flow,
To drown the radiant Heaven that lies below ?

Dry up your tears,—I trust his soul ere this,
Has reached the mansions of eternal bliss,
Soldiers—bear hence the body out of sight.

[*They bear him off.*]

“*Jem.* Oh stay—ye murderers, cease to kill me quite :
See how he glares !—and see again he flies !
The clouds fly open, and he mounts the skies
Oh ! see his blood, it shines resplendent bright,
I see him yet—I cannot lose him quite,
But still pursue him on—and—*lose my sight.*”

The gradual disappearance of the Colonel’s soul is now finely indicated, and so is her grief, when showing the body to Sir Charles, she says—“Behold the mangled cause of all my woes.” The sorrow of youth, however, is but transitory; and when her lover bids her dry her *gushish* tears, she takes out her pocket-handkerchief with the elasticity of youth, and consoles herself for the father in the husband.

Act III. represents the English camp : Ginckle and his Generals discourse: the armies are engaged : in Act IV. the English are worsted in spite of their valour, which Sarsfield greatly describes. “View” says he—

“View how the foe like an impetuous flood
Breaks through the smoke, the water, and—the mud !”

It becomes exceedingly hot. Colonel Earles says,
“In vain Jove’s lightnings issues from the sky
For death more sure from British *ensigns* fly,
Their messengers of death much blood have spilled,
And full three hundred of the Irish killed.”

(A description of war.—Herbert).

“ Now bloody colours wave in their pride,
And each proud hero does his beast bestride.”

General Dorrington’s description of the fight is, if possible, still more noble.

Dor. Haste, noble friends, and save your lives by flight,
 For 'tis but madness if you stand to fight ;
 Our cavalry the battle have forsook,
 And death appears in each dejected look,
 Nothing but dread confusion can be seen,
 For severed heads and trunks o’erspread the green ;
 The fields, the vales, the hills, and vanquished plain,
 For five miles round are covered with the slain ;
 Death in each quarter does the eye alarm,
 Here lies a leg, and there a shattered arm.
 There heads appear, which, cloven by mighty bangs,
 And severed quite, on either shoulder hangs,
 This is the awful scene, my Lords ! Oh fly
 The impending danger, for your fate is nigh.

Which party, however, is to win—the Irish or English ? Their heroism is equal, and young Godfrey especially, on the Irish side, is carrying all before him ; when he is interrupted in the slaughter by *the ghost of his father* ; of old Sir Edmonbury, whose monument we may see in Westminster Abbey. Sir Charles at first doubts about the genuineness of this venerable old apparition ; and thus puts a case to the ghost :—

“ Were ghosts in heaven, in heaven they there would stay,
 Or if in hell, *they could not get away.*”

A clincher, certainly, as one would imagine ; but

the ghost jumps over the horns of the fancied dilemma, by saying that he is not at liberty to state where he comes from.

“*Ghost.* Where visions rest, or souls imprisoned dwell,
By Heaven’s command, we are forbid to tell ;
But in the obscure grave—where corpse decay,
Moulder in dust and putrify away,—
No rest is there ; for the immortal soul
Takes its full flight and flutters round the pole ;
Sometimes I hover over the Euxine sea,
From pole to sphere, until the judgment day ;
Over the Thracian Bosphorus do I float,
And pass the Stygian lake in Charon’s boat,
O’er Vulcan’s fiery court, and sulph’rous cave,
And ride like Neptune on a briny wave ;
List to the blowing noise of Etna’s flames,
And court the shades of Amazonian dames ;
Then take my flight up to the gleamy moon,
Thus do I wander till the day of doom.
Proceed I dare not, or I would unfold
A horrid tale would make your blood run cold,
Chill all your nerves and sinews in a thrice,
Like whispering rivulets congealed to ice.

“*Sir Char.* Ere you depart me, ghost, I here demand,
You’d let me know your last divine command ?”

The ghost says, that the young man must die in the battle, that it will go ill for him if he die in the wrong cause ; and, therefore, that he had best go over to the Protestants—which poor Sir Charles (not without many sighs for Jemima) consents to do. He goes off, then, saying—

“ I’ll join my countrymen, and yet proclaim
Nassau’s great title to the *crimson plain.*”

In Act V., that desertion turns the fate of the day. Sarsfield enters with his sword drawn, and acknowledges his fate. "Aughrim," exclaims Lord Lucan,

"Aughrim is now no more, St. Ruth is dead,
And all his guards are from the battle fled.
As he rode down the hill he met his fall,
And died a victim to a cannon ball."

And he bids the Frenchman's body to

————— "lie, like Pompey in his gore,
Whose hero's blood encircles the Egyptian shore."

"Four hundred Irish prisoners we have got," exclaims an English General, "and seven thousand lyeth on the spot." In fact, they are entirely discomfited, and retreat off the stage altogether; while, in the moment of victory, poor Sir Charles Godfrey enters, wounded to death, according to the old gentleman's prophecy. He is racked by bitter remorse; he tells his love of his treachery, and declares "no crocodile was ever more unjust." His agony increases, the "optic nerves grow dim and lose their sight, and all his veins are now exhausted quite;" and he dies in the arms of his Jemima, who stabs herself in the usual way.

And so every one being disposed of, the drums and trumpets give a great peal; the audience huzzas;

and the curtain falls on Ginckle, and his friends exclaiming—

“ May all the Gods th’ auspicious evening bless,
Who crowns Great Britain’s *arrums* with success !”

And questioning the prosody, what Englishman will not join in the sentiment ?

In the interlude the band (the pipe) performs a favourite air. Jack the waiter and candle-snuffer looks to see that all is ready: and after the dire business of the tragedy, comes in to sprinkle the stage with water (and perhaps a little whiskey in it). Thus all things being arranged: the audience takes its seat again, and the afterpiece begins.

Two of the little yellow volumes purchased at Ennis are entitled, The Irish and the Hibernian Tales. The former are modern, and the latter of an ancient sort; and so great is the superiority of the old stories over the new, in fancy, dramatic interest, and humour, that one can’t help fancying Hibernia must have been a very superior country to Ireland.

These Hibernian novels too, are evidently intended for the hedge-school universities. They have the old tricks and some of the old plots that one has read in many popular legends of almost all countries, European and Eastern: successful cunning is the

great virtue applauded ; and the heroes pass through a thousand wild extravagant dangers, such as could only have been invented when art was young and faith was large. And as the honest old author of the tales says “they are suited to the meanest as well as the highest capacity, tending both to improve the fancy and enrich the mind,” let us conclude the night’s entertainment by reading one or two of them, and reposing after the doleful tragedy which has been represented. The “Black Thief” is worthy of the Arabian Nights, I think,—as wild and odd as an Eastern tale.

It begins, as usual, with a king and a queen who lived once on a time in the south of Ireland, and had three sons : but the queen being on her death-bed, and fancying her husband might marry again, and unwilling that her children should be under the jurisdiction of any other woman, besought his majesty to place them in a tower at her death, and keep them there safe until the young princes should come of age.

The queen dies—the king of course marries again, and the new queen, who bears a son too, hates the offspring of the former marriage, and looks about for means to destroy them.

“ At length, the queen *having got some business*

with the hen-wife, went herself to her, and after a long conference passed, was taking leave of her, when the hen-wife prayed, that if ever she should come back to her again, she might break her neck. The queen greatly incensed at such a daring insult from one of her meanest subjects, to make such a prayer on her, demanded immediately the reason, or she would have her put to death. ‘It was worth your while, madam,’ says the hen-wife, ‘to pay me well for it, for the reason I prayed so on you concerns you much.’ ‘What must I pay you?’ asked the queen. ‘You must give me,’ says she, ‘the full of a pack of wool; and I have an ancient crock which you must fill with butter; likewise a barrel which you must fill for me full of wheat.’ ‘How much wool will it take to the pack?’ says the queen. ‘It will take seven herds of sheep,’ said she, ‘and their increase for seven years.’ ‘How much butter will it take to fill your crock?’ ‘Seven dairies,’ said she, ‘and the increase for seven years.’ ‘And how much will it take to fill the barrel you have?’ says the queen. ‘It will take the increase of seven barrels of wheat for seven years.’ ‘That is a great quantity,’ says the queen, ‘but the reason must be extraordinary, and before I want it, I will give you all you demand.’”

The hen-wife acquaints the queen with the

existence of the three sons, and giving her majesty an enchanted pack of cards, bids her to get the young men to play with her with these cards, and on their losing, to inflict upon them such a task as must infallibly end in their ruin. All young princes are set upon such tasks, and it is a sort of opening of the pantomime, before the tricks and activity begin. The queen went home, and “got speaking” to the king “in regard of his children, at *she broke it off* to him in a very polite and engaging manner, so that he could see no muster or design in it.” The king agreed to bring his sons to court, and at night, when the royal party “began to sport, and play at all kinds of diversions,” the queen cunningly challenged the three princes to play cards. They lose, and she sends them in consequence to bring her back the Knight of the Glen’s wild steed of bells.

On their road (as wandering young princes, Indian or Irish, always do) they meet with the Black Thief of Kone, who tells them what they must do. But they are caught in the attempt, and brought “into that dismal part of the palace where the Knight kept a furnace always boiling, in which he threw all offenders that ever came in his way, which in a few minutes would entirely consume them.

‘Audacious villains!’ says the Knight of the Glen, ‘how dare you attempt so bold an action as to steal my steed? see now the reward of your folly; for your greater punishment, I will not boil you all together, but one after the other, so that he that survives may witness the dire afflictions of his unfortunate companions.’ So saying, he ordered his servants to stir up the fire. ‘We will boil the eldest-looking of these young men first,’ says he, ‘and so on to the last, which will be this *old champion* with the black cap. He seems to be the captain, and looks as if he had come through many toils.’—‘I was as near death once as this prince is yet,’ says the Black Thief, ‘and escaped: and so will he too.’ ‘No, you never were,’ said the Knight, ‘for he is within two or three minutes of his latter end.’ ‘But,’ says the Black Thief, ‘I was within one moment of my death, and I am here yet.’ ‘How was that?’ says the Knight; ‘I would be glad to hear it, for it seems to be impossible.’ ‘If you think, sir Knight,’ says the Black Thief, ‘that the danger I was in surpassed that of this young man, will you pardon him his crime?’ ‘I will,’ says the Knight, ‘so go on with your story.’

“‘I was, sir,’ says he, ‘a very wild boy in my youth, and came through many distresses; once in particular, as I was on my rambling, I was benighted,

and could find no lodging. At length I came to an old kiln, and being much fatigued, I went up and lay on the ribs. I had not been long there, when I saw three witches coming in with three bags of gold. Each put their bags of gold under their heads, as if to sleep. I heard the one say to the other, that if the Black Thief came on them while they slept, he would not leave them a penny. I found by their discourse that everybody had got my name into their mouth, though I kept silent as death during their discourse. At length they fell fast asleep, and then I stole softly down, and seeing some turf *convenient*, I placed one under each of their heads, and off I went with their gold, as fast as I could.

“‘I had not gone far,’ continued the Thief of Sloan, ‘until I saw a greyhound, a hare, and a hawk, in pursuit of me, and began to think it must be the witches that had taken that metamorphose, in order that I might not escape them unseen either by land or water. Seeing they did not appear in any formidable shape, I was more than once resolved to attack them, thinking that with my broad-sword I could easily destroy them. But considering again that it was perhaps still in their power to become so, I gave over the attempt, and climbed with difficulty up a tree, bringing my sword in my hand, and all the

gold along with me. However, when they came to the tree they found what I had done, and, making further use of their hellish art, one of them was changed into a smith's anvil, and another into a piece of iron, of which the third one soon made a hatchet. Having the hatchet made, she fell to cutting down the tree, and in course of an hour it began to shake with me.' "

This is very good, and original. The "boiling" is in the first fee-faw-fum style, and the old allusion to the "old champion in the black cap," has the real Ogresque humour. Nor is that simple contrivance of the honest witches without its charm: for if, instead of wasting their time, the one in turning herself into an anvil, the other into a piece of iron, and so hammering out a hatchet at considerable labour and expense—if either of them had turned herself into a hatchet at once, they might have chopped down the Black Thief before cock-crow, when they were obliged to fly off, and leave him in possession of the bags of gold.

The eldest prince is ransomed by the Knight of the Glen, in consequence of this story: and the second prince escapes on account of the merit of a second story; but the great story of all is of course reserved for the youngest Prince.

“I was one day on my travels, says the Black Thief, and I came into a large forest, where I wandered a long time, and could not get out of it: at length I came to a large castle, and fatigue obliged me to call in the same, where I found a young woman, and a child sitting on her knee, and she crying; I asked her what made her cry, and where the lord of the castle was, for I wondered greatly that I saw no stir of servants, or any person about the place. ‘It is well for you,’ says the young woman, ‘that the lord of this castle is not at home at present; for he is a monstrous giant, with but one eye on his forehead, who lives on human flesh; he brought me this child,’ says she (I do not know where he got it), and ordered me to make it into a pie, and I cannot help crying at the command.’ I told her, that if she knew of any place convenient, that I could leave the child safely, I would do it, rather than it should be buried in the bowels of such a monster. She told of a house a distance off, where I would get a woman who would take care of it. ‘But what will I do in regard of the pie?’ ‘Cut a finger off it,’ said I, ‘and I will bring you in a young wild pig out of the forest, which you may dress as if it was the child, and put the finger in a certain place, that if the giant doubts anything about it, you may know where to turn it

over at first, and when he sees it he will be fully satisfied that it is made of the child.' She agreed to the plan I proposed; and, cutting off the child's finger, by her direction, I soon had it at the house she told me of, and brought her the little pig in the place of it: she then made ready the pie; and, after eating and drinking heartily myself, I was just taking my leave of the young woman when we observed the giant coming through the castle gates. 'Lord bless me!' said she, 'what will you do now? run away and lie down among the dead bodies that he has in the room (showing me the place): and strip off my clothes that he may not know you from the rest, if he has occasion to go that way.' I took her advice, and laid myself down among the rest, as if dead, to see how he would behave. The first thing I heard was him calling for his pie: when she set it down before him, he swore it smelt like swine's flesh; but, knowing where to find the finger, she immediately turned it up, which fairly convinced him of the contrary. The pie only served to sharpen his appetite, and I heard him sharpen his knife, and saying, he must have a collop or two, for he was not near satisfied. But what was my terror, when I heard the giant groping among the bodies, and, fancying myself, cut the half of my hip off, and

took it with him to be roasted. You may be certain I was in great pain ; but the fear of being killed prevented me from making any complaint. However, when he had eat all, he began to drink hot liquors in great abundance, so that in a short time he could not hold up his head, but threw himself on a large creel he had made for the purpose, and fell fast asleep. *Whenever* I heard him snoring, bad as I was, I went up and caused the woman to bind my wound with an handkerchief ; and, taking the giant's spit, I reddened it in the fire, and ran it through the eye, but was not able to kill him. However, I left the spit sticking in his head, and took to my heels ; but I soon found he was in pursuit of me, although blind ; and, having an enchanted ring, he threw it at me, and it fell on my big toe, and remained fastened to it. The giant then called to the ring, where it was, and to my great surprise it made him answer on my foot, and he, guided by the same, made a leap at me, which I had the good luck to observe, and fortunately escaped the danger. However, I found running was of no use in saving me, as long as I had the ring on my foot ; so I took my sword and cut off the toe it was fastened on, and threw both into a large fish-pond that was convenient. The giant called again to the ring,

which, by the power of enchantment, always made answer; but, he not knowing what I had done, imagined it was still on some part of me, and made a violent leap to seize me, when he went into the pond, over head and ears, and was drowned. ‘Now, sir Knight,’ says the Thief of Sloan, ‘you see what dangers I came through and always escaped; but, indeed, I am lame for want of my toe ever since.’”

And now remains but one question to be answered, viz., How is the Black Thief himself to come off? This difficulty is solved in a very dramatic way, and with a sudden turn in the narrative that is very wild and curious.

“My lord and master, says an old woman that was listening all the time, that story is but too true, as I well know, *for I am the very woman that was in the giant’s castle, and you my lord the child that I was to make into a pie*, and this is the very man that saved your life, which you may know by the want of your finger, that was taken off, as you have heard, to deceive the giant.”

That fantastical way of bearing testimony to the previous tale, by producing an old woman who says the tale is not only true, but she was the very old woman who lived in the giant’s castle, is almost a stroke of genius. It is fine to think that the simple

chronicler found it necessary to have a proof for his story, and he was no doubt perfectly contented with the proof found.

“The Knight of the Glen, greatly surprised at what he had heard the old woman tell, and knowing he wanted his finger from his childhood, began to understand that the story was true enough. ‘And is this my dear deliverer?’ says he. ‘Oh brave fellow, I not only pardon you all, but I will keep you with myself while you live; where you shall feast like princes, and have every attendance that I have myself.’ They all returned thanks on their knees, and the Black Thief told him the reason they attempted to steal the steed of Bells, and the necessity they were under in going home. ‘Well,’ says the Knight of the Glen, ‘if that’s the case, I bestow you my steed rather than this brave fellow should die; so you may go when you please; only remember to call and see me ‘betimes, that we may know each other well.’ They promised they would, and with great joy they set off for the king their father’s palace, and the Black Thief along with them. The wicked Queen was standing all this time on the tower, and, hearing the bells ringing at a great distance off, knew very well it was the princes coming home, and the steed with them, and through spite and vexation

precipitated herself from the tower, and was shattered to pieces. The three princes lived happy and well during their father's reign, always keeping the Black Thief along with them; but how they did after the old king's death is not known."

Then we come upon a story that exists in many a European language, of the man cheating Death; then to the history of the Apprentice Thief, who of course cheated his masters; which, too, is an old tale, and may have been told very likely among those Phoenicians who were the fathers of the Hibernians for whom these tales were devised. A very curious tale is there, concerning Manus O'Malaghan and the fairies:—"In the parish of Ahoghill, lived Manus O'Malaghan. *As he was searching for a calf that had strayed*, he heard many people talking. Drawing near, he distinctly heard them repeating, one after the other, 'Get me a horse, get me a horse;' and 'Get me a horse too,' says Manus. Manus was instantly mounted on a steed surrounded with a vast crowd, who galloped off, taking poor Manus with them. In a short time, they suddenly stopped in a large wide street, asking Manus if he knew where he was? 'Faith,' says he, 'I do not.' 'You are *in Spain*, said they.'"

Here we have again the wild mixture of the positive and the fanciful. The chronicler is careful

to tell us why Manus went out searching for a calf, and this positiveness prodigiously increases the reader's wonder at the subsequent events. And the question and answer of the mysterious horsemen is fine: “Don’t you know where you are? *in Spain.*” A vague solution, such as one has of occurrences in dreams sometimes.

The history of Robin the Blacksmith is full of these strange flights of poetry. He is followed about “by a little boy in a green jacket,” who performs the most wondrous feats of the blacksmith’s art, as follows:

“Robin was asked to do something, who wisely shifted it, saying he would be very sorry not to give the honour of the first trick to his lordship’s smith; at which he was called forth to the bellows. When the fire was well kindled, to the great surprise of all present he blew a great shower of wheat out of the fire, which fell through all the shop. They then demanded of Robin to try what he could do. ‘Pho!’ said Robin, as if he thought nothing of what was done; ‘come,’ said he to the boy, ‘I think I showed you something like that.’ The boy goes then to the bellows and blew out a great flock of pigeons, who soon devoured all the grain, and then disappeared.

“The Dublin smith, sorely vexed that such a boy as him should outdo him, goes a second time to the bellows, and blew a fine trout out of the hearth, who jumped into a little river that was running by the shop door, and was seen no more at that time.

“Robin then said to the boy, ‘Come, you must bring us yon trout back again, to let the gentlemen see we can do something.’ Away the boy goes, and blew a large otter out of the hearth, who immediately leaped into the river, and in a short time returned with it in his mouth, and then disappeared. All present allowed, that it was a folly to attempt a competition any further.”

The boy in the green jacket was one “of a kind of small beings called Fairies;” and not a little does it add to the charm of these wild tales to feel, as one reads them, that the writer must have believed in his heart a great deal of what he told. You see the tremor, as it were, and a wild look of the eyes, as the story-teller sits in his nook, and recites, and peers wistfully round, lest the beings he talks of be really at hand.

Let us give a couple of the little tales entire. They are not so fanciful as those before mentioned, but of the comic sort, and suited to the first kind of capacity mentioned by the author in his preface.

DONALD AND HIS NEIGHBOURS.

“ Hudden and Dudden, and Donald O’Neary, were near neighbours in the barony of Ballinconlig, and ploughed with three bullocks; but the two former, envying the present prosperity of the latter, determined to kill his bullock, to prevent his farm being properly cultivated and laboured, that, going back in the world, he might be induced to sell his lands, which they meant to get possession of. Poor Donald, finding his bullock killed, immediately skinned it, and throwing his skin over his shoulder, with the fleshy side out, set off to the next town with it, to dispose of it to the best advantage. Going along the road a magpie flew on the top of the hide, and began picking it, chattering all the time. This bird had been taught to speak, and imitate the human voice, and Donald, thinking he understood some words it was saying, put round his hand and caught hold of it. Having got possession of it, he put it under his great-coat, and so went on to the town. Having sold the hide, he went into an inn to take a dram; and, following the landlady into the cellar, he gave the bird a squeeze, which caused it to chatter some broken accents that surprised her

very much. ‘What is that I hear?’ said she to Donald: ‘I think it is talk, and yet I do not understand.’ ‘Indeed,’ said Donald, ‘it is a bird I have that tells me everything, and I always carry it with me to know when there is any danger. Faith,’ says he, ‘it says you have far better liquor than you are giving me.’ ‘That is strange,’ said she, going to another cask of better quality, and asking him if he would sell the bird. ‘I will,’ said Donald, ‘if I get enough for it.’ ‘I will fill your hat with silver if you leave it with me.’ Donald was glad to hear the news, and, taking the silver, set off, rejoicing at his good luck. He had not been long home when he met with Hudden and Dudden. ‘Ha!’ said he, ‘you thought you did me a bad turn, but you could not have done me a better; for, look here, what I have got for the hide,’ showing them the hatful of silver; ‘you never saw such a demand for hides in your life as there is at present.’ Hudden and Dudden that very night killed their bullocks, and set out the next morning to sell their hides. On coming to the place they went through all the merchants, but could only get a trifle for them; at last they had to take what they could get, and came home in a great rage, and vowing revenge on poor Donald. He had a pretty good guess how matters would turn out; and

his bed being under the kitchen window, he was afraid they would rob him, or perhaps kill him when asleep ; and on that account, when he was going to bed, he left his old mother in his bed, and lay down in her place, which was in the other side of the house ; and, taking the old woman for Donald, choked her in the bed : but he making some noise, they had to retreat, and leave the money behind them, which grieved them very much. However, by day-break, Donald got his mother on his back, and carried her to town. Stopping at a well, he fixed his mother, with her staff, as if she was stooping for a drink, and then went into a public-house convenient, and called for a dram. ‘ I wish,’ said he to a woman that stood near him, ‘ you would tell my mother to come in ; she is at yon well trying to get a drink, and she is hard in hearing ; if she does not observe you, give her a little shake, and tell her that I want her.’ The woman called her several times, but she seemed to take no notice : at length she went to her and shook her by the arm ; but when she let her go again, she tumbled on her head into the well, and, as the woman thought, was drowned. She, in great fear and surprise at the accident, told Donald what had happened. ‘ O, mercy,’ said he, ‘ what is this ? ’ —he ran and pulled her out of the well, weeping and

lamenting all the time, and acting in such a manner that you would imagine that he had lost his senses. The woman, on the other hand, was far worse than Donald, for his grief was only feigned, but she imagined herself to be the cause of the old woman's death. The inhabitants of the town, hearing what had happened, agreed to make Donald up a good sum of money for his loss, as the accident happened in their place; and Donald brought a greater sum home with him than he got for the magpie. They buried Donald's mother; and as soon as he saw Hudden and Dudden, he showed them the last purse of money he had got. 'You thought to kill me last night,' said he, 'but it was good for me it happened on my mother, for I got all that purse for her, to make gunpowder.'

" That very night Hudden and Dudden killed their mothers, and the next morning set off with them to town. On coming to the town, with their burthen on their backs, they went up and down crying, 'Who will buy old wives for gunpowder?' so that every one laughed at them, and the boys at last clodded them out of the place. They then saw the cheat, and, vowing revenge on Donald, buried the old women, and set off in pursuit of him. Coming to his house, they found him sitting at his breakfast,

and, seizing him, put him in a sack, and went to drown him in a river at some distance. As they were going along the highway, they raised a hare, which they saw had but three feet, and, throwing off the sack, ran after her, thinking by appearance, she would be easily taken. In their absence there came a drover that way, and, hearing Donald singing in the sack, wondered greatly what could be the matter. ‘What is the reason,’ said he, ‘that you are singing, and you confined?’ ‘O, I am going to heaven,’ said Donald; ‘and in a short time I expect to be free from trouble.’ ‘O dear,’ said the drover, ‘what will I give you if you let me to your place?’ ‘Indeed I do not know,’ said he, ‘it would take a good sum.’ ‘I have not much money,’ said the drover, ‘but I have twenty head of fine cattle, which I will give you to exchange places with me.’ ‘Well, well,’ says Donald, ‘I don’t care if I should; loose the sack and I will come out.’ In a moment the drover liberated him, and went into the sack himself; and Donald drove home the fine heifers, and left them in his pasture.

“Hudden and Dudden having caught the hare, returned, and getting the sack on one of their backs, carried Donald, as they thought, to the river, and threw him in, where he immediately sunk. They then marched home, intending to take immediate

possession of Donald's property ; but how great was their surprise, when they found him safe at home before them, with such a fine herd of cattle, whereas they knew he had none before. 'Donald,' said they, 'what is all this ? We thought you were drowned, and yet you are here before us.' 'Ah !' said he, 'if I had but help along with me, when you threw me in, it would have been the best job ever I met with, for of all the sight of cattle and gold that ever was seen, is there, and no one to own them ; but I was not able to manage more than what you see, and I could show you the spot where you might get hundreds.' They both swore they would be his friend, and Donald accordingly led them to a very deep part of the river, and lifting up a stone, 'Now,' said he, 'watch this,' throwing it into the stream ; 'there is the very place, and go in one of you first, and if you want help, you have nothing to do but call.' Hudden jumping in, and sinking to the bottom, rose up again, and making a bubbling noise as those do that are drowing, attempting to speak, but could not. 'What is that he is saying now ?' says Dudden. 'Faith,' says Donald, 'he is calling for help—don't you hear him ? Stand about,' said he, running back, 'till I leap in ; I know how to do better than any of you.' Dudden, to have the

advantage of him, jumped in off the bank, and was drowned along with Hudden ; and this was the end of Hudden and Dudden.”

THE SPAEMAN.

“ A poor man in the north of Ireland was under the necessity of selling his cow, to help to support his family. Having sold his cow, he went into an inn, and called for some liquor; having drank pretty heartily, he fell asleep, and when he awoke he found he had been robbed of his money. Poor Roger was at a loss to know how to act; and, as is often the case, when the landlord found that his money was gone, he turned him out of doors. The night was extremely dark, and the poor man was compelled to take up his lodgings in an old uninhabited house at the end of the town.

“ Roger had not remained long here, until he was surprised by the noise of three men, whom he observed making a hole, and, depositing something therein, closed it carefully up again, and then went away. The next morning, as Roger was walking towards the town, he heard that a cloth shop had been robbed to a great amount, and that a reward of thirty pounds was offered to any person who could discover the thieves. This was joyful news to Roger,

who recollect ed what he had been witness to the night before ; he accordingly went to the shop, and told the gentleman that for the reward he would recover the goods, and secure the robbers, provided he got six stout men to attend him ; all which was thankfully granted him.

“At night Roger and his men concealed themselves in the old house, and in a short time after the robbers came to the spot for the purpose of removing their booty ; but they were instantly seized and carried into the town, prisoners, with the goods. Roger received the reward and returned home, well satisfied with his good luck. Not many days after, it was noised over the country, that this robbery was discovered by the help of one of the best Spaemen to be found, in so much that it reached the ears of a worthy gentleman of the county of Derry, who made strict inquiry to find him out. Having at length discovered his abode, he sent for Roger, and told him he was every day losing some valuable article, and, as he was famed for discovering lost things, if he could find out the same he should be handsomely rewarded. Poor Roger was put to a stand, not knowing what answer to make, as he had not the smallest knowledge of the like. But recovering himself a little, he resolved to humour the joke ; and,

thinking he would make a good dinner and some drink of it, told the gentleman he would try what he could do, but that he must have a room to himself for three hours, during which time he must have three bottles of strong ale and his dinner ; all which the gentleman told him he should have. No sooner was it made known that the Spaeman was in the house, than the servants were all in confusion, wishing to know what would be said.

“ As soon as Roger had taken his dinner, he was shown into an elegant room, where the gentleman sent him a quart of ale by the butler. No sooner had he set down the ale, than Roger said, ‘ There comes one of them ;’ intimating the bargain he had made with the gentleman for the three quarts, which the butler took in a wrong light, and imagined it was himself. He went away in great confusion, and told his wife. ‘ Poor fool,’ said she, ‘ the fear makes you think it is you he means ; but I will attend in your place, and hear what he will say to me.’ Accordingly she carried the second quart ; but no sooner had she opened the door than Roger cried, ‘ There comes two of them.’ The woman, no less surprised than her husband, told him the Spaeman knew her too. ‘ And what will we do ?’ said he ; ‘ we will be hanged.’ ‘ I will tell you what we must do,’

said she, ‘we must send the groom the next time, and if he is known, we must offer him a good sum not to discover on us.’ The butler went to William and told him the whole story, and that he must go next to see what he would say to him, telling him at the same time what to do, in case he was known also. When the hour was expired, William was sent with the third quart of ale, which, when Roger observed, he cried out, ‘There is the third and last of them;’ at which he changed colour, and told him ‘that if he would not discover on them, they would show him where they were all concealed, and give him five pounds besides.’ Roger, not a little surprised at the discovery he had made, told him ‘if he recovered the goods, he would follow them no further.’

“By this time the gentleman called Roger to know how he had succeeded. He told him ‘he could find the goods, but that the thief was gone.’ ‘I will be well satisfied,’ said he, ‘with the goods, for some of them are very valuable.’ ‘Let the butler come along with me, and the whole shall be recovered.’ He accordingly conducted Roger to the back of the stables, where the articles were concealed,—such as silver cups, spoons, bowls, knives, forks, and a variety of other articles of great value.

“ When the supposed Spaeman brought back the stolen goods, the gentleman was so highly pleased with Roger, that he insisted on his remaining with him always, as he supposed he would be perfectly safe as long as he was about his house. Roger gladly embraced the offer, and in a few days took possession of a piece of land, which the gentleman had given to him in consideration of his great abilities.

“ Some time after this, the gentleman was relating to a large company the discovery Roger had made, and that he could tell anything ; one of the gentlemen said he would dress a dish of meat, and bet for fifty pounds that he could not tell what was in it, and he would allow him to taste it. The bet being taken and the dish dressed, the gentleman sent for Roger, and told the bet that was depending on him. Poor Roger did not know what to do ; at last he consented to the trial. The dish being produced, he tasted it, but could not tell what it was ; at last, seeing he was fairly beat, he said, ‘ Gentlemen, it is folly to talk : the fox may run a while, but he is caught at last ;’—allowing with himself that he was found out. The gentleman that had made the bet then confessed that it was a fox he had dressed in the dish ; at which they all shouted out in favour of the

Spaeman,—particularly his master, who had more confidence in him than ever.

“ Roger then went home, and so famous did he become, that no one dared take anything but what belonged to them, fearing that the Spaeman would discover on them.”

And so we shut up the Hedge-school Library, and close the Galway Nights’ Entertainments. They are not quite so genteel as Almack’s, to be sure; but many a lady who has her opera-box in London has listened to a piper in Ireland.



Apropos of pipers: here is a young one that I caught and copied to-day. He was paddling in the mud, shining in the sun careless of his rays, and playing his little tin-music as happy as Mr. Cooke with his oboe.

Perhaps the above verses and tales are not unlike my little Galway musician. They are grotesque and rugged; but they are pretty and innocent-hearted too; and as such, polite persons may deign to look at them for once in a way. While we have Signor Costa in a white neckcloth, ordering opera-bands to play for us the music of Donizetti, which is not only sublime but genteel; of course such poor little operatives as he who plays the wind instrument yonder, cannot expect to be heard often: but is not this Galway? and how far is Galway from the Haymarket?

CHAPTER II.

FROM GALWAY TO BALLYNAHINCH.

THE Clifden car which carries the Dublin letters into the heart of Connemara, conducts the passenger over one of the most wild and beautiful districts that it is ever the fortune of a traveller to examine ; and I could not help thinking, as we passed through it, at how much pains and expense honest English Cockneys are, to go and look after natural beauties far inferior, in countries which, though more distant, are not a whit more strange than this one. No doubt, ere long, when people know how easy the task is, the rush of London tourism will come this way ; and I shall be very happy if these pages shall be able to awaken in one bosom, beating in Tooley-street or the Temple, the desire to travel towards Ireland next year.

After leaving the quaint old town behind us, and ascending one or two small eminences to the north-

westward, the traveller, from the car, gets a view of the wide sheet of Lough Corrib shining in the sun, as we saw it, with its low dark banks stretching round it. If the view is gloomy, at least it is characteristic ; nor are we delayed by it very long ; for though the lake stretches northwards into the very midst of the Joyce country (and is there in the close neighbourhood of another huge lake, Lough Mask, which again is near to another sheet of water), yet from this road henceforth, after keeping company with it for some five miles, we only get occasional views of it, passing over hills and through trees, by many rivers and smaller lakes, which are dependent upon that of Corrib. Gentlemen's seats, on the road from Galway to Moycullen, are scattered in great profusion—perhaps there is grass growing on the gravel walk, and the iron gates of the tumble-down old lodges are rather rickety ; but for all that, the places look comfortable, hospitable, and spacious ; and as for the shabbiness and want of finish here and there, the English eye grows quite accustomed to it in a month ; and I find the bad condition of the Galway houses by no means so painful as that of the places near Dublin. At some of the lodges, as we pass, the mail carman, with a warning shout, flings a bag of letters ; I saw a little party looking at one which lay there in the

road, crying *Come, take me!* but nobody cares to steal a bag of letters in this country, I suppose, and the carman drove on without any alarm. Two days afterwards, a gentleman with whom I was in company left on a rock his book of fishing-flies; and I can assure you there was a very different feeling expressed about the safety of *that*.

In the first part of the journey, the neighbourhood of the road seemed to be as populous as in other parts of the country,—troops of red-petticoated peasantry peering from their stone-cabins,—yelling children following the car, and crying, “*Lash, lash!*” It was Sunday, and you would see many a white chapel among the green bare plains to the right of the road, the court-yard blackened with a swarm of cloaks. The service seems to continue (on the part of the people) all day. Troops of people, issuing from the chapel, met us at Moycullen, and ten miles further on, at Oughterard, their devotions did not yet seem to be concluded.

A more beautiful village can scarcely be seen than this. It stands upon Lough Corrib, the banks of which are here, for once at least, picturesque and romantic: and a pretty river, the Feogh, comes rushing over rocks and by woods, until it passes the town and meets the lake. Some pretty buildings

in the village stand on each bank of this stream, a Roman Catholic chapel with a curate's neat lodge, a little church, on one side of it ; a fine court-house of gray stone on the other. And here it is that we get into the famous district of Connemara, so celebrated in Irish stories, so mysterious to the London tourist. "It presents itself," says the Guide-book, "under every possible combination of heathy moor, bog, lake, and mountain. Extensive mossy plains, and wild pastoral valleys, lie embosomed among the inmountains, and support numerous herds of cattle and horses, for which the district has been long celebrated. These wild solitudes, which occupy by far the greater part of the centre of the country, are held by a hardy and ancient race of grazing farmers, who live in a very primitive state, and, generally speaking, till little beyond what supplies their immediate wants. For the first ten miles the country is comparatively open ; and the mountains on the left, which are not of great elevation, can be distinctly traced as they rise along the edge of the heathy plain.

"Our road continues along the Feogh River, which expands itself into several considerable lakes, and at five miles from Oughterard we reach Lough Bofin, which the road also skirts. Passing in succession

Lough-a-preaghan, the lakes of Anderran and Shin-della, at ten miles from Oughterard we reach Slyme and Lynn's Inn, or Half-way House, which is near the shore of Loughonard. Now, as we advance towards the group of Binabola, or the Twelve Pins, the most gigantic scenery is displayed."

But the best guide-book that ever was written cannot set the view before the mind's eye of the reader, and I won't attempt to pile up big words in place of these wild mountains, over which the clouds as they passed, or the sunshine as it went and came, cast every variety of tint, light, and shadow ; nor can it be expected that long, level sentences, however smooth and shining, can be made to pass as representations of those calm lakes by which we took our way. All one can do is to lay down the pen and ruminate, and cry "beautiful!" once more ; and to the reader say, "Come and see!"

Wild and wide as the prospect around us is, it has somehow a kindly, friendly look, differing in this from the fiercee loneliness of some similar scenes in Wales that I have viewed. Ragged women and children come out of rude stone huts to see the car as it passes. But it is impossible for the pencil to give due raggedness to the rags, or to convey a certain picturesque mellowness of colour that the

garments assume. The sexes, with regard to raiment, do not seem to be particular. There were many boys on the road in the national red petticoat, having no other covering for their lean, brown legs: as for shoes, the women eschew them almost entirely; and I saw a peasant trudging from mass, in a handsome scarlet cloak, a fine blue cloth gown, turned up to show a new lining, of the same colour, and a petticoat quite white and neat, in a dress of which the cost must have been at least 10*l.*; and her husband walked in front carrying her shoes and stockings.

The road had conducted us for miles through the vast property of the gentleman to whose house I was bound, Mr. Martin, the member for the county; and the last and prettiest part of the journey was round the lake of Ballynahinch, with tall mountains rising immediately above us on the right, pleasant woody hills on the opposite side of the lake, with the roofs of the houses rising above the trees; and in an island in the midst of the water a ruined old castle, that cast a long, white reflection into the blue waters where it lay. A land-pirate used to live in that castle, one of the peasants told me, in the time of 'Oliver Cromwell.' And a fine fastness it was for a robber, truly; for there was no road through these wild countries in his time—nay, only thirty

years since, this lake was at three days' distance of Galway. Then comes the question, What, in a country where there were no roads and no travellers, and where the inhabitants have been wretchedly poor from time immemorial,—what was there for the land-pirate to rob? But let us not be too curious about times so early as those of Oliver Cromwell. I have heard the name many times from the Irish peasant, who still has an awe of the grim, resolute Protector.

The builder of Ballynahinch House has placed it to command a view of a pretty melancholy river that runs by it, through many green flats, and picturesque rocky grounds; but from the lake it is scarcely visible. And so, in like manner, I fear it must remain invisible to the reader too, with all its kind inmates, and frank, cordial hospitality, unless he may take a fancy to visit Galway himself, when, as I can vouch, a very small pretext will make him enjoy both.

It will, however, be only a small breach of confidence to say, that the major-domo of the establishment (who has adopted accurately the voice and manner of his master, with a severe dignity of his own, which is quite original), ordered me on going to bed “not to move in the morning till he called

me," at the same time expressing a hearty hope that I should "want nothing more that evening." Who would dare, after such peremptory orders, not to fall asleep immediately, and in this way disturb the repose of Mr. J—n M—ll—y ?

There may be many comparisons drawn between English and Irish gentlemen's houses ; but perhaps the most striking point of difference between the two is the immense following of the Irish house, such as would make an English housekeeper crazy almost. Three comfortable, well-clothed, good-humoured fellows walked down with me from the car, persisting in carrying—one a bag, another a sketching-stool, and so on : walking about the premises in the morning, sundry others were visible in the court-yard and near the kitchen-door ; in the grounds a gentleman, by name Mr. Marcus C—rr, began discoursing to me regarding the place, the planting, the fish, the grouse, and the Master, being himself, doubtless, one of the irregulars of the house. As for maids, there were half a score of them skurrying about the house ; and I am not ashamed to confess that some of them were exceedingly good-looking. And if I might venture to say a word more, it would be respecting Connemara breakfasts ; but this would be an entire and flagrant breach of

confidence, and, to be sure, the dinners were just as good.

One of the days of my three days' visit was to be devoted to the lakes; and as a party had been arranged for the second day after my arrival, I was glad to take advantage of the society of a gentleman staying in the house, and ride with him to the neighbouring town of Clifden.

The ride thither from Ballynahinch is surprisingly beautiful; and as you ascend the high ground from the two or three rude stone huts, which face the entrance gates of the house, there are views of the lake and the surrounding country, which the best parts of Killarney do not surpass, I think, although the Connemara lakes do not possess the advantage of wood, which belongs to the famous Kerry landscape.

But the cultivation of the country is only in its infancy as yet, and it is easy to see how vast its resources are, and what capital and cultivation may do for it. In the green patches among the rocks, and the mountain sides, wherever crops were grown, they flourished; plenty of natural wood is springing up in various places; and there is no end to what the planter may do, and to what time and care may effect. The carriage-road to Clifden is but ten

years old ; as it has brought the means of communication into the country, the commerce will doubtless follow it ; and in fact, in going through the whole kingdom, one can't but be struck with the idea that not one hundredth part of its capabilities are yet brought into action, or even known perhaps, and that, by the easy and certain progress of time, Ireland will be poor Ireland no longer. For instance, we rode by a vast green plain, skirting a lake and river, which is now useless almost for pasture, and which a little draining will convert into thousands of acres of rich productive land. Streams and falls of water dash by one everywhere ;—they have only to utilize this water power for mills and factories ; and hard by are some of the finest bays in the world, where ships can deliver and receive foreign and home produce. At Roundstone especially, where a little town has been erected, the bay is said to be unexampled for size, depth, and shelter ; and the Government is now, through the rocks and hills on their wild shore, cutting a coast-road to Bunown, the most westerly part of Connemara, whence there is another good road to Clifden. Among the charges which the Repealers bring against the Union, they should include at least this—they would never have had these roads but for the Union, roads which are

as much at the charge of the London tax-payer as of the most ill-used Milesian in Connaught.

A string of small lakes follow the road to Clifden, with mountains on the right of the traveller for the chief part of the way. A few figures at work in the bog-lands—a red petticoat passing here and there—a goat or two browsing among the stones—or a troop of ragged whitey-brown children, who came out to gaze at the car, form the chief society on the road :—the first house at the entrance to Clifden, is a gigantic poorhouse—tall, large, ugly, comfortable, it commands the town, and looks almost as big as every one of the houses therein. The town itself is but of a few years' date, and seems to thrive in its small way. Clifden Castle is a fine chateau in the neighbourhood, and belongs to another owner of immense lands in Galway—Mr. D'Arcy.

Here a drive was proposed along the coast to Bunown, and I was glad to see some more of the country, and its character. Nothing can be wilder—we passed little lake after lake, lying a few fur- longs inwards from the shore. There were rocks everywhere, some patches of cultivated land here and there, nor was there any want of inhabitants along this savage coast. There were numerous cottages, if cottages they may be called, and women, and

above all, children in plenty. Here is one of the former—her attitude, as she stood gazing at the car. To depict the multiplicity of her rags, would require a month's study.



At length we came in sight of a half-built edifice, which is approached by a rocky, dismal, gray road, guarded by two or three broken gates, against which rocks and stones were piled, which were to be removed to give an entrance to our car. The gates were closed so laboriously, I presume to prevent the egress of a single black consumptive pig, far gone in the family way—a teeming skeleton—that was crop-

ping the thin dry grass that grew upon a round hill, which rises behind this most dismal castle of Bunown.

If the traveller only seeks for strange sights, this place will repay his curiosity. Such a dismal house is not to be seen in all England : or, perhaps, such a dismal situation. The sea lies before and behind ; and on each side, likewise, are rocks and copper-coloured meadows, by which a few trees have made an attempt to grow. The owner of the house had, however, begun to add to it, and there, unfinished, is a whole apparatus of turrets, and staring raw stone and mortar, and fresh ruinous carpenters' work ;— and then the court-yard!—tumble-down out-houses, staring empty pointed windows, and new-smeared plaster cracking from the walls—a black heap of turf, a mouldy pump, a wretched old coal-scuttle emptily sunning itself in the midst of this cheerful scene ! There was an old Gorgon, who kept the place, and who was in perfect unison with it— Venus herself would become bearded, blear-eyed, and haggard, if left to be the housekeeper of this dreary place.

In the house was a comfortable parlour inhabited by the Priest who has the painful charge of the district. Here were his books and his breviaries,

his reading-desk with the cross engraved upon it, and his portrait of Daniel O'Connell the Liberator, to grace the walls of his lonely cell. There was a dead crane hanging at the door on a gaff; his red fish-like eyes were staring open, and his eager grinning bill—a rifle ball had passed through his body, and this was doubtless the only game about the place; for we saw the sportsman who had killed the bird, hunting vainly up the round hill for other food for powder. This gentleman had had good sport, he said, shooting seals upon a neighbouring island, four of which animals he had slain.

Mounting up the round hill, we had a view of the Sline lights—the most westerly point in Ireland.

Here too was a ruined sort of summer-house, dedicated **DEO HIBERNIAE LIBERATORI.** When these lights were put up, I am told the proprietor of Bunown was recommended to apply for compensation to Parliament, inasmuch as there would be no more *wrecks* on the coast; from which branch of commerce the inhabitants of the district used formerly to derive a considerable profit. Between these Sline lights and America nothing lies but the Atlantic. It was beautifully blue and bright on this day, and the sky almost cloudless; but I think the brightness only made the scene more dismal, it being

of that order of beauties which cannot bear the full light, but require a cloud or a curtain to set them off to advantage. A pretty story was told me by the gentleman who had killed the seals. The place where he had been staying for sport was almost as lonely as this Bunown, and inhabited by a priest too—a young, lively, well-educated man. “When I came here first,” the priest said, “*I cried for two days;*” but afterwards he grew to like the place exceedingly, his whole heart being directed towards it, his chapel, and his cure. Who would not honour such missionaries—the virtues they silently practise, and the doctrines they preach? After hearing that story, I think Bunown looked not quite so dismal, as it is inhabited, they say, by such another character. What a pity it is that John Tuam, in the next county of Mayo, could not find such another hermitage to learn modesty in, and forget his Graceship, his Lordship, and the sham titles by which he sets such store.

A moon as round and bright as any moon that ever shone, and riding in a sky perfectly cloudless, gave us a good promise of a fine day for the morrow, which was to be devoted to the lakes in the neighbourhood of Ballynahinch; one of which, Lough Ina, is said to be of exceeding beauty. But no man can

speculate upon Irish weather. I have seen a day beginning with torrents of rain, that looked as if a deluge was at hand, clear up in a few minutes, without any reason, and against the prognostications of the glass and all other weather-prophets ; so in like manner, after the astonishingly fine night there came a villainous dark day ; which, however, did not set in fairly for rain, until we were an hour on our journey, with a couple of stout boatmen rowing us over Ballynahinch Lake. Being, however, thus fairly started, the water began to come down, not in torrents certainly, but in that steady, creeping, insinuating mist, of which we scarce know the luxury in England, and which, I am bound to say, will wet a man's jacket as satisfactorily as a cataract would do.

It was just such another day as that of the famous stag-hunt at Killarney, in a word ; and as, in the first instance, we went to see the deer killed, and saw nothing thereof, so, in the second case, we went to see the landscape with precisely the same good fortune. The mountains covered their modest beauties in impenetrable veils of clouds ; and the only consolation to the boat's crew was, that it was a remarkably good day for trout-fishing, which amusement some people are said to prefer to the examination of landscapes, however beautiful.

O you, who laboriously throw flies in English rivers, and catch, at the expiration of a hard day's walking, casting, and wading, two or three feeble little brown trouts of two or three ounces in weight, how would you rejoice to have but an hour's sport in Derryclear or Ballynahinch, where you have but to cast, and lo ! a big trout springs at your fly, and, after making a vain struggling, splashing, and plunging for a while, is infallibly landed in the net and thence into the boat. The single rod in the boat, caught enough fish in an hour to feast the crew, consisting of five persons, and the family of a Herd of Mr. Martin's, who has a pretty cottage on Derryclear Lake, inhabited by a cow and its calf, a score of fowls, and I don't know how many sons and daughters.

Having caught enough trout to satisfy any moderate appetite, like true sportsmen the gentlemen on board our boat became eager to hook a salmon. Had they hooked a few salmons, no doubt they would have trolled for whales, or for a mermaid, one of which finny beauties the waterman swore he had seen on the shore of Derryclear, he with Jim Mullen being above on a rock, the mermaid on the shore directly beneath them, visible to the middle, and as usual "racking her hair." It was fair hair, the

boatman said ; and he appeared as convinced of the existence of the mermaid, as he was of the trout just landed in the boat.

In regard of mermaids, there is a gentleman living near Killala Bay, whose name was mentioned to me, and who declares solemnly, that one day, shooting on the sands there, he saw a mermaid, and determined to try her with a shot. So he drew the small-shot charge from his gun, and loaded with a ball, that he always had by him for seal-shooting, fired, and hit the mermaid through the breast. The screams and moans of the creature, whose person he describes most accurately, were the most horrible heart-rending noises that he ever, he said, heard ; and not only were they heard by him but by the fishermen along the coast, who were furiously angry against Mr. A——n, because, they said, the injury done to the mermaid would cause her to drive all the fish away from the bay for years to come.

But we did not, to my disappointment, catch a single glimpse of one of these interesting beings, nor of the great sea-horse which is said to inhabit these waters, nor of any fairies (of whom the stroke-oar, Mr. Marcus, told us not to speak, for they didn't like bein' spoken of) ; nor even of a salmon, though the fishermen produced the most tempting

flies. The only animal of any size that was visible, we saw while lying by a swift black river, that comes jumping with innumerable little waves into Derry-clear, and where the salmon are especially suffered to "stand;" this animal was an eagle—a real wild eagle, with gray wings and a white head and belly: it swept round us, within gun-shot reach, once or twice, through the leaden sky, and then settled on a gray rock and began to scream its shrill, ghastly, aquiline note.

The attempts on the salmon having failed, the rain continuing to fall steadily, the herd's cottage before-named was resorted to; when Marcus, the boatman, commenced forthwith to gut the fish, and, taking down some charred turf-ashes from the blazing fire, on which about a hundred-weight of potatoes were boiling, he—Marcus—proceeded to grill on the floor some of the trout, which we afterwards ate with immeasurable satisfaction. They were such trouts as, when once tasted, remain for ever in the recollection of a commonly grateful mind—rich, flaky, creamy, full of flavour—a Parisian *gourmand* would have paid ten francs for the smallest *cooleen* among them; and, when transported to his capital, how different in flavour would they have been!—how inferior to what they were as we devoured them, fresh from the fresh

waters of the lake, and jerked as it were from the water to the gridiron ! The world had not had time to spoil those innocent beings before they were gobbled up with pepper and salt, and missed, no doubt, by their friends. I should like to know more of their "*set*." But enough of this : my feelings overpower me : suffice it to say, they were red or salmon trouts—none of your white-fleshed brown-skinned river fellows.

When the gentlemen had finished their repast, the boatmen and the family set to work upon the ton of potatoes, a number of the remaining fish, and a store of other good things ; then we all sat round the turf-fire in the dark cottage, the rain coming down steadily outside, and veiling everything except the shrubs and verdure immediately about the cottage. The Herd, the Herd's wife, and a nondescript female friend, two healthy young herdsmen in corduroy rags, the herdsman's daughter paddling about with bare feet, a stout black-eyed wench with her gown over her head and a red petticoat not quite so good as new, the two boatmen, a badger just killed and turned inside out, the gentlemen, some hens cackling and flapping about among the rafters, a calf in a corner cropping green meat and occasionally visited by the cow, her mama, formed the society of the place.

It was rather a strange picture ; but as for about two hours we sat there, and maintained an almost unbroken silence, and as there was no other amusement but to look at the rain, I began, after the enthusiasm of the first half-hour, to think that after all London was a bearable place, and that for want of a turf-fire and a bench in Connemara, one *might* put up with a sofa and a newspaper in Pall-Mall.

This, however, is according to tastes ; and I must say that Mr. Marcus betrayed a most bitter contempt for all Cockney tastes, awkwardness, and ignorance : and very right too. The night, on our return home, all of a sudden cleared ; but though the fishermen—much to my disgust, at the expression of which, however, the rascals only laughed—persisted in making more casts for trout, and trying back in the dark upon the spots which we had visited in the morning, it appeared the fish had been frightened off by the rain ; and the sportsmen met with such indifferent success that at about ten o'clock we found ourselves at Ballynahinch. Dinner was served at eleven ; and, I believe, there was some whiskey-punch afterwards, recommended medicinally and to prevent the ill effects of the wetting ; but that is neither here nor there.

The next day the Petty Sessions were to be held

at Roundstone, a little town which has lately sprung up near the noble bay of that name. I was glad to see some specimens of Connemara litigation, as also to behold at least one thousand beautiful views that lie on the five miles of road between the town and Ballynahinch. Rivers and rocks, mountains and sea, green plains and bright skies, how (for the hundred-and-fiftieth time) can pen-and-ink set you down? But if Berghem could have seen those blue mountains, and Karel du Jardin could have copied some of these green airy plains, with their brilliant little coloured groups of peasants, beggars, horsemen, many an Englishman would know Connemara upon canvas, as he does Italy or Flanders now.

CHAPTER III.

ROUNDSTONE PETTY-SESSIONS.

“THE temple of august Themis,” as a Frenchman would call the Sessions-room at Roundstone, is an apartment of some twelve feet square, with a deal table and a couple of chairs for the accommodation of the magistrates, and a testament with a paper cross pasted on it to be kissed by the witnesses and complainants who frequent the court. The law-papers, warrants, &c. are kept on the Sessions-clerk’s bed in an adjoining apartment, which commands a fine view of the court-yard, where there is a stack of turf, a pig, and a shed beneath which the magistrates’ horses were sheltered during the sitting. The Sessions-clerk is a gentleman “having,” as the phrase is here, both the English and Irish languages, and interpreting for the benefit of the worshipful bench.

And if the Cockney reader suppose that in this remote country spot, so wild, so beautiful, so distant

from the hum and vice of cities, quarrelling is not, and Litigation never shows her snaky head, he is very much mistaken. From what I saw, I would recommend any ingenious young attorney whose merits are not appreciated in the Metropolis, to make an attempt upon the village of Roundstone, where as yet, I believe, there is no solicitor, and where an immense and increasing practice might speedily be secured. Mr. O'Connell, who is always crying out “*Justice for Ireland*,” finds strong supporters among the Roundstonians, whose love of justice for themselves is inordinate. I took down the plots of the five first little litigious dramas which were played before Mr. Martin and the stipendiary magistrate.

Case 1.—A boy summoned a young man for beating him so severely that he kept his bed for a week, thereby breaking an engagement with his master, and losing a quarter's wages.

The defendant stated, in reply, that the plaintiff was engaged—in a field, through which defendant passed with another person—setting two little boys to fight; on which defendant took plaintiff by the collar and turned him out of the field. A witness who was present swore that defendant never struck plaintiff at all, nor kicked him, nor ill-used him, further than by pushing him out of the field.

As to the loss of his quarter's wages, the plaintiff ingeniously proved that he had afterwards returned to his master, that he had worked out his time, and that he had in fact received already the greater part of his hire. Upon which the case was dismissed, the defendant quitting court without a stain upon his honour.

Case 2 was a most piteous and lamentable case of killing a cow; the plaintiff stepped forward with many tears and much gesticulation to state the fact, and also to declare that she was in danger of her life from the defendant's family.

It appeared on the evidence that a portion of the defendant's respectable family are at present undergoing the rewards which the law assigns to those who make mistakes in fields with regard to the ownership of sheep which sometimes graze there. The defendant's father, O'Damon, for having appropriated one of the fleecy bleaters of O'Melibœus, was at present past beyond sea to a country where wool, and consequently mutton, is so plentiful, that he will have the less temptation. Defendant's brothers tread the Ixionic wheel for the same offence. Plaintiff's son had been the informer in the case, hence the feud between the families, the threats on the parts of the defendants, the murder of the innocent cow.

But upon investigation of the business, it was

discovered, and on the plaintiff's own testimony, that the cow had not been killed, nor even been injured, but that the defendant had flung two stones at it, which *might* have inflicted great injury had they hit the animal with greater force in the eye or in any delicate place.

Defendants admitted flinging the stones, but alleged as a reason that the cow was trespassing on their grounds, which plaintiff did not seem inclined to deny. Case dismissed.—Defendant retires with unblemished honour; on which his mother steps forward, and lifting up her hands with tears and



shrieks, calls upon God to witness that the defendant's

own brother-in-law had sold to her husband the very sheep on account of which he had been transported.

Not wishing probably to doubt the justice of the verdict of an Irish jury, the magistrate abruptly put an end to the lamentation and oaths of the injured woman by causing her to be sent out of court, and called the third cause on.

This was a case of thrilling interest and a complicated nature, involving two actions, which ought each perhaps to have been gone into separately, but were taken together. In the first place Timothy Horgan brought an action against Patrick Dolan for breach of contract in not remaining with him for the whole of six months during which Dolan had agreed to serve Horgan. Then Dolan brought an action against Horgan for not paying him his wages for six months' labour done—the wages being two guineas.

Horgan at once and with much candour withdrew his charge against Dolan, that the latter had not remained with him for six months; nor can I understand to this day, why in the first place he swore to the charge, and why afterwards he withdrew it. But immediately advancing another charge against his late servant, he pleaded that he had given him a suit of clothes, which should be considered as a set-off against part of the money claimed.

Now such a suit of clothes as poor Dolan had, was never seen, I will not say merely on an English scarecrow, but on an Irish beggar. Strips of rags fell over the honest fellow's great brawny chest, and the covering on his big brown legs hung on by a wonder. He held out his arms with a grim smile and told his Worship to look at the clothes—the argument was irresistible, Horgan was ordered to pay forthwith :—he ought to have been made to pay another guinea for clothing a fellow-creature in rags so abominable. And now came a case of trespass, in which there was nothing interesting but the attitude of the poor woman who trespassed, and who meekly



acknowledged the fact. She stated, however, that she only got over the wall as a short cut home : but the wall was eight feet high, with a ditch too ; and I fear there were cabbages or potatoes in the enclosure. They fined her a sixpence, and she could not pay it, and went to gaol for three days, where she and her baby, at any rate, will get a meal.

Last on the list which I took down, came a man who will make the fortune of the London attorney, that I hope is on his way hither. A rather old curly headed man, with a sly smile perpetually lying on his face (the reader may give whatever interpretation he please to the 'lying'),—he comes before the Court almost every fortnight they say, with a complaint of one kind or other. His present charge was against a man for breaking into his court-yard, and wishing to take possession of the same. It appeared however that he, the defendant, and another lived in a row of houses—the plaintiff's house was, however, first built, and as his agreement specified that the plot of ground behind his house should be his likewise, he chose to imagine, that the plot of ground behind all the three houses was his, and built his turf-stack against his neighbour's window. The magistrates of course pronounced against this ingenuous discoverer of wrongs, and he left the court still smiling and twisting round his little wicked eyes,

and declaring solemnly that he would put in an *appale*. If one could have purchased a kicking at a moderate price off that fellow's back, it would have been a pleasant little piece of self-indulgence, and I confess I longed to ask him the price of the article.

And so, after a few more such great cases, the court rose ; and I had leisure to make moral reflections, if so minded—and sighing to think that cruelty and falsehood, selfishness and rapacity, dwell not in crowds alone, but flourish all the world over : sweet flowers of human nature, they bloom in all climates and seasons, and are just as much at home in a hothouse in Thavies' Inn, as on a lone mountain, or a rocky sea-coast in Ireland, where never a tree will grow !—

We walked along this coast after the judicial proceedings were over, to see the country, and the new road that the Board of Works is forming—such a wilderness of rocks I never saw ! the district for miles is covered with huge stones, shining white in patches of green, with the Binabola on one side of the spectator, and the Atlantic running in and out of a thousand little bays on the other. The country is very hilly, or wavy rather, being a sort of ocean petrified ; and the engineers have hard work with these numerous abrupt little ascents and descents, which they equalize as best they may, by blasting,

cutting, filling cavities, and levelling eminences. Some hundreds of men were employed at this work, busy with their hand-barrows, their picking, and boring. Their pay is eightpence a day.

There is little to see in the town of Roundstone, except a Presbyterian Chapel in process of erection, that seems big enough to accommodate the Presbyterians of the county; and a sort of a lay-convent, being a community of brothers of the third order of Saint Francis. They are all artisans and workmen, taking no vows but living together in common, and undergoing a certain religious regimen. Their work is said to be very good, and all are employed upon some labour or other. On the front of this unpretending little dwelling is an inscription with a great deal of pretence, stating, that the establishment was founded with the approbation of "His Grace, the most Reverend the Lord Archbishop of Tuam."

The most Reverend Doctor MacHale is a clergyman of great learning, talents, and honesty, but His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Tuam strikes me as being no better than a mountebank; and some day I hope even his own party will laugh this humbug down. It is bad enough to be awed by big titles at all, but to respect sham ones! O stars and garters! We shall have his Grace the Lord Chief-Rabbi next, or his Lordship the Arch-Imaum.

CHAPTER IV.

LIFDEN TO WESTPORT.

ON leaving Ballynahinch, (with sincere regret, as any lonely tourist may imagine, who is called upon to quit the hospitable friendliness of such a place and society,) my way lay back to Clifden again, and thence through the Joyce country, by the Killery mountains, to Westport, in Mayo. The road, amounting in all to four-and-forty Irish miles, is performed in cars, in different periods of time, according to your horse and your luck. Sometimes, both being bad, the traveller is two days on the road ; sometimes a dozen hours will suffice for the journey, which was the case with me, though I confess to having found the twelve hours long enough. After leaving Clifden, the friendly look of the country seemed to vanish ; and, though picturesque enough, was a thought too wild and dismal for eyes accustomed to admire a hop-garden in Kent, or

a view of rich folly meadows in Surrey, with a clump of trees and a comfortable village spire. "Inglis," the Guide-book says, "compares the scenes to the Norwegian Fiords." Well, the Norwegian Fiords must, in this case, be very dismal sights ! and I own that the wildness of Hampstead Heath (with the imposing walls of Jack Straw's Castle rising stern in the midst of the green wilderness,) are more to my taste than the general views of yesterday.

We skirted by lake after lake, lying lonely in the midst of lonely boglands, or bathing the sides of mountains robed in sombre rifle green. Two or three men, and as many huts, you see in the course of each mile, perhaps ; as toiling up the bleak hills, or jingling more rapidly down them, you pass through this sad region. In the midst of the wilderness, a chapel stands here and there, solitary on the hill-side ; or a ruinous, useless school-house, its pale walls contrasting with the general surrounding hue of sombre purple and green. But though the country looks more dismal than Connemara, it is clearly more fertile : we passed miles of ground that evidently wanted but little cultivation to make them profitable ; and along the mountain sides, in many places, and over a great extent of Mr. Blake's country especially, the hills were covered

with a thick, natural plantation, that may yield a little brushwood now, but might in fifty years' time bring thousands of pounds of revenue to the descendants of the Blakes. This spectacle of a country going to waste is enough to make the cheerfulness landscape look dismal ; it gives this wild district a woful look indeed. The names of the lakes by which we came I noted down in a pocket-book as we passed along ; but the names were Irish, the car was rattling, and the only names readable in the catalogue is Letterfrack.

The little hamlet of Leenane is at twenty miles' distance from Clifden ; and to arrive at it, you skirt the mountain along one side of a vast pass, through which the ocean runs from Killery Bay, separating the mountains of Mayo from the mountains of Galway. Nothing can be more grand and gloomy than this pass ; and as for the character of the scenery, it must, as the Guide-book says, "be seen to be understood." Meanwhile, let the reader imagine huge, dark mountains, in their accustomed livery of purple and green, a dull gray sky above them, an estuary silver bright below : in the water lies a fisherman's boat or two ; a pair of sea-gulls, undulating with the little waves of the water ; a pair of curlews wheeling overhead, and piping on the

wing, and on the hill-side a jingling car, with a cockney in it, oppressed by, and yet admiring, all these things. Many a sketcher and tourist, as I found, has visited this picturesque spot; for the hostess of the inn had stories of English and American painters, and of illustrious book-writers too, travelling in the service of our Lords of Pater-noster Row.

The landlord's son of Clifden, a very intelligent young fellow, was here exchanged for a new carman, in the person of a raw Irisher of twenty years of age, "having" little English, and dressed in that very pair of pantaloons which Humphrey Clinker was compelled to cast off some years since, on account of the offence which they gave to Mrs. Tabitha Bramble. This fellow, emerging from among the boats, went off to a field to seek for the black horse, which the landlady assured me was quite fresh, and had not been out all day, and would carry me to Westport in three hours. Meanwhile I was lodged in a neat little parlour, surveying the Mayo side of the water, with some cultivated fields and a show of a village at the spot where the estuary ends, and above them lodges and fine dark plantations, climbing over the dark hills that lead to Lord Sligo's seat of Delphi. Presently, with a curtsey, came a young

woman, who sold worsted socks at a shilling a pair, and whose portrait is here given.



It required no small pains to entice this rustic beauty to stand, while a sketch should be made of her. Nor did any compliments or cajolements, on my part or the landlady's, bring about the matter ; it was not until money was offered that the lovely creature consented. I offered (such is the ardour of the real artist) either to give her sixpence, or to purchase two pairs of her socks, if she would stand still for five minutes. On which she said she would

prefer selling the socks. Then she stood still for a moment in the corner of the room ; then she turned her face towards the corner, and the other part of her person towards the artist, and exclaimed in that attitude, “I must have a shilling more.” Then I told her to go to the deuce. Then she made a proposition, involving the stockings and sixpence, which was similarly rejected ; and finally, the above splendid design was completed at the price first stated.

However, as we went off, this timid little love barred the door for a moment, and said that “I ought to give her another shilling, that a gentleman would give her another shilling,” and so on—she might have trod the London streets for ten years, and not have been more impudent and more greedy.

By this time the famous fresh horse was produced, and the driver, by means of a wraprascal, had covered a great part of the rags of his lower garment. He carried a whip and a stick, the former lying across his knees ornamenteally, the latter being for service, and as his feet were directly under the horse’s tail, he had full command of the brute’s back, and belaboured it for six hours without ceasing.

What little English the fellow knew, he uttered with a howl, roaring into my ear answers, which, for

the most part, were wrong, to various questions put to him. The lad's voice was so hideous, that I asked him if he could sing, on which forthwith he began yelling the most horrible Irish ditty, of which he told me the title, that I have forgotten. He sang three stanzas, certainly keeping a kind of tune, and the latter lines of each verse were in rhyme ; but when I asked him the meaning of the song, he only roared out its Irish title.

On questioning the driver further, it turned out that the horse, warranted fresh, had already performed a journey of eighteen miles that morning, and the consequence was, that I had full leisure to survey the country through which we passed. There were more lakes, more mountains, more bog, and an excellent road through this lonely district, though few only of the human race enlivened it. At ten miles from Leenane, we stopped at a road-side hut, where the driver pulled out a bag of oats, and borrowing an iron-pot from the good people, half filled it with corn, which the poor, tired, galled, bewhipped, black horse began eagerly to devour. The young charioteer himself hinted very broadly his desire for a glass of whiskey, which was the only kind of refreshment that this remote house of entertainment supplied.

In the various cabins I have entered, I have found talking a vain matter ; the people are suspicious of the stranger within their wretched gates, and are shy, sly, and silent. I have, commonly, only been able to get half-answers in reply to my questions, given in a manner that seemed plainly to intimate that the visit was unwelcome. In this rude hostel, however, the landlord was a little less reserved, offered a seat at the turf-fire, where a painter might have had a good subject for his skill. There was no chimney, but a hole in the roof, up which a small portion of the smoke ascended (the rest preferring an egress by the door, or else to remain in the apartment altogether) ; and this light from above lighted up as rude a set of figures as ever were seen. There were two brown women, with black eyes and locks, the one knitting stockings on the floor, the other “racking” (with that natural comb which five horny fingers supply) the elf-locks of a dirty urchin between her knees. An idle fellow was smoking his pipe by the fire, and by his side sate a stranger, who had been made welcome to the shelter of the place, a sickly well-looking man, whom I mistook for a deserter at first, for he had evidently been a soldier.

But there was nothing so romantic as desertion in his history. He had been in the dragoons, but

his mother had purchased his discharge : he was married, and had lived comfortably in Cork for some time, in the glass-blowing business. Trade failing at Cork, he had gone to Belfast to seek for work. There was no work at Belfast ; and he was so far on his road home again ; sick, without a penny in the world, a hundred and fifty miles to travel, and a starving wife and children to receive him at his journey's end. He had been thrown off a caravan that day, and had almost broken his back in the fall. Here was a cheering story ! I wonder where he is now : how far has the poor starving lonely man advanced over that weary desolate road, that in good health, and with a horse to carry me, I thought it a penalty to cross ? What would one do under such circumstances, with solitude and hunger for present company, despair and starvation at the end of the vista ? There are a score of lonely lakes along the road which he has to pass ; would it be well to stop at one of them, and fling into it the wretched load of cares which that poor broken back has to carry ? Would the world he would light on *then* be worse for him, than that he is pining in now ? Heaven help us : and on this very day, throughout the three kingdoms, there are a million such stories to be told ! Who dare doubt of Heaven after that ? of a place

where there is at last a welcome to the heart-stricken prodigal, and a happy home to the wretched.

The crumbs of oats which fell from the mouth of the feasting Dives of a horse, were battled for outside the door, by a dozen Lazaruses in the shape of fowls, and a lanky young pig, who had been grunting in an old chest in the cabin, or in a miserable recess of huddled rags and straw, which formed the couch of the family, presently came out and drove the poultry away, picking up, with great accuracy, the solitary grains lying about, and more than once trying to shove his snout into the corn pot, and share with the wretched old galled horse. Whether it was that he was refreshed by his meal, or that the car-boy was invigorated by his glass of whiskey, or inflamed by the sight of eighteen-pence, which munificent sum was tendered to the soldier, I don't know, but the remaining eight miles of the journey were got over in much quicker time, although the road was exceedingly bad and hilly for the greatest part of the way to Westport. However, by running up the hills at the pony's side, the animal, fired with emulation, trotted up them too, descending them with the proverbial sure-footedness of his race, the car and he bouncing over the rocks and stones at the rate of at least four Irish miles an hour.

At about five miles from Westport, the cultivation became much more frequent. There were plantations upon the hills, yellow corn and potatoes in plenty in the fields, and houses thickly scattered. We had the satisfaction, too, of knowing that future tourists will have an excellent road to travel over in this district ; for by the side of the old road which runs up and down a hundred little rocky steeps, according to the ancient plan, you see a new one running for several miles,—the latter way being conducted not over the hills but around them, and, considering the circumstances of the country, extremely broad and even. The car-boy presently yelled out “REEK, REEK !” with a shriek perfectly appalling. This howl was to signify that we were in sight of that famous conical mountain so named, and from which Saint Patrick, after inveigling thither all the venomous reptiles in Ireland, precipitated the whole noisome race into Clew Bay. The road also for several miles was covered with people, who were flocking in hundreds from Westport market, in cars and carts, on horseback single and double, and on foot.

And presently, from an eminence, I caught sight not only of a fine view, but of the most beautiful view I ever saw in the world, I think ; and to enjoy

the splendour of which I would travel a hundred miles in that car with that very horse and driver. The sun was just about to set, and the country round about and to the east was almost in twilight. The mountains were tumbled about in a thousand fantastic ways, and swarming with people. Trees, corn-fields, cottages, made the scene indescribably cheerful; noble woods stretched towards the sea, and, abutting on them, between two highlands lay the smoking town. Hard by was a large Gothic building—it is but a poor-house; but it looked like a grand castle in the gray evening—but the bay, and the Reek, which sweeps down to the sea, and a hundred islands in it, were dressed up in gold and purple, and crimson, with the whole cloudy west in a flame. Wonderful, wonderful! . . . The valleys in the road to Leenane, have lost all glimpses of the sun ere this; and I suppose there is not a soul to be seen in the black landscape, or by the shores of the ghastly lakes, where the poor glass-blower from the whiskey-shop is faintly travelling now.

CHAPTER V.

WESTPORT.

NATURE has done much for this pretty town of Westport; and after Nature, the traveller ought to be thankful to Lord Sligo, who has done a great deal too. In the first place, he has established one of the prettiest, comfortablest inns in Ireland, in the best part of his little town, stocking the cellars with good wines, filling the house with neat furniture, and lending, it is said, the whole to a landlord gratis, on condition that he should keep the house warm, and furnish the larder, and entertain the traveller. Secondly, Lord Sligo has given up, for the use of the townspeople, a beautiful little pleasure-ground about his house: “You may depend upon it,” said a Scotchman at the inn, “that they’ve right of pathway through the groonds, and that the Marquess couldn’t shut them oot:” which is a pretty fair specimen of charity in this world—this kind world, that is always ready

to encourage and applaud good actions, and find good motives for the same. I wonder how much would induce that Scotchman to allow poor people to walk in *his* park, if he had one !

In the midst of this pleasure-ground, and surrounded by a thousand fine trees, dressed up in all sorts of verdure, stands a pretty little church ; paths through the wood lead pleasantly down to the bay ; and, as we walked down to it on the day after our arrival, one of the green fields was suddenly black with rooks, making a huge cawing and clanging as they settled down to feed. The house, a handsome massive structure, must command noble views of the bay, over which all the colours of Titian were spread, as the sun set behind its purple islands.

Printers' ink will not give these wonderful hues ; and the reader will make his picture at his leisure. That conical mountain to the left is Croagh-Patrick ; it is clothed in the most magnificent violet-colour, and a couple of round clouds were exploding, as it were, from the summit, that part of them towards the sea, lighted up with the most delicate gold and rose colour. In the centre is the Clare Island, of which the edges were bright cobalt, whilst the middle was lighted up with a brilliant scarlet tinge, such as I would have laughed at in a picture, never having seen in

nature before, but looked at now with wonder and pleasure until the hue disappeared as the sun went away. The islands in the bay (which was of a gold colour) looked like so many dolphins and whales basking there. The rich park-woods stretched down to the shore; and the immediate foreground consisted of a yellow corn-field, whereon stood innumerable shocks of corn, casting immense long purple shadows over the stubble. The farmer, with some little ones about him, was superintending his reapers; and I heard him say to a little girl, “Nory, I love you the best of all my children!” Presently, one of the reapers coming up, says, “It’s always the custom in these parts to ask strange gentlemen to give something to drink the first day of reaping; and we’d like to drink your honour’s health in a bowl of coffee.” “O fortunatos nimium!” The Cockney takes out sixpence, and thinks that he never passed such a pleasant half-hour in all his life as in that corn-field, looking at that wonderful bay.

A car which I had ordered presently joined me from the town, and going down a green lane very like England, and across a causeway near a building, where the carman proposed to show me “me Lard’s caffin that he brought from Rome, and a mighty big

caffin entirely," we came close upon the water and the Port. There was a long, handsome pier (which, no doubt, remains at this present minute), and one solitary cutter lying alongside it, which may or may not be there now. There were about three boats lying near the cutter, and six sailors, with long shadows, lolling upon the pier. As for the warehouses, they are enormous; and might accommodate, I should think, not only the trade of Westport, but of Manchester too. There are huge streets of these houses, ten stories high, with cranes, owners' names, &c., marked Wine Stores, Flour Stores, Bonded Tobacco Warehouses, and so forth. The six sailors that were singing on the pier, no doubt are each admirals of as many fleets of a hundred sail, that bring wines and tobacco from all quarters of the world to fill these enormous warehouses. These dismal mausoleums, as vast as pyramids, are the places where the dead trade of Westport lies buried—a trade that, in its lifetime, probably was about as big as a mouse. Nor is this the first nor the hundredth place to be seen in this country, which sanguine builders have erected to accommodate an imaginary commerce. Millowners over-mill themselves, merchants over-warehouse themselves, squires over-castle themselves, little tradesmen about Dublin and the cities over-

villa and over-gig themselves, and we hear sad tales about hereditary bondage and the accursed tyranny of England.

Passing out of this dreary, pseudo-commercial port, the road lay along the beautiful shores of Clew Bay, adorned with many a rickety villa and pleasure-house, from the cracked windows of which may be seen one of the noblest views in the world. One of the villas the guide pointed out with peculiar exultation ; it is called by a grand name—Waterloo Park, and has a lodge, and a gate, and a field of a couple of acres, and belongs to a young gentleman, who, being able to write Waterloo Park on his card, succeeded in carrying off a young London heiress with a hundred thousand pounds. The young couple had just arrived, and one of them must have been rather astonished, no doubt, at the “ Park.” But what will not love do ? With love and a hundred thousand pounds, a cottage may be made to look like a castle, and a park of two acres may be brought to extend for a mile. The night began now to fall, wrapping up in a sober gray livery the bay and mountains, which had just been so gorgeous in sunset ; and we turned our backs presently upon the bay, and the villas with the cracked windows, and scaling a road of perpetual ups and downs, went

back to Westport. On the way was a pretty cemetery, lying on each side of the road, with a ruined chapel for the ornament of one division, a holy well for the other. In the holy well lives a sacred trout, whom sick people come to consult, and who operates great cures in the neighbourhood. If the patient sees the trout floating on his back, he dies ; if on his belly, he lives ; or *vice versa*. The little spot is old, ivy-grown, and picturesque, and I can't fancy a better place for a pilgrim to kneel and say his beads at.

But considering the whole country goes to mass, and that the priests can govern it as they will, teaching what shall be believed and what shall be not credited, would it not be well for their reverences, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-two, to discourage these absurd lies and superstitions, and teach some simple truths to their flock ? Leave such figments to magazine-writers and ballad-makers ; but, corbleu ! it makes one indignant to think that people in the United Kingdom, where a press is at work, and good sense is abroad, and clergymen are eager to educate the people, should countenance such savage superstitions, and silly, grovelling heathenisms.

The chapel is before the inn where I resided, and

on Sunday, from a very early hour, the side of the street was thronged with worshippers, who came to attend the various services. Nor are the Catholics the only devout people of this remote district. There is a large Presbyterian church very well attended, as was the Established church service in the pretty church in the park. There was no organ, but the clerk and a choir of children sang hymns sweetly and truly; and a charity sermon being preached for the benefit of the diocesan schools, I saw many pound-notes in the plate, showing that the Protestants here were as ardent as their Roman Catholic brethren. The sermon was extempore, as usual, according to the prevailing taste here. The preacher by putting aside his sermon-book may gain in warmth, which we don't want, but lose in reason, which we do. If I were Defender of the Faith, I would issue an order to all priests and deacons to take to the book again; weighing well, before they uttered it, every word they proposed to say upon so great a subject as that of religion; and mistrusting that dangerous facility given by active jaws and a hot imagination. Reverend divines have adopted this habit, and keep us for an hour listening to what might well be told in ten minutes. They are wondrously fluent, considering all things; and

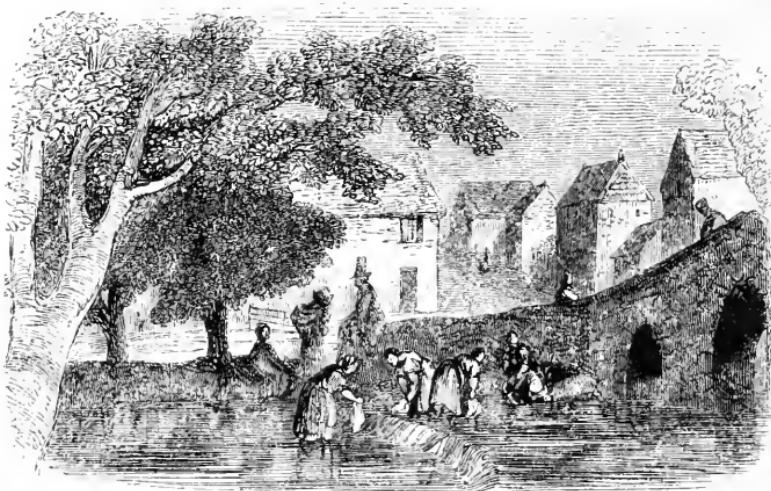
though I have heard many a sentence begun whereof the speaker did not evidently know the conclusion ; yet, somehow or other, he has always managed to get through the paragraph without any hiatus, except perhaps in the sense. And as far as I can remark, it is not calm, plain, downright preachers who preserve the extemporaneous system for the most part, but pompous orators, indulging in all the cheap graces of rhetoric—exaggerating words and feelings to make effect, and dealing in pious caricature. Church-goers become excited by this loud talk and captivating manner, and can't go back afterwards to a sober discourse read out of a grave old sermon-book ; appealing to the reason and the gentle feelings, instead of to the passions and the imagination. Beware of too much talk, O parsons ! If a man is to give an account of every idle word he utters, for what a number of such loud nothings, windy emphatic tropes and metaphors, spoken not for God's glory but the preacher's, will many a cushion-thumper have to answer ! And this rebuke may properly find a place here, because the clergyman by whose discourse it was elicited is not of the eloquent dramatic sort, but a gentleman, it is said, remarkable for old-fashioned learning and quiet habits, that do not seem to be to the taste of

the many boisterous young clergy of the present day.

The Catholic chapel was built before their graces the most reverend lord archbishops came into fashion. It is large and gloomy, with one or two attempts at ornament, by way of pictures at the altars, and a good inscription warning the incomer, in a few bold words, of the sacredness of the place he stands in. Bare feet bore away thousands of people who came to pray there ; there were numbers of smart equipages for the richer Protestant congregation. Strolling about the town in the balmy summer evening, I heard the sweet tones of a hymn from the people in the Presbyterian praying-house. Indeed, the country is full of piety, and a warm, sincere undoubting devotion.

On week-days the street before the chapel is scarcely less crowded than on the Sabbath ; but it is with women and children merely ; for a stream bordered with lime-trees runs pleasantly down the street, and hither come innumerable girls to wash, while the children make dirt-pies and look on. Wilkie was here some years since, and the place affords a great deal of amusement to the painter of character. Sketching, *tant bien que mal*, the bridge and the trees, and some of the nymphs engaged in

the stream, the writer became an object of no small attention ; and at least a score of dirty brats left their dirt-pies to look on, the bare-legged washing-girls grinning from the water.



One, a regular rustic beauty, whose face and figure would have made the fortune of a frontispiece, seemed particularly amused and *agaçante* ; and I walked round to get a drawing of her fresh jolly face : but directly I came near she pulled her gown over her head, and resolutely turned round her back ; and, as that part of her person did not seem to differ in character from the backs of the rest of Europe, there is no need of taking its likeness.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PATTERN AT CROAGH-PATRICK.

ON the pattern-day, however, the washerwomen and children had all disappeared—nay, the stream, too, seemed to be gone out of town. There was a report current, also, that on the occasion of the pattern, six hundred tectotallers had sworn to revolt ; and I fear that it was the hope of witnessing this awful rebellion which induced me to stay a couple of days at Westport. The pattern was commenced on the Sunday, but the priests going up to the mountain took care that there should be no sports nor dancing on that day ; but that the people should only content themselves with the performance of what are called religious duties. Religious duties ! Heaven help us ! If these reverend gentlemen were worshippers of Moloch or Baal, or any deity whose honour demanded bloodshed, and savage rites, and degradation, and torture, one might fancy them

encouraging the people to the disgusting penances the poor things here perform. But it's too hard to think that in our days, any priests of any religion should be found superintending such a hideous series of self-sacrifices as are, it appears, performed on this hill.

A friend who ascended the hill brought down the following account of it. The ascent is a very steep and hard one, he says; but it was performed in company of thousands of people who were making their way barefoot to the several "stations" upon the hill.

"The first station consists of one heap of stones, round which they must walk seven times, casting a stone on the heap each time, and before and after every stone's throw saying a prayer.

"The second station is on the top of the mountain. Here there is a great altar—a shapeless heap of stones. The poor wretches crawl *on their knees* into this place, say fifteen prayers, and after going round the entire top of the mountain fifteen times, say fifteen prayers again.

"The third station is near the bottom of the mountain at the further side from Westport. It consists of three heaps. The penitents must go seven times round these collectively, and seven times

afterwards round each individually, saying a prayer before and after each progress."

My informant describes the people as coming away from this "frightful exhibition, suffering severe pain, wounded and bleeding in the knees and feet, and some of the women shrieking with the pain of their wounds. Fancy thousands of these bent upon their work, and priests standing by to encourage them!—for shame, for shame. If all the popes, cardinals, bishops, hermits, priests, and deacons that ever lived, were to come forward and preach this as a truth—that to please God you must macerate your body, that the sight of your agonies is welcome to Him, and that your blood, groans, and degradation find favour in His eyes, I would not believe them. Better have over a company of Fakcers at once, and set the Suttee going.

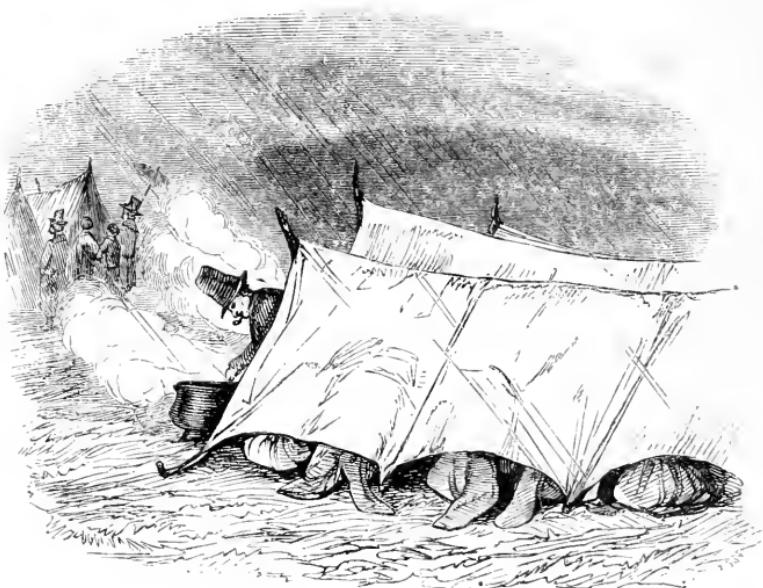
Of these tortures, however, I had not the fortune to witness a sight; for going towards the mountain for the first four miles, the only conveyance I could find was half the pony of an honest sailor, who said, when applied to, "I tell you what I do wid you: I give you a spell about;" but as it turned out we were going different ways, this help was but a small one. A car with a spare seat, however, (there were hundreds of others quite full, and scores of rattling

country carts covered with people, and thousands of bare legs trudging along the road,)—a car with a spare seat passed by at two miles from the Pattern, and that just time to get comfortably wet through on arriving there. The whole mountain was enveloped in mist; and we could nowhere see thirty yards before us. The women walked forward, with their gowns over their heads; the men sauntered on in the rain, with the utmost indifference to it. The car presently came to a cottage, the court in front of which was black with two hundred horses, and where as many drivers were jangling and bawling; and here we were told to descend. You had to go over a wall and across a brook, and behold the Pattern.

The pleasures of the poor people—for after the business on the mountain came the dancing and love-making at its foot—was woefully spoiled by the rain, which rendered dancing on the grass impossible, nor were the tents big enough for that exercise. Indeed, the whole sight was as dismal and half-savage a one as I have seen. There may have been fifty of these tents squatted round a plain of the most brilliant green grass, behind which the mist curtains seemed to rise immediately; for you could not even see the mountain side beyond them.

Here was a great crowd of men and women, all ugly, as the fortune of the day would have it (for the sagacious reader has, no doubt, remarked that there are ugly and pretty days in life). Stalls were spread about, whereof the owners were shrieking out the praises of their wares—great, coarse, damp-looking bannocks of bread for the most part, or, mayhap, a dirty collection of pigs' feet, and such refreshments. Several of the booths professed to belong to “confectioners” from Westport or Castlebar, the confectionery consisting of huge biscuits and doubtful-looking ginger-beer—ginger-ale, or gingeretta, it is called in this country, by a fanciful people, who love the finest titles. Add to these, caldrons containing water for tay at the door of the booths, other pots full of masses of pale legs of mutton (the owner “prodding,” every now and then for a bit, and holding it up and asking the passenger to buy). In the booths, it was impossible to stand upright, or to see much, on account of smoke. Men and women were crowded in these rude tents, huddled together, and disappearing in the darkness. Owners came bustling out to replenish the emptied water-jugs, and landladies stood outside in the rain calling strenuously upon all passers by to enter. Here is a design taken from one of the booths, presenting in-

geniously an outside and an inside view of the same place—an artifice seldom practised in pictures.



Meanwhile, high up on the invisible mountain, the people were dragging their bleeding knees from altar to altar, flinging stones, and muttering some endless litanies, with the priests standing by. I think I was not sorry that the rain, and the care of my precious health, prevented me from mounting a severe hill, to witness a sight that could only have caused one to be shocked and ashamed that servants of God should encourage it. The road home was very pleasant, everybody was wet through, but everybody was happy, and by some miracle we were seven on the car. There was the honest Englishman

in the military cap, who sung “The sea, the hopen sea’s my ome,” although not any one of the company called upon him for that air. Then the music was taken up by a good-natured lass from Castlebar ; then the Englishman again, “With burnished brand and musketoon ;” and there was no end of pushing, pinching, squeezing and laughing. The Englishman especially, had a favourite yell, with which he saluted and astonished all cottages, passengers, cars, that we met or overtook. Presently came prancing by two dandies, who were especially frightened by the noise. “Thim’s two tailors from Westport,” said the carman, grinning with all his might. “Come, gat out of the way there, gat along,” piped a small English voice, from above somewhere. I looked up, and saw a little creature, perched on the top of a tandem, which he was driving with the most knowing air—a dreadful young hero, with a white hat, and a white face, and a blue bird’s-eye neckcloth. He was five feet high, if an inch, an ensign, and sixteen ; and it was a great comfort to think, in case of danger or riot, that one of his years and personal strength was at hand to give help.

“Thim’s the afficers,” said the carman, as the

tandem wheeled by, a small groom quivering on behind—and the carman spoke with the greatest respect this time. Two days before, on arriving at Westport, I had seen the same equipage at the door of the inn—where for a moment there happened to be no waiter to receive me. So, shouldering a carpet-bag, I walked into the inn-hall, and asked a gentleman standing there, where was the coffee-room? It was the military tandem-driving youth, who with much grace looked up in my face, and said calmly, "*I dawnt knaw.*" I believe the little creature had just been dining in the very room—and so present my best compliments to him.

The Guide-book will inform the traveller of many a beautiful spot, which lies in the neighbourhood of Westport, and which I had not the time to visit; but I must not take leave of the excellent little inn, without speaking once more of its extreme comfort; nor of the place itself, without another parting word regarding its beauty. It forms an event in one's life to have seen that place, so beautiful is it, and so unlike all other beauties that I know of. Were such a bay lying upon English shores, it would be a world's wonder: perhaps, if it were on the Medi-

terranean or the Baltic, English travellers would flock to it by hundreds ; why not come and see it in Ireland ? Remote as the spot is, Westport is only two days' journey from London now, and lies in a country far more strange to most travellers, than France or Germany can be.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM WESTPORT TO BALLINASLOE.

THE mail-coach took us next day by Castlebar and Tuam to Ballinasloe, a journey of near eighty miles. The country is interspersed with innumerable seats belonging to the Blakes, the Browns, and the Frenches ; and we passed many large domains belonging to bankrupt lords and fugitive squires, with fine lodges, adorned with moss and battered windows, and parks where if the grass was growing on the roads, on the other hand the trees had been weeded out of the grass. About these seats and their owners the guard, an honest shrewd fellow, had all the gossip to tell. This jolly guard himself was a ruin, it turned out ; he told me his grandfather was a man of large property ; his father, he said, kept a pack of hounds, and had spent everything by the time he, the guard, was sixteen ; so the lad made interest to get a mail-car to drive, whence he had been promoted to the

guard's seat, and now for forty years had occupied it, travelling eighty miles, and earning seven-and-twopence every day of his life. He had been once ill, he said, for three days ; and if a man may be judged by ten hours' talk with him, there are few more shrewd, resolute, simple-minded men to be found on the outside of any coaches or the inside of any houses in Ireland.

During the first five-and-twenty miles of the journey,—for the day was very sunny and bright,—Croaghpatrick kept us company ; and, seated with your back to the horses, you could see “on the left that vast aggregation of mountains which stretches southwards to the Bay of Galway ; on the right, that gigantic assemblage which sweeps in circular outline northward to Killule.” Somewhere amongst those hills the great John Tuam was born, whose mansion and cathedral are to be seen in Tuam town, but whose fame is spread everywhere. To arrive at Castlebar, we go over the undulating valley which lies between the mountains of Joyce country and Erris ; and the first object which you see on entering the town is a stately Gothic castle that stands at a short distance from it.

On the gate of the stately Gothic castle was written an inscription not very hospitable : **WITHOUT**

BEWARE, WITHIN AMEND ; just beneath which is an iron crane of neat construction. The castle is the county gaol, and the iron crane is the gallows of the district. The town seems neat and lively ; there is a fine church, a grand barracks (celebrated as the residence of the young fellow with the bird's-eye neckcloth), a club, and a Whig and Tory newspaper. The road hence to Tuam is very pretty and lively, from the number of country-seats along the way, giving comfortable shelter to more Blakes, Brownes, and Lynches.

In the cottages, the inhabitants looked healthy and rosy in their rags, and the cots themselves in the sunshine almost comfortable. After a couple of months in the country, the stranger's eye grows somewhat accustomed to the rags ; they do not frighten him as at first : the people who wear them look for the most part healthy enough ; especially the small children, those who can scarcely totter, and are sitting shading their eyes at the door, and leaving the unfinished dirt-pie to shout as the coach passes by, are as healthy a looking race as one will often see. Nor can any one pass through the land without being touched by the extreme love of children among the people ; they swarm everywhere, and the whole county rings with cries of affection towards the

children, with the songs of young ragged nurses dandling babies on their knees, and warnings of mothers to Patsey to come out of the mud, or Norey to get off the pig's back.

At Tuam the coach stopped exactly for fourteen minutes and a half, during which time, those who wished might dine: but instead, I had the pleasure of inspecting a very mouldy dirty town, and made my way to the Catholic Cathedral—a very handsome edifice indeed; handsome without and within, and of the Gothic sort. Over the door is a huge coat of arms, surmounted by a Cardinal's hat—the arms of the See, no doubt, quartered with John Tuam's own patrimonial coat; and that was a frieze coat, from all accounts, passably ragged at the elbows. Well, he must be a poor wag who could sneer at an old coat, because it was old and poor. But if a man changes it for a tawdry gimcrack suit, bedizened with twopenny tinsel, and struts about calling himself his Grace and my Lord, when may we laugh if not then? There is something simple in the way in which these good people belord their clergymen, and respect titles real or sham. Take any Dublin paper,—a couple of columns of it are sure to be filled with movements of the small great men of the world. Accounts from Darrynane, state that the Right

Honourable the Lord Mayor is in good health—his Lordship went out with his beagles yesterday—or His Grace the Most Reverend the Lord Archbishop of Ballywhack, assisted by the Right Reverend the Lord Bishops of Trincomalee and Hippopotamus, assisted, &c. ; or Colonel Tims, of Castle Tims, and lady, have quitted the Shelburne Hotel, with a party for Kilballybathershins, where the *august** party propose to enjoy a few days' shrimp-fishing,—and so on. Our people are not witty and keen of perceiving the ridiculous, like the Irish; but the bluntness and honesty of the English have well nigh kicked the fashionable humbug down ; and except, perhaps, among footmen and about Baker Street, this curiosity about the aristocracy is wearing fast away. Have the Irish so much reason to respect their lords, that they should so chronicle all their movements; and not only admire real lords, but make sham ones of their own to admire *them*?

There is no object of special mark upon the road from Tuam to Ballinasloe, the country being flat for the most part, and the noble Galway and Mayo mountains having disappeared at length, until you come to a glimpse of Old England in the pretty

* This epithet is applied to the party of a Colonel somebody, in a Dublin paper.

village of Ahascragh. An old oak-tree grows in the neat street, the houses are as trim and white as eye can desire, and about the church and the town are handsome plantations, forming on the whole such a picture of comfort and plenty, as is rarely to be seen in the part of Ireland I have traversed. All these wonders have been wrought by the activity of an excellent resident agent. There was a countryman on the coach deplored that, through family circumstances, this gentleman should have been dispossessed of his agency, and declaring that the village had already begun to deteriorate in consequence. The marks of such decay were not, however, visible, at least to a new comer; and, being reminded of it, I indulged in many patriotic longings for England, as every Englishman does, when he is travelling out of the country which he is always so willing to quit.

That a place should instantly begin to deteriorate because a certain individual was removed from it—that cottagers should become thriftless, and houses dirty, and house-windows cracked,—all these are points which public economists may ruminate over, and can't fail to give the carelessest traveller much matter for painful reflection. How is it that the presence of one man, more or less, should affect a set of people come to years of manhood, and know-

ing that they have their duty to do ? Why should a man at Ahascragh let his home go to ruin, and stuff his windows with ragged breeches instead of glass, because Mr. Smith is agent in place of Mr. Jones ? Is he a child, that won't work unless the schoolmaster be at hand ? or are we to suppose, with the Repealers, that the cause of all this degradation and misery is the intolerable tyranny of the sister country, and the pain which poor Ireland has been made to endure ? This is very well at the Corn-Exchange, and among patriots after dinner; but, after all, granting the grievance of the franchise (though it may not be unfair to presume, that a man who has not strength of mind enough to mend his own breeches or his own windows, will always be the tool of one party or another), there is no Inquisition set up in the country ; the law tries to defend the people as much as they will allow ; the odious tithe has even been whisked off from their shoulders to the landlords ; they may live pretty much as they like. Is it not too monstrous to howl about English tyranny and suffering Ireland, and call for a Stephen's Green Parliament, to make the country quiet and the people industrious ? The people are not politically worse treated than their neighbours in England. The priests and the landlords, if they chose to co-

operate, might do more for the country now than any kings or laws could. What you want here is not a Catholic or Protestant party, but an Irish party.

In the midst of these reflections, and by what the reader will doubtless think a blessed interruption, we came in sight of the town of Ballynasloe, and its “gash-lamps,” which a fellow-passenger did not fail to point out with admiration. The road-menders, however, did not appear to think that light was by any means necessary ; for, having been occupied, in the morning, in digging a fine hole upon the highway, previous to some alterations to be effected there, they had left their work at sun-down, without any lamp to warn coming travellers of the hole, which we only escaped by a wonder. The papers have much such another story. In the Galway and Ballynasloe coach a horse on the road suddenly fell down and died ; the coachman drove his coach unicorn-fashion into town ; and, as for the dead horse, of course he left it on the road at the place where it fell, and where another coach coming up was upset over it, bones broken, passengers maimed, coach smashed. By Heavens ! the tyranny of England is unendurable : and I have no doubt it had a hand in upsetting that coach.

CHAPTER VIII.

BALLINASLOE TO DUBLIN.

DURING the cattle-fair, the celebrated town of Ballinasloe is thronged with farmers from all parts of the kingdom—the cattle being picturesquely exhibited in the park of the noble proprietor of the town, Lord Clancarty. As it was not fair-time, the town did not seem particularly busy, nor was there much to remark in it, except a church, and a magnificent lunatic asylum, that lies outside the town on the Dublin road, and is as handsome and stately as a palace. I think the beggars were more plenteous and more loathsome here than almost anywhere ; to one hideous wretch I was obliged to give money to go away, which he did for a moment, only to obtrude his horrible face directly afterwards, half eaten away with disease. “A penny for the sake of poor little Mery,” said another woman, who had a baby sleeping on her withered breast ; and how can any one

who has a little Mery at home, resist such an appeal ? “Pity the poor blind man !” roared a respectably dressed grenadier of a fellow. I told him to go to the gentleman with the red neck-cloth and fur cap, (a young buck from Trinity College,) to whom the blind man with much simplicity immediately stepped over ; and as for the rest of the beggars, what pen or pencil could describe their hideous leering flattery, their cringing swindling humour !

The inn, like the town, being made to accommodate the periodical crowds of visitors who attended the fair, presented in their absence rather a faded and desolate look ; and, in spite of the live stock for which the place is famous, the only portion of their produce which I could get to my share, after twelve hours’ fasting and an hour’s bell-ringing and scolding, was one very lean mutton chop, and one very small damp kidney, brought in by an old tottering waiter to a table spread in a huge black coffee-room, dimly lighted by one little jet of gas.

As this only served very faintly to light up the above banquet, the waiter, upon remonstrance, proceeded to light the other *bec* ; but the lamp was sulky, and upon this attempt to force it as it were, refused to act altogether, and went out. The big room was then accommodated with a couple of

yellow mutton-candles. There was a neat, handsome, correct young English officer warming his slippers at the fire, and opposite him sate a worthy gentleman, with a glass of mingled “materials,” discoursing to him in a very friendly and confidential way.

As I don’t know the gentleman’s name, and as it is not at all improbable, from the situation in which he was, that he has quite forgotten the night’s conversation, I hope there will be no breach of confidence in recalling some part of it. The speaker was dressed in deep black, worn however with that *dégradé* air peculiar to the votaries of Bacchus, or that nameless god—offspring of Bacchus and Ceres, who may have invented the noble liquor called whiskey. It was fine to see the easy folds in which his neckcloth confined a shirt-collar, moist with the generous drops that trickled from the chin above,—its little per centage upon the punch. There was a fine dashing black satin waistcoat that called for its share, and generously disdained to be buttoned. I think this is the only specimen I have seen yet of the personage still so frequently described in the Irish novels—the careless drinking ’squire—the Irish Will Whimble.

“Sir,” says he, “as I was telling you before this gentleman came in (from Westport, I presume, sir,

by the mail ; and 'my service to you !'), the butchers in Chume (Tuam)—where I live, and shall be happy to see you and give you a shake-down, a cut of mutton, and the use of as good a brace of pointers as ever you shot over—the butchers say to me, whenever I look in at their shops, and ask for a joint of meat—they say : 'Take down that quarther o' mutton, boy, IT'S NO USE WEIGHING IT for Mr. Bodkin. He can tell with an eye what 's the weight of it to an ounce !' And so, sir, I can ; and I 'd make a bet to go into any market in Dublin, Tchume, Ballinasloe, where you please, and just by looking at the meat decide its weight."

At the pause, during which the gentleman, here designated Bodkin, drank off his materials, the young officer said gravely, that this was a very rare and valuable accomplishment, and thanked him for the invitation to Tchume.

The honest gentleman proceeded with his personal memoirs ; and (with a charming modesty that authenticated his tale, while it interested his hearers for the teller) he called for a fresh tumbler, and began discoursing about horses. "Them, I don't know," says he, confessing the fact at once, "or, if I do, I've been always so unlucky with them that it's as good as if I didn't.

“To give you an idea of my ill-fortune: Me brother-’n-law Burke once sent me three colts of his to sell at this very fair of Ballinasloe; and, for all I could do, I could only get a bid for one of ’em, and sold her for sixteen pound. And d’ye know what that mare was, sir?” says Mr. Bodkin, giving a thump that made the spoon jump out of the punch-glass for fright,—“D’ye know who she was? she was Water-Wagtail, sir,—WATER-WAGTAIL! She won fourteen cups and plates in Ireland before she went to Liverpool; and you know what she did *there*? (We said, “Oh! of course.”) “Well, sir, the man who bought her from me, sold her for four hunder’ guineas; and in England, she fetched eight hunder’ pounds!

“Another of them very horses, gentlemen, (Tim, some hot wather—screeching hot, you devil—and a sthroke of the limin)—another of them horses that I was refused fifteen pound for, me brother-in-law sould to Sir Rufford Bufford for a hunder’-and-fifty guineas. Wasn’t *that* luck?

“Well, sir, Sir Rufford gives Burke his bill at six months, and don’t pay it when it come jue. A pretty pickle Tom Burke was in, as I leave ye to fancy, for he’d paid away the bill, which he thought as good as goold; and sure it ought to be, for Sir

Rufford had come of age since the bill was drawn, and before it was due, and, as I needn't tell you, had slipped into a very handsome property.

“On the protest of the bill, Burke goes in a fury to Gresham's, in Sackville-street, where the baronet was living, and (would ye believe it?) the latter says he doesn't intend to meet the bill, on the score that he was a minor when he gave it. On which, Burke was in such a rage, that he took a horsewhip, and vowed he'd beat the baronet to a jelly, and post him in every club in Dublin, and publish every circumstance of the transaction.”

“It *does* seem rather a queer one,” says one of Mr. Bodkin's hearers.

“Queer indeed ; but that's not it, you see ; for Sir Rufford is as honourable a man as ever lived ; and after the quarrel he paid Burke his money, and they've been warm friends ever since—but what I want to show ye is our infernal luck. *Three months before, Sir Rufford had sold that very horse for three hunder guineas.*”

The worthy gentleman had just ordered in a fresh tumbler of his favourite liquor, when we wished him good night ; and slept by no means the worse, because the bed-room candle was carried by one of the prettiest young chambermaids possible.

Next morning, surrounded by a crowd of beggars more filthy, hideous, and importunate, than any I think in the most favoured towns of the south, we set off, a coach-load, for Dublin. A clergyman, a guard, a Scotch farmer, a butcher, a bookseller's hack, a lad bound for Maynooth, and another for Trinity, made a varied pleasant party enough, where each, according to his lights, had something to say.

I have seldom seen a more dismal and uninteresting road than that which we now took, and which brought us through the “old, inconvenient, ill-built, and ugly town of Athlone.” The painter would find here, however, some good subjects for his sketch-book, in spite of the commination of the Guide-book: here, too, great improvements are taking place for the Shannon navigation, which will render the town not so inconvenient as at present it is stated to be: and hard by, lies a little village that is known and loved by all the world where English is spoken. It is called Lishoy, but its real name is Auburn, and it gave birth to one Noll Goldsmith, whom Mr. Boswell was in the habit of despising very heartily. At the Quaker town of Moate, the butcher and the farmer dropped off, the clergyman went inside, and their places were filled by four Maynoothians, whose vacation was just at an end. One of them, a fresh-

man, was inside the coach with the clergyman, and told him, with rather a long face, of the dismal discipline of his college. They are not allowed to quit the gates (except on general walks) ; they are expelled if they read a newspaper ; and they begin term with “a retreat” of a week, which time they are made to devote to silence, and, as it is supposed, to devotion and meditation.

I must say the young fellows drank plenty of whiskey on the road, to prepare them for their year’s abstinence ; and, when at length arrived in the miserable village of Maynooth, determined not to go into college that night, but to devote the evening to “a lark.” They were simple, kind-hearted young men, sons of farmers or tradesmen seemingly ; and, as is always the case here, except among some of the gentry, very gentlemanlike, and pleasing in manners. Their talk was of this companion, and that ; how one was in rhetoric, and another in logic, and a third had got his curacy. Wait for a while ; and with the happy system pursued within the walls of their college, those smiling good-humoured faces will come out with a scowl, and downcast eyes that seem afraid to look the world in the face. When the time comes for them to take leave of yonder dismal-looking barracks, they will be men no longer, but

bound over to the church, body and soul : their free thoughts chained down and kept in darkness, their honest affections mutilated: well, I hope they will be happy to-night at any rate, and talk and laugh to their hearts' content. The poor freshman, whose big chest is carried off by the porter yonder to the inn, has but twelve hours more of hearty, natural, human life. To-morrow, they will begin their work upon him : cramping his mind, and biting his tongue, and firing and cutting at his heart,—breaking him to pull the church chariot. Ah ! why didn't he stop at home, and dig potatoes and get children ?

Part of the drive from Maynooth to Dublin is exceedingly pretty: you are carried through Leixlip, Lucan, Chapelizod, and by scores of parks and villas, until the gas-lamps come in sight. Was there ever a cockney that was not glad to see them; and did not prefer the sight of them, in his heart, to the best lake or mountain ever invented ? Pat the waiter comes jumping down to the car, and says, “ Welcome back, sir ! ” and bustles the trunk into the queer little bed-room, with all the cordial hospitality imaginable.

CHAPTER IX.

TWO DAYS IN WICKLOW.

THE little tour we have just been taking has been performed, not only by myriads of the “car-drivingest, tay-drinking, say-bathingest people in the world,” the inhabitants of the city of Dublin, but also by all the tourists who have come to discover this country for the benefit of the English nation. “Look here!” says the ragged-bearded genius of a guide, at the Seven Churches; “this is the spot which Mr. Henry Inglis particularly admired, and said it was exactly like Norway. Many’s the song I’ve heard Mr. Sam Lover sing here—a pleasant gentleman entirely. Have you seen my picture that’s taken off in Mrs. Hall’s book? all the strangers know me by it, though it makes me much cleverer than I am.” Similar tales has he of Mr. Barrow, and the transatlantic Willis, and of Crofton Croker, who has been everywhere.

The guide's remarks concerning the works of these gentlemen inspired me, I must confess, with considerable disgust and jealousy. A plague take them! what remains for me to discover after the gallant adventurers in the service of Paternoster Row have examined every rock, lake, and ruin of the district, exhausted it of all its legends, and "invented new," most likely, as their daring genius prompted? Hence it follows, that the description of the two days' jaunt must, of necessity, be short; lest persons who have read former accounts should be led to refer to the same, and make comparisons which might possibly be unfavourable to the present humble pages.

Is there anything new to be said regarding the journey? In the first place, there's the railroad—it's no longer than the railroad to Greenwich, to be sure, and almost as well known; but has it been *done*? that's the question; or has any body discovered the dandies on the railroad?

After wondering at the beggars and carmen of Dublin, the stranger can't help admiring another vast and numerous class of inhabitants of the city—namely, the dandies. Such a number of smartly-dressed young fellows, I don't think any town possesses; no, not Paris, where the young shopmen,

with spurs and stays, may be remarked strutting abroad on *fête*-days—nor London, where on Sundays, in the Park, you see thousands of this cheap kind of aristocracy parading—nor Liverpool, famous for the breed of commercial dandies, desk and counter Dorsays, and cotton and sugar-barrel Brummels, and whom one remarks pushing on to business with a brisk determined air—all the above races are only to be encountered on holidays, except by those persons whose affairs take them to shops, docks, or counting-houses, where these fascinating young fellows labour during the week.

But the Dublin breed of dandies is quite distinct from those of the various cities above-named, and altogether superior; for they appear every day, and all day long, not once a week merely; and have an original and splendid character and appearance of their own, very hard to describe, though no doubt every traveller, as well as myself, has admired and observed it. They assume a sort of military and ferocious look, not observable in other cheap dandies, except in Paris perhaps now and then; and are to be remarked, not so much for the splendour of their ornaments, as for the profusion of them. Thus for instance, a hat which is worn straight over the two eyes, costs very likely more than one which hangs

upon one ear—a great oily bush of hair to balance the hat (otherwise the head no doubt would fall hopelessly on one side) is even more economical than a crop which requires the barber's scissors oft-times ; —also a tuft on the chin, may be had at a small expense of bear's grease by persons of a proper age ; and although big pins are the fashion, I am bound to say, I have never seen so many or so big as here. Large agate marbles or “ taws,” globes terrestrial and celestial, pawnbrokers' balls,—I cannot find comparisons large enough for these wonderful ornaments of the person. Canes also should be mentioned, which are sold very splendid, with gold or silver heads, for a shilling on the quays ; and the dandy not uncommonly finishes off with a horn quizzing-glass, which being stuck in one eye, contracts the brows, and gives a fierce determined look to the whole countenance.

In idleness at least, these young men can compete with the greatest lords : and the wonder is, how the city can support so many of them, or they themselves ; how they manage to spend their time ; who gives them money to ride hacks in the “ Phaynix ” on field and race days ; to have boats at Kingstown during the summer ; and to be crowding the railway coaches all the day long. Cars go whirling about

all day, bearing squads of them. You see them sauntering at all the railway stations in vast numbers, and jumping out of the carriages as the trains come up, and greeting other dandies with that rich large brogue which some actor ought to make known to the English public: it being the biggest, richest, and coarsest of all the brogues of Ireland.

I think these dandies are the chief objects which arrest the stranger's attention, as he travels on the Kingstown railroad, and I have always been so much occupied in watching and wondering at them, as scarcely to have leisure to look at anything else during the pretty little ride of twenty minutes, so beloved by every Dublin cockney. The waters of the bay wash in many places the piers on which the railway is built, and you see the calm stretch of water beyond, and the big purple hill of Howth, and the lighthouses, and the jetties, and the shipping. Yesterday, was a boat-race, (I don't know how many scores of such take place during the season,) and you may be sure there were tens of thousands of the dandies to look on. There had been boat-races the two days previous: before that, had been a field day—before that, three days of garrison races—to-day, to-morrow, and the day after, there are races at Howth. There seems some same-

ness in the sports, but everybody goes ; everybody is never tired ; and then I suppose comes the punch party and the song in the evening—the same old pleasures, and the same old songs the next day, and so on to the end. As for the boat-race, I saw two little boats in the distance tugging away for the dear life—the beach and piers swarming with spectators, the bay full of small yachts, and innumerable row-boats, and in the midst of the assemblage a convict-ship, lying ready for sail, with a black mass of poor wretches on her deck, who too were eager for pleasure.

Who is not, in this country ? Walking away from the pier and King George's column, you arrive upon rows after rows of pleasure-houses, whither all Dublin flocks during the summer time ; for every one must have his sea-bathing, and they say that the country houses to the west of the town are to be empty, or had for very small prices ; while for those on the coast, especially towards Kingstown, there is the readiest sale at large prices. I have paid frequent visits to one, of which the rent is as great as that of a tolerable London house ; and there seems to be others suited to all purses—for instance, there are long lines of two-roomed houses, stretching far back and away from the sea, accommodating, doubtless,

small commercial men, or small families, or some of those travelling dandies we have just been talking about, and whose costume is so cheap and so splendid.

A two-horse car, which will accommodate twelve, or will condescend to receive twenty passengers, starts from the railway-station for Bray, running along the coast for the chief part of the journey, though you have but few views of the sea, on account of intervening woods and hills. The whole of this country is covered with handsome villas and their gardens, and pleasure grounds. There are round many of the houses parks of some extent, and always of considerable beauty, among the trees of which the road winds. New churches are likewise to be seen in various places; built like the poor-houses, that are likewise everywhere springing up, pretty much upon one plan—a sort of bastard or Vauxhall Gothic—resembling no architecture of any age, previous to that when Horace Walpole invented the Castle of Otranto, and the other monstrosity upon Strawberry Hill, though it must be confessed that those on the Bray line are by means so imaginative. Well, what matters, say you, that the churches be ugly, if the truth is preached within? Is it not fair, however, to say that Beauty is the truth too, of its kind? and

why should it not be cultivated as well as other truth? Why build these hideous barbaric temples, when at the expense of a little study and taste, beautiful structures might be raised?

After leaving Bray, with its pleasant bay, and pleasant river, and pleasant inn, the little Wicklow tour may be said to commence properly; and, as that romantic and beautiful country has been described many times in familiar terms, our only chance is to speak thereof in romantic and beautiful language, such as no other writer can possibly have employed.

We rang at the gate of the steward's lodge, and said, "Grant us a pass, we pray, to see the parks of Powerscourt, and to behold the brown deer upon the grass, and the cool shadows under the whispering trees."

But the steward's son answered, "You may not see the parks of Powerscourt, for the lord of the castle comes home, and we expect him daily." So, wondering at this reply, but not understanding the same, we took leave of the son of the steward, and said, "No doubt Powerscourt is not fit to see. Have we not seen parks in England, my brother, and shall we break our hearts that this Irish one hath its gates closed to us?"

Then the car-boy said, “ My lords, the park is shut, but the waterfall runs for every man ; will it please you see the waterfall ? ” “ Boy,” we replied, “ we have seen many waterfalls ; nevertheless, lead on ! ” and the boy took his pipe out of his mouth, and belaboured the ribs of his beast.

And the horse made believe, as it were, to trot, and jolted the ardent travellers ; and we passed the green trees of Tinnehinch, which the grateful Irish nation bought and consecrated to the race of GRATTAN ; and we said, “ What nation will spend fifty thousand pounds for our benefit ? ” and we wished we might get it ; and we passed on. The birds were, meanwhile, chanting concerts in the woods ; and the sun was double-gilding the golden corn.

And we came to a hill, which was steep and long of descent ; and the car-boy said, “ My lords, I may never descend this hill with safety to your honours’ bones ; for my horse is not sure of foot, and loves to kneel in the highway ; descend therefore, and I will await your return here on the top of the hill.”

So we descended, and one grumbled greatly ; but the other said, “ Sir, be of good heart ! the way is pleasant, and the footman will not weary as he

travels it ;" and we went through the swinging gates of a park, where the harvest-men sate at their potatoes—a mealy meal.

The way was not short, as the companion said, but still it was a pleasant way to walk. Green stretches of grass were there, and a forest nigh at hand. It was but September ; yet the autumn had already begun to turn the green ones into red ; and the ferns that were waving underneath the trees were reddened and fading too. And as Dr. Jones's boys of a Saturday disport in the meadows after school hours ; so did the little clouds run races over the waving grass. And as grave ushers who look on smiling at the sports of these little ones ; so stood the old trees around the green, whispering and nodding to one another.

Purple mountains rose before us in front, and we began presently to hear a noise and roaring afar off—not a fierce roaring, but one deep and calm, like to the respiration of the great sea, as he lies basking on the sands in the sunshine.

And we came soon to a little hillock of green, which was standing before a huge mountain of purple black, and there were white clouds over the mountains, and some trees waving on the hillock, and between the trunks of them we saw the waters of the

waterfall descending; and there was a snob on a rock, who stood and examined the same.



Then we approached the water, passing the clump of oak-trees. The waters were white, and the cliffs which they varnished were purple. But those round about were gray, tall, and gray with blue shadows; and ferns, heath, and rusty-coloured funguses sprouting here and there in the same. But in the ravine where the waters fell, roaring, as it were, with the fall, the rocks were dark, and the foam of the cataract was of a yellow colour. And we stood, and were silent, and wondered. And still the trees continued to wave, and the waters to roar and tumble, and the sun to shine, and the fresh wind to blow.

And we stood and looked: and said in our hearts it was beautiful, and bethought us how shall all this be set down in types and ink? (for our trade is to write books and sell the same—a chapter for a guinea, a line for a penny); and the waterfall roared in answer. “For shame, O vain man! think not of thy books and of thy pence now; but look on, and wonder, and be silent. Can types or ink describe my beauty, though aided by thy small wit? I am made for thee to praise and wonder at: be content, and cherish thy wonder. It is enough that thou hast seen a great thing: is it needful that thou shouldst prate of all thou hast seen?”

So we came away silently, and walked through the park without looking back. And there was a man at the gate, who opened it and seemed to say, “Give me a little sixpence.” But we gave nothing, and walked up the hill, which was sore to climb; and on the summit found the car-boy, who was lolling on his cushions and smoking, as happy as a lord.

Quitting the waterfall of Powerscourt, (the grand style in which it has been described, was adopted in order that the reader, who has probably read other descriptions of the spot, might have at least *something* new in this account of it); we speedily left behind us the rich and wooded tract of country

about Powerscourt, and came to a bleak tract, which perhaps, by way of contrast to so much natural wealth, is not unpleasing, and began ascending what is very properly called the Long Hill. Here you see, in the midst of the loneliness, a grim-looking barrack, that was erected when, after the Rebellion, it was necessary for some time to occupy this most rebellious country; and a church, looking equally dismal, a lean-looking, sham Gothic building, in the midst of this green desert. The road to Luggala, whither we were bound, turns off the Long Hill, up another hill, which seems still longer and steeper, inasmuch as it was ascended perforce on foot, and over lonely, boggy moorlands, enlivened by a huge gray boulder plumped here and there, and come, one wonders how, to the spot. Close to this hill of Slieve-Buck is marked in the maps a district called “the uninhabited country;” and these stones probably fell at a period of time, when not only this district, but all the world, was uninhabited,—and in some convulsion of the neighbouring mountains, this and other enormous rocks were cast abroad.

From behind one of them, or out of the ground somehow, as we went up the hill, sprang little ragged guides, who are always lurking about in search of stray pence from tourists; and we had three or four

of such at our back by the time we were at the top of the hill. Almost the first sight we saw was a smart coach-and-four, with a loving wedding party within, and a genteel valet and lady's-maid without; I wondered, had they been burying their modest loves in the uninhabited district?—but presently, from the top of the hill, I saw the place on which their honeymoon had been passed; nor could any pair of lovers, nor a pious hermit, bent on retirement from the world, have selected a more sequestered spot.

Standing by a big, shining granite stone on the hill top, we looked immediately down upon Lough Tay—a little round lake, of half a mile in length, which lay beneath us as black as a pool of ink—a high, crumbling, white-sided mountain, falling abruptly into it on the side opposite to us, with a huge ruin of shattered rocks at its base. Northwards, we could see between mountains a portion of the neighbouring lake of Lough Dan, which, too, was dark, though the Annamoe river, which connects the two lakes, lay coursing through the greenest possible flats, and shining as bright as silver. Brilliant green shores, too, come gently down to the southern side of Lough Tay; through these runs another river, with a small rapid or fall, which makes a

music for the lake; and here, amidst beautiful woods, lies a villa, where the four horses, the groom and valet, the postilions, and the young couple, had, no doubt, been hiding themselves.

Hereabouts, the owner of the villa, Mr. Latouche, has a great grazing establishment; and some herd-boys, no doubt seeing strangers on the hill, thought proper that the cattle should stray that way, that they might drive them back again, and parenthetically ask the travellers for money—every body asks travellers for money, as it seems. Next day, admiring in a labourer's arms a little child—his master's son, who could not speak—the labourer, his he-nurse, spoke for him, and demanded a little sixpence to buy the child apples. One grows not a little callous to this sort of beggary; and the only one of our numerous young guides who got a reward, was the raggedest of them. He and his companions had just come from school, he said—not a government school, but a private one, where they paid. I asked how much—“Was it a penny a week?” “No; not a penny a week, but so much at the end of the year.” “Was it a barrel of meal, or a few stone of potatoes, or something of that sort?” “Yes; something of that sort.”

The something must, however, have been a very

small something on the poor lad's part. He was one of four young ones, who lived with their mother, a widow. He had no work ; he could get no work ; nobody had work. His mother had a cabin, with no land—not a perch of land, no potatoes—nothing but the cabin. How did they live ?—the mother knitted stockings. I asked, had she any stockings at home ?—the boy said, “No.” How did he live ?—he lived how he could ; and we gave him three-pence, with which, in delight, he went bounding off to the poor mother. Gracious Heavens ! what a history to hear, told by a child looking quite cheerful as he told it, and as if the story was quite a common one. And a common one, too, it is ; and God forgive us !

Here is another, and of a similar low kind, but rather pleasanter. We asked the car-boy how much he earned. He said, “Seven shillings a week, and his chances,” which in the summer season, from the number of tourists who are jolted in his car, must be tolerably good—eight or nine shillings a week more probably. But he said, in winter, his master did not hire him for the car ; and he was obliged to look for work elsewhere : as for saving, he never had saved a shilling in his life.

We asked him, was he married ? and he said,

No, but he was *as good as married*; for he had an old mother and four little brothers to keep, and six mouths to feed, and to dress himself decent to drive the gentlemen. Was not the 'as good as married' a pretty expression? and might not some of what are called their betters learn a little good from these simple poor creatures? There's many a young fellow who sets up in the world, would think it rather hard to have four brothers to support; and I have heard more than one genteel Christian pining over five hundred a year. A few such may read this, perhaps: let them think of the Irish widow with the four children and *nothing*, and at least be more contented with their port and sherry and their leg of mutton.

This brings us at once to the subject of dinner; and the little village, Roundwood, which was reached by this time, lying a few miles off from the lakes, and reached by a road not particularly remarkable for any picturesqueness in beauty, though you pass through a simple pleasing landscape, always agreeable as a repose, I think, after viewing a sight so beautiful as those mountain lakes we have just quitted. All the hills up which we had panted had imparted a fierce sensation of hunger; and it was nobly decreed that we should stop in the middle of

the street of Roundwood, impartially between the two hotels, and solemnly decide upon a resting-place after having inspected the larders and bedrooms of each.

And here, as an impartial writer, I must say, that the hotel of Mr. Wheatley possesses attractions which few men can resist, in the shape of two very handsome young ladies, his daughters, whose faces, were they but painted on his sign-board, instead of the mysterious piece which ornaments it, would infallibly draw tourists into the house, thereby giving the opposition inn of Murphy not the least chance of custom.

A landlord's daughters in England, inhabiting a little country inn, would be apt to lay the cloth for the traveller, and their respected father would bring in the first dish of the dinner ; but this arrangement is never known in Ireland : we scarcely ever see the cheering countenance of my landlord. And as for the young ladies of Roundwood, I am bound to say that no young persons in Baker-street could be more genteel ; and that our bill, when it was brought the next morning, was written in as pretty and fashionable a lady's hand as ever was formed in the most elegant finishing school at Pimlico.

Of the dozen houses of the little village, the half

seem to be houses of entertainment. A green common stretches before these, with its rural accompaniments of geese, pigs, and idlers ; a park and plantation at the end of the village, and plenty of trees round about it, give it a happy, comfortable, English look ; which is, to my notion, the best compliment that can be paid to a hamlet ; for where, after all, are villages so pretty ?

Here, rather to one's wonder, for the district was not thickly enough populated to encourage dramatic exhibitions, a sort of theatre was erected on the common ; a ragged cloth covering the spectators and the actors, and the former (if there were any) obtaining admittance through two doors on the stage, in front marked **PIT & GALERY**. Why should the word not be spelt with one **L** as with two ?

The entrance to the pit was stated to be three-pence, and to the galery twopence. We heard the drums and pipes of the orchestra, as we sate at dinner ; it seemed to be a good opportunity to examine Irish humour of a peculiar sort, and we promised ourselves a pleasant evening in the pit.

But, although the drums began to beat at half-past six, and a crowd of young people formed round the ladder at that hour, to whom the manager of the troop addressed the most vehement invitations

to enter, nobody seemed to be inclined to mount the steps ; for the fact, most likely, was, that not one of the poor fellows possessed the requisite twopence, which would induce the fat old lady who sat by it to fling open the gallery door. At one time, I thought of offering a half-crown for a purchase of tickets for twenty, and so at once benefiting the management and the crowd of ragged urchins who stood wistfully without his pavilion. But it seemed ostentatious, and we had not the courage to face the tall man in the great-coat, gesticulating and shouting in front of the stage, and make the proposition.

Why not ? It would have given the company potatoes, at least, for supper, and made a score of children happy. They would have seen “the learned pig, who spells your name, the feats of manly activity, the wonderful Italian vaulting ;” and they would have heard the comic songs by “your humble servant.”

“Your humble servant” was the head of the troop : a long man, with a broad accent, a yellow top-coat, and a piteous lean face. What a speculation was this poor fellow’s ! he must have a company of at least a dozen to keep. There were three girls in trowsers, who danced in front of the stage, in Polish caps, tossing their arms about to the tunes of three

musicianers ; there was a page, two young tragedy actors, and a clown ; there was the fat old woman at the gallery-door, waiting for the twopences ; there was the Jack-pudding ; and it was evident that there must have been some one within, or else who would take care of the learned pig ?

The poor manager stood in front, and shouted to the little Irishry beneath ; but no one seemed to move. Then he brought forward Jack Pudding, and had a dialogue with him ; the jocularity of which, by Heavens ! made the heart ache to hear. We had determined, at least, to go to the play before that, but the dialogue was too much : we were obliged to walk away, unable to face that dreadful Jack Pudding ; and heard the poor manager shouting still, for many hours through the night, and the drums thumping vain invitations to the people. Oh, unhappy children of the Hibernian Thespis ! it is my belief that they must have eaten the learned pig that night for supper.

It was Sunday morning when we left the little inn at Roundwood ; the people were flocking in numbers to church, on cars and pillions, neat, comfortable, and well dressed. We saw in this country more health, more beauty, and more shoes than I have remarked in any quarter. That famous resort

of sight-seers, the Devil's Glen, lies at a few miles distance from the little village ; and, having gone on the car as near to the spot as the road permitted, we made across the fields—boggy, stony, ill-tilled fields they were—for about a mile, at the end of which walk, we found ourselves on the brow of the ravine, that has received so ugly a name.

Is there a legend about the place ? No doubt, for this, as for almost every other natural curiosity in Ireland, there is some tale of monk, saint, fairy, or devil ; but our guide in the present day was a barrister from Dublin, who did not deal in fictions by any means so romantic, and the history, whatever it was, remained untold. Perhaps the little breeches-less cicerone who offered himself, would have given us the story, but we dismissed the urchin with scorn, and had to find our own way through bush and bramble down to the entrance of the gully.

Here we came on a cataract, which looks very big in Messrs. Curry's pretty little Guide-book, (that every traveller to Wicklow, will be sure to have in his pocket,) but the waterfall, on this shining Sabbath morning, was disposed to labour as little as possible, and, indeed, is a spirt of a very humble ordinary sort.

But there is a ravine of a mile and a half, through

which a river runs roaring, (a lady who keeps the gate, will not object to receive a gratuity,) there is a ravine or Devil's glen, which forms a delightful wild walk, and where a Methusaleh of a landscape-painter might find studies for all his life long. All sorts of foliage and colour, all sorts of delightful caprices of light and shadow—the river tumbling and frothing amidst the boulders—raucum per lævia murmur saxa ciens, and a chorus of 150,000 birds, (there might be more,) hopping, twittering, singing under the clear cloudless Sabbath scene, make this walk one of the most delightful that can be taken; and, indeed, I hope there is no harm in saying, that you may get as much out of an hour's walk there, as out of the best hour's extempore preaching. But this was as a salvo to our conscience for not being at church.

Here, however, was a long aisle, arched gothically overhead, in a much better taste than is seen in some of those dismal new churches; and, by way of painted glass, the sun lighting up multitudes of various-coloured leaves, and the birds for choristers, and the river by way of organ, and in it stones enough to make a whole library of sermons. No man can walk in such a place without feeling grateful, and grave, and humble; and without thanking Heaven

for it as he comes away. And, walking and musing in this free happy place, one could not help thinking of a million and a half of brother Cockneys, shut up in their huge prison, (the tread-mill for the day being idle,) and told by some legislators that relaxation is sinful, that works of art are abominations, except on week-days, and that their proper place of resort is a dingy tabernacle, where a loud-voiced man is howling about hell-fire in bad grammar. Is not this beautiful world too, a part of our religion? Yes, truly, in whatever way my Lord John Russell may vote; and it is to be learned without having recourse to any professor at any Bethesda, Ebenezer, or Jerusalem; there can be no mistake about it; no terror, no bigoted dealing of damnation to one's neighbour—it is taught without false emphasis or vain spouting on the preacher's part—how should there be such with such a preacher?

This wild onslaught upon sermons and preachers needs perhaps an explanation; for which purpose we must whisk back out of the Devil's Glen (improperly so named) to Dublin, and to this day week, when, at this very time, I heard one of the first preachers of the city deliver a sermon that lasted for an hour and twenty minutes—time enough to walk up the Glen and back, and remark a thousand delightful things by the way.

Mr. G——'s church (though there would be no harm in mentioning the gentleman's name, for a more conscientious and excellent man, as it is said, cannot be) is close by the Custom-house in Dublin, and crowded morning and evening with his admirers. The service was beautifully read by him, and the audience joined in the responses, and in the psalms and hymns,* with a fervour which is very unusual in England. Then came the sermon ; and what more can be said of it, than that it was extempore, and lasted for an hour and twenty minutes ? The orator never failed once for a word, so amazing is his practice ; though, as a stranger to this kind of exercise, I could not help trembling for the performer, as one has for Madame Saqui on the slack-rope, in the midst of a blaze of rockets and squibs, expecting every minute she must go over. But the artist was too skilled for that ; and, after some tremendous bound of a metaphor, in the midst of which you expect he must tumble neck and heels, and be

* Here is an extract from one of the latter—

“ Haste to some distant isle,
In the bosom of the deep,
Where the skies for ever smile,
And the blacks for ever weep !”

Is it not a shame that such nonsensical false twaddle should be sung in a house of the Church of England, and by people assembled for grave and decent worship ?

engulfed in the dark abyss of nonsense, down he was sure to come, in a most graceful attitude too, in the midst of a fluttering “ah,” from a thousand wondering people.

But I declare solemnly, that when I came to try and recollect of what the exhibition consisted, and give an account of the sermon at dinner that evening, it was quite impossible to remember a word of it; although, to do the orator justice, he repeated many of his opinions a great number of times over. Thus, if he had to discourse of death to us, it was—At the approach of the Dark Angel of the Grave—at the coming of the grim King of Terrors—at the warning of that awful Power to whom all of us must bow down—at the summons of that Pallid Spectre whose equal foot knocks at the monarch’s tower or the poor man’s cabin,—and so forth. There is an examiner of plays, and indeed there ought to be an examiner of sermons, by which audiences are to be fully as much injured or misguided as by the other named exhibitions. What call have reverend gentlemen to repeat their dicta half-a-dozen times over, like Sir Robert Peel when he says anything that he fancies to be witty? Why are men to be kept for an hour and twenty minutes listening to that which may be more effectually said in twenty?

And it need not be said here, that a church is not a sermon-house—that it is devoted to a purpose much more lofty and sacred, for which has been set apart the noblest service, every single word of which latter has been previously weighed with the most scrupulous and thoughtful reverence. And after this sublime work of genius, learning, and piety is concluded, is it not a shame that a man should mount a desk, who has not taken the trouble to arrange his words beforehand, and speak thence his crude opinions in his doubtful grammar ? It will be answered, that the extempore preacher does not deliver crude opinions, but that he arranges his discourse beforehand ; to all which it may be answered that Mr. ——— contradicted himself more than once in the course of the above oration, and repeated himself a half-dozen of times. A man in that place has no right to say a word too much or too little.

And it comes to this,—it is the preacher the people follow, not the prayers, or why is this church more frequented than any other ? It is that warm emphasis, and word-mouthing, and vulgar imagery, and glib rotundity of phrase, which brings them together and keeps them happy and breathless. Some of this class call the Cathedral Service *Paddy's Opera* ; they say it is Popish—downright scarlet—

they won't go to it. They will have none but their own hymns—and pretty they are—no ornaments but those of their own minister, his rank incense and tawdry rhetoric. Coming out of the church, on the Custom-House steps hard by, there was a fellow with a bald large forehead, a new black coat, a little bible, spouting—spouting “*in omne volubilis ævum*”—the very counterpart of the reverend gentleman hard by. It was just the same thing, just as well done, the eloquence quite as easy and round, the amplifications as ready, the big words rolling round the tongue, just as within doors. But we are out of the Devil's Glen by this time; and perhaps, instead of delivering a sermon there, we had better have been at church hearing one.

The country people, however, are far more pious; and the road along which we went to Glendalough was thronged with happy figures of people plodding to or from mass. A chapel-yard was covered with gray cloaks; and at a little inn hard by, stood numerous carts, cars, shandry-dans, and pillioned horses, awaiting the end of the prayers. The aspect of the country is wild, and beautiful of course; but why try to describe it? I think the Irish scenery just like the Irish melodies—sweet, wild, and sad even in the sunshine. You can neither represent one

nor other by words ; but I am sure if one could translate “The Meeting of the Waters” into form and colours, it would fall into the exact shape of a tender Irish landscape. So, take and play that tune upon your fiddle, and shut your eyes and muse a little, and you have the whole scene before you.

I don’t know if there is any tune about Glendalough ; but if there be, it must be the most delicate, fantastic, fairy melody that ever was played. Only fancy can describe the charms of that delightful place. Directly you see it, it smiles at you as innocent and friendly as a little child ; and once seen, it becomes your friend for ever, and you are always happy when you think of it. Here is a little lake and little fords across it, surrounded by little mountains, and which lead you now to little islands where there are all sorts of fantastic little old chapels and graveyards ; or again into little brakes and shrubberies where small rivers are crossing over little rocks, plashing and jumping, and singing as loud as ever they can. Thomas Moore has written rather an awful description of it ; and it may indeed appear big to *him*, and to the fairies who must have inhabited the place in old days—that’s clear. For who could be accommodated in it except the little people ?

There are seven churches, whereof the clergy

must have been the smallest persons, and have had the smallest benefices and the littlest congregations ever known. As for the Cathedral, what a bishoplet it must have been that presided there!—the place would hardly hold the Bishop of London, or Mr. Sidney Smith—two full-sized clergymen of these days—who would be sure to quarrel there for want of room, or for any other reason. There must have been a dean no bigger than Mr. Moore before mentioned, and a chapter no bigger than that chapter in *Tristram Shandy* which does not contain a single word, and mere pop-guns of canons, and a beadle about as tall as Crofton Croker, to whip the little boys who were playing at taw (with peas) in the yard.

They say there was a university, too, in the place, with I don't know how many thousand scholars; but for accounts of this, there is an excellent guide on the spot, who, for a shilling or two, will tell all he knows, and a great deal more too.

There are numerous legends, too, concerning St. Kevin, and Fin Mac Coul and the devil, and the deuce knows what. But these stories are, I am bound to say, abominably stupid and stale; and some guide* ought to be seized upon, and choked,

* It must be said, for the worthy fellow who accompanied us, and who acted as cicerone previously to the great Willis, the

and flung into the lake, by way of warning to the others to stop their interminable prate. This is the curse attending curiosity, for visitors to almost all the show-places in the country: you have not only the guide, who himself talks too much, but a string of ragged amateurs starting from bush and briar, ready to carry his honour's umbrella or my lady's cloak, or to help either up a bank or across a stream. And all the while they look wistfully in your face, saying "Give me sixpence!" as clear as looks can speak. The unconscionable rogues! how dare they, for the sake of a little starvation or so, interrupt gentlefolks in their pleasure?

A long tract of wild country, with a park or two here and there, a police barrack perched on a hill, a half-starved-looking church stretching its long scraggy steeple over a wide plain, mountains whose base is richly cultivated while their tops are purple and lonely, warm cottages and farms nestling at the foot of the hills, and humble cabins here and there on the wayside, accompany the car that jingles back over fifteen miles of ground through Inniskerry to Bray. You pass by wild gaps and greater and

great Hall, the great Barrow, that though he wears a ragged coat his manners are those of a gentleman, and his conversation evinces no small talent, taste, and scholarship.

lesser Sugar-Loaves ; and about eight o'clock, when the sky is quite red with sunset, and the long shadows are of such a purple as (they may say what they like) Claude could no more paint than I can, you catch a glimpse of the sea, beyond Bray, and crying out “Θαλαττα, θαλαττα !” affect to be wonderously delighted by the sight of that element.

The fact is, however, that at Bray is one of the best inns in Ireland ; and there you may be perfectly sure is a good dinner ready, five minutes after the honest car-boy, with innumerable hurroos and smacks of his whip, has brought up his passengers to the door with a gallop.

As for the Vale of Avoca, I have not described that ; because (as has been before occasionally remarked) it is vain to attempt to describe natural beauties ; and because, secondly, (though this is a minor consideration,) we did not go thither. But we went on another day to the Dargle, and to Shanganah, and the city of Cabinteely, and to the Scalp—that wild pass : and I have no more to say about them, than about the Vale of Avoca. The Dublin Cockney, who has these places at his door, knows them quite well ; and, as for the Londoner, who is

meditating a trip to the Rhine for the summer, or to Britanny or Normandy, let us beseech him to see his *own country first*, (if Lord Lyndhurst will allow us to call this a part of it,) and if, after twenty-four hours of an easy journey from London, the Cockney be not placed in the midst of a country as beautiful, as strange to him, as romantic as the most imaginative man on 'Change can desire,—may this work be praised by the critics all around, and never reach a second edition.

CHAPTER X.

COUNTRY MEETINGS IN KILDARE—MEATH—DROGHEDA.

AN agricultural show was to be held at the town of Naas, and I was glad, after having seen the grand exhibition at Cork, to be present at a more homely unpretending country festival, where the eyes of Europe, as the orators say, did not happen to be looking on. Perhaps men are apt, under the idea of this sort of inspection, to assume an air somewhat more pompous and magnificent than that which they wear every day. The Naas meeting was conducted without the slightest attempt at splendour or display—a hearty, modest, matter-of-fact, country meeting.

Market-day was fixed upon of course, and the town, as we drove into it, was thronged with frieze-coats, the market-place bright with a great number of apple-stalls, and the street filled with carts and vans of numerous small tradesmen, vending cheeses

or cheap crockeries, or ready-made clothes, and such goods. A clothier, with a great crowd round him, had arrayed himself in a staring new waistcoat of his stock, and was turning slowly round to exhibit the garment, spouting all the while to his audience, and informing them that he could fit out any person in one minute, "in a complete new shuit from head to fut." There seemed to be a crowd of gossips at every shop-door, and, of course, a number of gentlemen waiting at the inn-steps, criticising the cars and carriages as they drove up. Only those who live in small towns, know what an object of interest the street becomes, and the carriages and horses which pass therein. Most of the gentlemen had sent stock to compete for the prizes. The shepherds



were tending the stock. The judges were making their award, and until their sentence was given, no competitors could enter the show-yard. The entrance to that, meanwhile, was thronged by a great posse

of people, and as the gate abutted upon an old gray tower, a number of people had scaled that, and were looking at the beasts in the court below. Likewise, there was a tall haystack, which possessed similar advantages of situation, and was equally thronged with men and boys ; the rain had fallen heavily all night, the heavens were still black with it, and the coats of the men and the red feet of many ragged female spectators, were liberally spattered with mud.

The first object of interest we were called upon to see, was a famous stallion ; and passing through the little by-streets, (dirty and small, but not so small and dirty as other by-streets to be seen in Irish towns,) we came to a porte cochère, leading into a yard filled with wet fresh hay, sinking juicily under the feet; and here in a shed was the famous stallion. His sire must have been a French diligence-horse ; he was of a roan-colour, with a broad chest, and short clean legs. His forehead was ornamented with a blue ribbon, on which his name and prizes were painted, and on his chest hung a couple of medals by a chain—a silver one, awarded to him at Cork, a gold one, carried off by superior merit from other stallions assembled to contend at Dublin. When the points of the animal were sufficiently discussed, a mare, his sister, was produced, and

admired still more than himself. Any man who has witnessed the performance of the French horses in the Hâvre diligenee, must admire the vast strength and the extraordinary swiftness of the breed ; and it was agreed on all hands, that such horses would prove valuable in this country, where it is hard now to get a stout horse for the road, so much has the fashion for blood, and nothing but blood, prevailed of late.

By the time the stallion was seen, the judges had done their arbitration ; and we went to the yard, where broad-backed sheep were resting peaceably in their pens ; bulls were led about by the nose ; enormous turnips, both Swedes and Aberdeens, reposed in the mud ; little cribs of geese, hens, and pea-fowl, were come to try for the prize, and pigs might be seen—some encumbered with enormous families, others with fat merely. They poked up one brute to walk for us ; he made, after many futile attempts, a desperate rush forward, his legs almost lost in fat, his immense sides quivering and shaking with the exercise ; he was then allowed to return to his straw, into which he sunk panting. Let us hope that he went home with a pink ribbon round his tail that night, and got a prize for his obesity.

I think the pink ribbon was, at least to a Cockney,

the pleasantest sight of all ; for on the evening after the show, we saw many carts going away so adorned, having carried off prizes on the occasion. First came a great bull stepping along, he and his driver having each a bit of pink in their hats ; then a cart full of sheep ; then a car of good-natured-looking people, having a churn in the midst of them that sported a pink favour. When all the prizes were distributed, a select company sate down to dinner at Macavoy's hotel ; and, no doubt, a reporter who was present, has given in the county paper an account of all the good things eaten and said. At our end of the table we had saddle of mutton, and I remarked a boiled leg of the same delicacy, with turnips, at the opposite extremity ; before the vice, I observed a large piece of roast beef, which I could not observe at the end of dinner, because it was all swallowed. After the mutton we had cheese, and were just beginning to think that we had dined very sufficiently, when a squadron of apple-pies came smoking in, and convinced us that, in such a glorious cause, Britons are never at fault. We ate up the apple-pies, and then the punch was called for by those who preferred that beverage to wine, and the speeches began.

The chairman gave "the Queen," nine times nine

and one cheer more ; "Prince Albert and the rest of the Royal Family," great cheering ; "the Lord Lieutenant ;" his Excellency's health was received rather coolly, I thought. And then began the real business of the night—Health of the Naas Society, health of the Agricultural Society, and healths all round ; not forgetting the Sallymount Beagles, and the Kildare Foxhounds : which toasts were received with loud cheers and halloos by most of the gentlemen present, and elicited brief speeches from the masters of the respective hounds, promising good sport next season. After the Kildare Foxhounds, an old farmer, in a gray coat, got gravely up, and without being requested to do so in the least, sung a song, stating that—

" At seven in the morning by most of the clocks,
We rode to Kilruddery in search of a fox ;"

and at the conclusion of his song, challenged a friend to give another song. Another old farmer, on this rose and sung one of Morris's songs, with a great deal of queer humour : and, no doubt, many more songs were sung during the evening, for plenty of hot-water jugs were blocking the door as we went out.

The jolly frieze-coated songster, who celebrated the Kilruddery fox, sung, it must be confessed, most wofully out of tune ; but still it was pleasant to hear

him, and I think the meeting was the most agreeable one I have seen in Ireland: there was more good humour, more cordial union of classes, more frankness and manliness, than one is accustomed to find in Irish meetings. All the speeches were kind-hearted, straightforward speeches, without a word of politics, or an attempt at oratory: it was impossible to say whether the gentlemen present were Protestant or Catholic,—each one had a hearty word of encouragement for his tenant, and a kind welcome for his neighbour. There were forty stout, well-to-do farmers in the room, renters of fifty, seventy, a hundred acres of land. There were no clergymen present, though it would have been pleasant to have seen one of each persuasion, to say grace for the meeting and the meat.

At a similar meeting at Ballytore the next day, I had an opportunity of seeing a still finer collection of stock than had been brought to Naas, and at the same time one of the most beautiful, flourishing villages in Ireland. The road to it from H—town, if not remarkable for its rural beauty, is pleasant to travel, for evidences of neat and prosperous husbandry are around you everywhere—rich crops in the fields, and neat cottages by the road-side, accompanying us as far as Ballytore, a white, straggling village, sur-

rounding green fields, of some five furlongs square, with a river running in the midst of them, and numerous fine cattle in the green. Here is a large windmill, fitted up like a castle, with battlements and towers ; the castellan thereof is a good-natured old Quaker gentleman, and numbers more of his following inhabit the town.

The consequence was, that the shops of the village were the neatest possible, though by no means grand or portentous. Why should Quaker shops be neater than other shops ? They suffer to the full as much oppression as the rest of the hereditary bondsmen ; and yet, in spite of their tyrants, they prosper.

I must not attempt to pass an opinion upon the stock exhibited at Ballytore ; but, in the opinion of some large agricultural proprietors present, it might have figured with advantage in any show in England, and certainly was finer than the exhibition at Naas, which, however, is a very young society. The best part of the show, however, to everybody's thinking, (and it is pleasant to observe the manly fair-play spirit which characterises the society,) was, that the prizes of the Irish Agricultural Society were awarded to two men—one a labourer, the other a very small holder, both having reared the best stock exhibited on the occasion. At the dinner, which took

place in a barn of the inn, smartly decorated with laurels for the purpose, there was as good and stout a body of yeomen as at Naas the day previous, but only two landlords; and here, too, as at Naas, neither priest nor parson. Cattle-feeding, of course, formed the principal theme of the after-dinner discourse—not, however, altogether to the exclusion of tillage; and there was a good and useful prize for those who could not afford to rear fat oxen—for the best-kept cottage and garden namely, which was won by a poor man with a large family and scanty precarious earnings, but who yet found means to make the most of his small means and to keep his little cottage neat and cleanly. The tariff and the plentiful harvest together had helped to bring down prices severely; and we heard from the farmers much desponding talk. I saw hay sold for $2l.$ the ton, and oats for $8s. 3d.$ the barrel.

In the little village I remarked scarcely a single beggar, and very few bare feet indeed among the crowds who came to see the show. Here the Quaker village had the advantage of the town of Naas, in spite of its Poor-house, which was only half full when we went to see it; but the people prefer beggary and starvation abroad, to comfort and neatness in the Union-house.

A neater establishment cannot be seen than this ; and liberty must be very sweet indeed, when people prefer it and starvation, to the certainty of comfort in the Union-house. We went to see it after the show at Naas.

The first persons we saw at the gate of the place were four buxom lasses, in blue jackets and petticoats, who were giggling and laughing as gaily as so many young heiresses of a thousand a year, and who had a colour in their cheeks that any lady of Almack's might envy. They were cleaning pails and carrying in water from a green court or playground in front of the house, which some of the able-bodied men of the place were busy in enclosing. Passing through the large entrance of the house, a nondescript Gothic building, we came to a court divided by a road and two low walls : the right enclosure is devoted to the boys of the establishment, of whom there were about fifty at play—boys more healthy or happy it is impossible to see. Separated from them is the nursery ; and here were seventy or eighty young children, a shrill clack of happy voices leading the way to the door where they were to be found. Boys and children had a comfortable little uniform, and shoes were furnished for all, though the authorities did not seem

particularly severe in enforcing the wearing of the shoes, which most of the young persons left behind them.

In spite of all the *Times's* in the world, the place was a happy one. It is kept with a neatness and comfort to which, until his entrance into the Union-house, the Irish peasant must, per force, have been a stranger. All the rooms and passages are white, well-scoured, and airy ; all the windows are glazed ; all the beds have a good store of blankets and sheets. In the women's dormitories there lay several infirm persons, not ill enough for the infirmary, and glad of the society of the common room. In one of the men's sleeping-rooms we found a score of old gray-coated men sitting round another who was reading prayers to them ; and outside the place we found a woman starving in rags, as she had been ragged and starving for years ; her husband was wounded, and lay in his house upon straw ; her children were ill with a fever ; she had neither meat, nor physic, nor clothing, nor fresh air, nor warmth for them ;—and she preferred to starve on rather than enter the house.

The last of our agricultural excursions was to the fair of Castledermot, celebrated for the show of cattle to be seen there, and attended by the farmers

and gentry of the neighbouring counties. Long before reaching the place we met troops of cattle coming from it—stock of a beautiful kind, for the most part large, sleek, white, long-backed, most of the larger animals being bound for England. There was very near as fine a show in the pastures along the road; which lies across a light green country, with plenty of trees to ornament the landscape, and some neat cottages along the roadside.

At the turnpike of Castledermot the droves of cattle met us by scores no longer, but by hundreds, and the long street of the place was thronged with oxen, sheep, and horses; and with those who wished to see, to sell, or to buy. The squires were altogether in a cluster at the Police Houses; the owners of the horses rode up and down, showing the best paces of their brutes; among whom you might see Paddy, in his ragged frieze coat, seated on his donkey's bare rump, and proposing him for sale. I think I saw a score of this humble, though useful breed, that were brought for sale to the fair. “I can sell him,” says one fellow, with a pompous air, “wid his tackle or widout.” He was looking as grave over the negociation as if it had been for a thousand pounds. Besides the donkeys, of course, there was plenty of poultry, and there were pigs

without number, shrieking, and struggling, and pushing hither and thither among the crowd, rebellious to the straw-rope. It was a fine thing to see one huge grunter, and the manner in which he was landed into a cart. The cart was let down on an easy, inclined plane, to tempt him; two men ascending, urged him by the fore legs, other two entreated him by the tail. At length, when more than half of his body had been coaxed upon the cart, it was suddenly whisked up, causing the animal thereby to fall forward: a parting shove sent him altogether into the cart, the two gentlemen inside jump out, and the monster is left to ride home.

The farmers, as usual, were talking of the tariff, predicting ruin to themselves, as farmers will, on account of the decreasing price of stock, and the consequent fall of grain. Perhaps the person most to be pitied is the poor pig-proprietor yonder: it is his rent, which he is carrying through the market, squeaking at the end of the straw-rope, and Sir Robert's bill adds insolvency to that poor fellow's misery.

This was the last of the sights which the kind owner of H—town had invited me into his country to see; and I think they were among the most pleasing I witnessed in Ireland. Rich and poor were working friendlily together; priest and parson

were alike interested in these honest, homely, agricultural festivals ; not a word was said about hereditary bondage and English tyranny ; and one did not much regret the absence of those patriotic topics of conversation. If but for the sake of the change, it was pleasant to pass a few days with people among whom there was no quarrelling ; no furious denunciations against Popery on the part of the Protestants, and no tirades against the parsons from their bitter and scornful opponents of the other creed.

Next Sunday, in the county Meath, in a quiet old church, lying amongst meadows and fine old stately avenues of trees, and for the benefit of a congregation of some thirty persons, I heard for the space of an hour and twenty minutes some thorough Protestant doctrine, and the Popish superstitions properly belaboured. Does it strengthen a man in his own creed to hear his neighbour's belief abused ? One would imagine so ; for though abuse converts nobody, yet many of our pastors think they are not doing their duty by their own fold unless they fling stones at the flock in the next field, and have, for the honour of the service, a match at cudgelling with the shepherd. Our shepherd to-day was of this pugnacious sort.

The Meath landscape, if not varied and pic-

turesque, is extremely rich and pleasant; and we took some drives, along the banks of the Boyne, to the noble park of Slane (still sacred to the memory of George IV., who actually condescended to pass some days there) and to Trim, of which the name occurs so often in Swift's Journals, and where stands an enormous old castle, that was inhabited by Prince John. It was taken from him by an Irish chief, our guide said; and from the Irish chief it was taken by Oliver Cromwell. O'Thuselah was the Irish chief's name, no doubt.

Here, too, stands, in the midst of one of the most wretched towns in Ireland, a pillar erected in honour of the Duke of Wellington by the gentry of his native county. His birth-place, Dangan, lies not far off; and as we saw the hero's statue, a flight of birds had hovered about it: there was one on each epaulette, and two on his marshal's staff; and, besides these wonders, we saw a certain number of beggars, and a madman, who was walking round a mound and preaching a sermon on grace; and a little child's funeral came passing through the dismal town, the only stirring thing in it (the coffin was laid on a one-horse country car—a little deal box, in which the poor child lay—and a great troop of people followed the humble procession); and the

innkeeper, who had caught a few stray gentlefolk in a town where travellers must be rare, and in his inn, which is more gaunt and miserable than the town itself, and which is by no means rendered more cheerful because sundry theological works are left for the rare frequenters in the coffee-room. The innkeeper brought in a bill which would have been worthy of Long's, and which was paid with much grumbling on both sides.

It would not be a bad rule for the traveller in Ireland to avoid those inns where theological works are left in the coffee-room. He is pretty sure to be made to pay very dearly for these religious privileges.

We waited for the coach at the beautiful lodge and gate of Annsbrook ; and one of the sons of the house coming up, invited us to look at the domain, which is as pretty and neatly ordered, as—as any in England. It is hard to use this comparison so often, and must make Irish hearers angry. Can't one see a neat house and grounds, without instantly thinking that they are worthy of the sister country ; and implying, in our cool way, its superiority everywhere else ? Walking in this gentleman's grounds, I told him, in the simplicity of my heart, that the neighbouring country was like Warwickshire, and

the grounds as good as any English park. Is it the fact that English grounds *are* superior, or only that Englishmen are disposed to consider them so?

A pretty little twining river, called the Nanny's Water, runs through the Park: there is a legend about that, as about other places. Once upon a time, (ten thousand years ago,) Saint Patrick being thirsty as he passed by this country, came to the house of an old woman, of whom he asked a drink of milk. The old woman brought it to his reverence with the best of welcomes, and * * * here it is a great mercy that the Belfast mail comes up, whereby the reader is spared the rest of the history.

The Belfast mail had only to carry us five miles to Drogheda; but, in revenge, it made us pay three shillings for the five miles; and again, by way of compensation, it carried us over five miles of a country that was worth, at least, five shillings to see—not romantic or especially beautiful, but having the best of all beauty, a quiet, smiling, prosperous, unassuming, *work-day* look, that in views and landscapes most good judges admire. Hard by Nanny's water, we came to Duleek Bridge, where, I was told, stands an old residence of the De Bath family, who were, moreover, builders of the picturesque old Bridge.

It leads over a wide green common, which puts one in mind of Eng—— (a plague on it there is the comparison again !) and at the end of the common, lies the village among trees ; a beautiful and peaceful sight. In the back ground, there was a tall, ivy-covered, old tower, looking noble and imposing, but a ruin and useless—then there was a church, and next to it a chapel—the very same sun was shining upon both. The chapel and church were connected by a farm-yard, and a score of golden ricks were in the back ground, the churches in unison, and the people (typified by the corn-ricks,) flourishing at the feet of both—may one ever hope to see the day in Ireland, when this little landscape allegory shall find a general application ?

For some way, after leaving Duleek, the road and the country round continue to wear the agreeable cheerful look just now lauded. You pass by a house where James II. is said to have slept the night before the Battle of the Boyne, (he took care to sleep far enough off, on the night after,) and also by an old red-brick hall, standing at the end of an old chace or terrace-avenue, that runs for about a mile down to the house, and finishes at a moat towards the road. But as the coach arrives near Drogheda, and in the Boule-

yards of that town, all resemblance to England is lost. Up hill and down, we pass low rows of filthy cabins, in dirty undulations. Parents are at the cabin doors, dressing the hair of ragged children ; shock-heads of girls peer out from the black circumference of smoke, and children inconceivably filthy, yell wildly and vociferously as the coach passes by. One little ragged savage rushed furiously up the hill, speculating upon permission to put on the drag-chain at descending, and hoping for a halfpenny reward. He put on the chain, but the guard did not give a halfpenny. I flung him one, and the boy rushed wildly after the carriage, holding it up with joy. "The man inside has given me one," says he, holding it up exultingly to the guard. I flung out another, (by the bye, and without any prejudice, the halfpence in Ireland *are* smaller than those of England,) but when the child got this halfpenny, small as it was, it seemed to overpower him—the little man's look of gratitude was worth a great deal more than the biggest penny ever struck.

The town itself, which I had three quarters of an hour to ramble through, is smoky, dirty, and lively. There was a great bustle in the black main street, and several good shops, though some of the houses were in a half state of ruin, and battered shutters

closed many of the windows, where formerly had been “Emporiums,” “Repositories,” and other grandly-titled abodes of small commerce. Exhortations to repeal were liberally plastered on the blackened walls, proclaiming some past or promised visit of the great agitator. From the bridge is a good bustling spectacle of the river and the craft; the quays were grimy with the discharge of the coal-vessels that lay alongside them; the warehouses were not less black; the seamen and porters loitering on the quay were as swarthy as those of Puddledock; numerous factories and chimneys were vomiting huge clouds of black smoke: the commerce of the town is stated by the Guide-book to be considerable, and increasing of late years. Of one part of its manufactures, every traveller must speak with gratitude—of the ale namely, which is as good as the best brewed in the sister kingdom. Drogheda ale is to be drunk all over Ireland in the bottled state: candour calls for the acknowledgment, that it is equally praiseworthy in draught. And while satisfying himself of this fact, the philosophic observer cannot but ask, why ale should not be as good elsewhere as at Drogheda; is the water of the Boyne the only water in Ireland whereof ale can be made?

Above the river and craft, and the smoky quays

of the town, the hills rise abruptly, up which innumerable cabins clamber; on one of them, by a church, is a round tower or fort, with a flag; the church is the successor of one, battered down by Cromwell in 1649, in his frightful siege of the place. The place of one of his batteries is still marked outside the town, and known as "Cromwell's Mount;" here he "made the breach assaultable, and, by the help of God, stormed it." He chose the strongest point of the defence for his attack.

After being twice beaten back, by the divine assistance he was enabled to succeed in a third assault: he "knocked on the head" all the officers of the garrison; he gave orders that none of the men should be spared. "I think," says he, "that night we put to the sword two thousand men, and one hundred of them, having taken possession of St. Peter's steeple and a round tower next the gate, called Saint Sunday's, I ordered the steeple of Saint Peter's to be fired, when one in the flames was heard to say, 'God confound me, I burn, I burn !'" The Lord General's history of "this great mercy vouchsafed to us," concludes with appropriate religious reflections: and prays Mr. Speaker of the House of Commons, to remember that "it is good that God alone have all the glory." Is not the recollection of

this butchery almost enough to make an Irishman turn rebel ?

When troops march over the bridge, a young friend of mine (whom I shrewdly suspect to be an Orangeman in his heart) told me, that their bands play the “ Boyne Water ;”—here is another legend of defeat for the Irishman to muse upon ; and here it was too, that King Richard II. received the homage of four Irish kings, who flung their skenes or daggers at his feet, and knelt to him, and were wonder-stricken by the riches of his tents, and the garments of his knights and ladies. I think it is in Lingard, that the story is told ; and the antiquarian has no doubt seen that beautiful old manuscript at the British Museum, where these yellow-mantled warriors are seen riding down to the king, splendid in his forked beard, and peaked shoes, and long, dangling, scolloped sleeves, and embroidered gown.

The Boyne winds picturesquely round two sides of the town, and, following it, we came to the Linen of Hall,—in the days of the linen manufacture a place note, now the place where Mr. O’Connell harangues the people,—but all the windows of the house were barricaded when we passed it, and of linen or any other sort of merchandize, there seemed to be none. Three boys were running past it, with a mouse tied

to a string, and a dog galloping after : two little children were paddling down the street, one saying to the other, “ *Once I had a halfpenny*, and bought apples with it.” The barges were lying lazily on the river, on the opposite side of which was a wood of a gentleman’s domain, over which the rooks were cawing, and by the shore were some ruins, where “ Mr. Ball once had his kennel of hounds;”—touching reminiscence of former prosperity !

There is a very large and ugly Roman Catholic chapel in the town, and a smaller one of better construction ; it was so crowded, however, although on a week day, that we could not pass beyond the chapel-yard ; where were great crowds of people, some praying, some talking, some buying and selling. There were two or three stalls in the yard, such as one sees near Continental churches, presided over by old women, with a store of little brass crucifixes, beads, books, and benitiers for the faithful to purchase. The church is large and commodious within, and looks (not like all other churches in Ireland) as if it were frequented. There is a hideous stone monument in the church-yard, representing two corpses half rotted away ;—time or neglect had battered away the inscription, nor could we see the dates of some older tomb-stones in the ground,

which were mouldering away in the midst of nettles and rank grass on the wall.

By a large public school of some reputation, where a hundred boys are educated—(my young guide, the Orangeman, was one of them : he related with much glee how, on one of the Liberator's visits, a schoolfellow had waved a blue and orange flag from the window, and cried “King William for ever, and to hell with the Pope !”)—there is a fine old gate leading to the river, and in excellent preservation, in spite of time and Oliver Cromwell. It is a good specimen of Irish architecture. By this time, that exceedingly slow coach, the Newry Lark, had arrived at that exceedingly filthy inn where the mail had dropped us an hour before. An enormous Englishman was holding a vain combat of wit with a brawny grinning beggar-woman at the door. “There's a *clever* gentleman,” says the beggar-woman; “sure he 'll give me something.” “How much should you like ?” says the Englishman, with playful jocularity. “Musha,” says she, “many a *littler* man nor you has given me a shilling.” The coach drives away ; the lady had clearly the best of the joking-match : but I did not see, for all that, that the Englishman gave her a single farthing.

From Castle Bellingham, as famous for ale as

Drogheda, and remarkable likewise for a still better thing than ale, an excellent resident proprietress, whose fine park lies by the road, and by whose care and taste the village has been rendered one of the most neat and elegant I have yet seen in Ireland, the road to Dundalk is exceedingly picturesque, and the traveller has the pleasure of feasting his eye with the noble line of Mourne Mountains, which rise before him while he journeys over a level country for several miles. The Newry Lark, to be sure, disdained to take advantage of the easy roads to accelerate its movements in any way; but the aspect of the country is so pleasant, that one can afford to loiter over it. The fields were yellow with the stubble of the corn, which in this, one of the chief corn counties of Ireland, had just been cut down; and a long straggling line of neat farm-houses and cottages runs almost the whole way from Castle Bellingham to Dundalk. For near a couple of miles of the distance, the road runs along the picturesque flat called Lurgan Green; and gentlemen's residences and parks are numerous along the road, and one seems to have come amongst a new race of people, so trim are the cottages, so neat the gates and hedges, in this peaceful smiling district. The people, too, show signs of the general prosperity. A National school had just

dismissed its female scholars as we passed through Dunlar; and though the children had most of them bare feet, their clothes were good and clean, their faces rosy and bright, and their long hair as shiny and as nicely combed as young ladies' need to be. Numerous old castles and towers stand on the road here and there; and long before we entered Dundalk we had a sight of a huge factory-chimney in the town, and of the dazzling white walls of the Roman Catholic church lately erected there. The cabin-suburb is not great, and the entrance to the town is much adorned by the Hospital, a handsome Elizabethan building, and a row of houses of a similar architectural style, which lie on the left of the traveller.

CHAPTER XI.

DUNDALK.

THE stranger can't fail to be struck with the look of Dundalk, as he has been with the villages and country leading to it, when contrasted with places in the south and west of Ireland. The coach stopped at a cheerful-looking *Place*, of which almost the only dilapidated mansion was the old inn at which it discharged us, and which did not hold out much prospect of comfort. But in justice to the King's Arms it must be said, that good beds and dinners are to be obtained there by voyagers; and if they choose to arrive on days when his Grace the Most Reverend the Lord Archbishop of Armagh, and R. C. Primate of Ireland, is dining with his clergy, the house of course is crowded, and the waiters and the boy who carries in the potatoes, a little hurried and flustered. When their reverences were gone, the laity were served; and I have no

doubt, from the leg of a duck which I got, that the breast and wings must have been very tender.

Meanwhile, the walk was pleasant through the bustling little town. A grave old church, with a tall copper spire, defends one end of the main street; and a little way from the inn is the superb new chapel, which the architect, Mr. Duff, has copied from King's College Chapel in Cambridge. The ornamental part of the interior is not yet completed; but the area of the chapel is spacious and noble, and three handsome altars of scagliola (or some composition resembling marble) have been erected of handsome and suitable form. When, by the aid of further subscriptions, the church shall be completed, it will be one of the handsomest places of worship the Roman Catholics possess in this country. Opposite the chapel stands a neat low black building —the gaol; in the middle of the building, and over the doorway, is an ominous balcony and window, with an iron beam over head. Each end of the beam is ornamented with a grinning iron skull! Is this the hanging-place? and do these grinning cast-iron skulls facetiously explain the business for which the beam is there? For shame! for shame! Such disgusting emblems ought no longer to disgrace a Christian land. If kill we must, let us do so with

as much despatch and decency as possible,—not brazen out our misdeeds, and perpetuate them in this frightful satiric way.

A far better cast-iron emblem stands over a handsome shop in the place hard by—a plough namely, which figures over the factory of Mr. Shekelton, whose industry and skill seem to have brought the greatest benefit to his fellow-townspeople, of whom he employs numbers in his foundries and workshops. This gentleman was kind enough to show me through his manufactories, where all sorts of iron-works are made, from a steam-engine to a door-key; and I saw everything to admire, and a vast deal more than I could understand, in the busy, cheerful, orderly, bustling, clanging place. Steam-boilers were hammered here; and pins made by a hundred busy hands in a manufactory above. There was the engine-room, where the monster was whirring his ceaseless wheels and directing the whole operations of the factory, fanning the forges, turning the drills, blasting into the pipes of the smelting-houses: he had a house to himself, from which his orders issued to the different establishments round about. One machine was quite awful to me, a gentle Cockney, not used to such things—it was an iron-devourer, a wretch with huge jaws and a narrow mouth, ever

opening and shutting, opening and shutting. You put a half-inch iron plate between his jaws, and they shut not a whit slower or quicker than before, and bit through the iron as if it were a sheet of paper. Below the monster's mouth was a punch that performed its duties with similar dreadful calmness, going on its rising and falling.

I was so lucky as to have an introduction to the Vicar of Dundalk, which that gentleman's kind and generous nature interpreted into a claim for unlimited hospitality ; and he was good enough to consider himself bound not only to receive me, but to give up previous engagements abroad in order to do so. I need not say that it afforded me sincere pleasure to witness, for a couple of days, his labours among his people ; and indeed it was a delightful occupation to watch both flock and pastor. The world is a wicked, selfish, abominable place, as the parson tells us ; but his reverence comes out of his pulpit and gives the flattest contradiction to his doctrine, busying himself with kind actions from morning till night, denying to himself, generous to others, preaching the truth to young and old, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, consoling the wretched, and giving hope to the sick ;—and I do not mean to say that this sort of life is led by

the Vicar of Dundalk merely, but do firmly believe that it is the life of the great majority of the Protestant and Roman Catholic clergy of the country. There will be no breach of confidence, I hope, in publishing here the journal of a couple of days spent with one of these reverend gentlemen, and telling some readers, as idle and profitless as the writer, what the clergyman's peaceful labours are.

In the first place, we set out to visit the church—the comfortable copper-spired old edifice that was noticed two pages back. It stands in a green churchyard of its own, very neat and trimly kept, with an old row of trees that were dropping their red leaves upon a flock of vaults and tombstones below. The building being much injured by flame and time, some hundred years back, was repaired, enlarged, and ornamented—as churches in those days were ornamented—and has consequently lost a good deal of its gothic character. There is a great mixture, therefore, of old style and new style and no style; but, with all this, the church is one of the most commodious and best appointed I have seen in Ireland. The vicar held a council with a builder regarding some ornaments for the roof of the church, which is, as it should be, a great object for his care and architectural taste, and on which he has spent a

very large sum of money. To these expenses he is, in a manner bound, for the living is a considerable one, its income being no less than two hundred and fifty pounds a year, out of which he has merely to maintain a couple of curates and a clerk and sexton, to contribute largely towards schools and hospitals, and relieve a few scores of pensioners of his own, who are fitting objects of private bounty.

We went from the church to a school, which has been long a favourite resort of the good vicar's : indeed, to judge from the schoolmaster's books, his attendance there is almost daily—and the number of the scholars some two hundred. The number was considerably greater until the schools of the Educational Board were established, when the Roman Catholic clergymen withdrew many of their young people from Mr. Thackeray's establishment.

We found a large room with sixty or seventy boys at work ; in an upper chamber were a considerable number of girls, with their teachers, two modest and pretty young women ; but the favourite resort of the vicar was evidently the Infant School,—and no wonder ; it is impossible to witness a more beautiful or touching sight.

Eighty of these little people, healthy, clean, and rosy, some in smart gowns and shoes and stockings,

some with patched pinafores and little bare pink feet, sate upon a half-dozen low benches, and were singing, at the top of their fourscore fresh voices, a song when we entered. All the voices were hushed as the vicar came in; and a great bobbing and curtseying took place, whilst a hundred and sixty innocent eyes turned awfully towards the clergyman, who tried to look as unconcerned as possible, and began to make his little ones a speech. “I have brought,” says he, “a gentleman from England, who has heard of my little children and their school, and hopes he will carry away a good account of it. Now, you know, we must all do our best to be kind and civil to strangers: what can we do here for this gentleman that he would like?—do you think he would like a song?”

(*All the children.*)—“We’ll sing to him!”

Then the schoolmistress, coming forward, sang the first words of a hymn, which at once eighty little voices took up, or near eighty—for some of the little things were too young to sing yet, and all they could do was to beat the measure with little red hands as the others sang. It was a hymn about heaven, with a chorus of “Will not that be joyful, joyful?” and one of the verses beginning “Little children, too, are there.” Some of my fair readers

(if I have the honour to find such) who have been present at similar tender charming concerts, know the hymn, no doubt. It was the first time I had ever heard it; and I do not care to own that it brought tears to my eyes, though it is ill to parade such kind of sentiment in print. But I think I will never, while I live, forget that little chorus, nor would any man who has ever loved a child or lost one. God bless you, O little happy singers ! What a noble and useful life is his, who, in place of seeking wealth or honour, devotes his life to such a service as this ! And all through our country, thank God ! in quiet humble corners that busy citizens and men of the world never hear of, there are thousands of such men employed in such holy pursuits, with no reward beyond that which the fulfilment of duty brings them. Most of these children were Roman Catholics. At this tender age, the priests do not care to separate them from their little Protestant brethren: and no wonder. He must be a child-murdering Herod who would find the heart to do so.

After the hymn, the children went through a little scripture catechism, answering very correctly, and all in a breath, as the mistress put the questions. Some of them were, of course, too young to understand the words they uttered ; but the answers are

so simple that they cannot fail to understand them before long ; and they learn in spite of themselves.

The catechism being ended, another song was sung ; and now the vicar (who had been humming the chorus along with his young singers, and, in spite of an awful and grave countenance, could not help showing his extreme happiness) made another oration, in which he stated that the gentleman from England was perfectly satisfied ; that he would have a good report of the Dundalk children to carry home with him ; that the day was very fine, and the school-mistress would probably like to take a walk ; and, finally, would the young people give her a holiday ? “As many,” concluded he, “as will give the school-mistress a holiday, hold up their hands !” This question—



was carried unanimously.

But I am bound to say, when the little people were told that as many as *wouldn't like* a holiday were to hold up *their* hands, all the little hands went up again exactly as before ; by which it may be concluded either that the infants did not understand his Reverence's speech, or that they were just as happy to stay at school as to go and play ; and the reader may adopt whichever of the reasons he inclines to. It is probable that both are correct.

The little things are so fond of the school, the vicar told me as we walked away from it, that on returning home they like nothing better than to get a number of their companions who don't go to school, and to play at infant-school.

They may be heard singing their hymns in the narrow alleys and humble houses in which they dwell ; and I was told of one dying who sang his song of "Will not that be joyful, joyful ?" to his poor mother weeping at his bedside, and promising her that they should meet where no parting should be.

"There was a child in the school," said the Vicar, "whose father, a Roman Catholic, was a carpenter by trade, a good workman, and earning a considerable weekly sum, but neglecting his wife and children and spending his earnings in drink. We

have a song against drunkenness that the infants sing ; and one evening, going home, the child found her father excited with liquor and ill-treating his wife. The little thing forthwith interposed between them, told her father what she had heard at school regarding the criminality of drunkenness and quarrelling, and finished her little sermon with the hymn. The father was first amused, then touched ; and the end of it was, that he kissed his wife and asked her to forgive him, hugged his child, and from that day would always have her in his bed, made her sing to him morning and night, and forsook his old haunts for the sake of his little companion.

He was quite sober and prosperous for eight months ; but the Vicar at the end of that time began to remark, that the child looked ragged at school, and, passing by her mother's house, saw the poor woman with a black eye. "If it was any one but your husband, Mrs. C—, who gave you that black eye," says the Vicar, " tell me ; but if he did it don't say a word." The woman was silent, and soon after, meeting her husband, the Vicar took him to task. " You were sober for eight months ; now tell me fairly, C—," says he, " were you happier when you lived at home with your wife and child, or are you

more happy now?" The man owned that he was much happier formerly, and the end of the conversation was, that he promised to go home once more, and try the sober life again, and he went home and succeeded.

The Vicar continued to hear good accounts of him; but passing one day by his house, he saw the wife there looking very sad. Had her husband relapsed?—No, he was dead, she said—dead of the cholera; but he had been sober ever since his last conversation with the clergyman, and had done his duty to his family up to the time of his death. "I said to the woman," said the good old clergyman in a grave low voice, "your husband is gone now to the place where, according to his conduct here, his eternal reward will be assigned him; and, let us be thankful to think what a different position he occupies now, to that which he must have held, had not his little girl been the means, under God, of converting him."

Our next walk was to the County Hospital, the handsome edifice which ornaments the Drogheda entrance of the town, and which I had remarked on my arrival. Concerning this hospital, the governors were, when I passed through Dundalk, in a state of no small agitation; for a gentleman by the name of ——, who from being an apothecary's assistant in

the place, had gone forth as a sort of amateur-inspector of hospitals, throughout Ireland, had thought fit to censure their extravagance in erecting the new building, stating that the old one was fully sufficient to hold fifty patients, and that the public money might consequently have been spared. Mr. _____'s plan for the better maintenance of them in general is, that commissioners should be appointed to direct them, and not county gentlemen as heretofore, the discussion of which question does not need to be carried on in this humble work.

My guide, who is one of the governors of the new hospital, conducted me, in the first place, to the old one—a small dirty house, in a damp and low situation; with but three rooms to accommodate patients, and these evidently not fit to hold fifty, or even fifteen patients. The new hospital is one of the handsomest buildings of the size and kind in Ireland; an ornament to the town, as the angry commissioner stated, but not after all a building of undue cost, for the expense of its erection was but 3,000*l.*, and the sick of the county are far better accommodated in it, than in the damp and unwholesome tenement, regretted by the eccentric commissioner.

An English architect, Mr. Smith of Hertford, designed and completed the edifice; strange to say,

only exceeding his estimates by the sum of three-and-sixpence, as the worthy governor of the hospital with great triumph told me. The building is certainly a wonder of cheapness, and what is more, so complete for the purpose for which it was intended, and so handsome in appearance, that the architect's name deserves to be published by all who hear it; and if any country newspaper-editors should notice this volume, they are requested to make the fact known. The house is provided with every convenience for men and women, with all the appurtenances of baths, water, gas, airy wards, and a garden for convalescents; and below, a dispensary, a handsome board-room, kitchen, and matron's apartments, &c. —indeed, a noble requiring a house for a large establishment need not desire a handsomer one than this, at its moderate price of 3,000*l.* The beauty of this building has, as is almost always the case, created emulation; and a terrace in the same taste has been raised in the neighbourhood of the hospital.

From the Hospital we bent our steps to the Institution; of which place I give below the rules, and a copy of the course of study, and the dietary: leaving English parents to consider the fact that their children can be educated at this place for *thirteen pounds a year.* Nor is there anything in

the establishment savouring of the Dotheboys Hall.* I never saw, in any public school in England, sixty cleaner, smarter, more gentlemanlike boys than were here at work. The upper class had been at work on Euclid as we came in, and were set, by way of amusing the stranger, to perform a sum of compound interest of diabolical complication, which, with its algebraic and arithmetic solution, was handed up to me by three or four of the pupils ; and I strove to look as wise as I possibly could. Then they went through questions of mental arithmetic with astonishing correctness and facility ; and finding from the

* “ Boarders are received from the age of eight to fourteen at 12*l.* per annum, and 1*l.* for washing, paid quarterly in advance.

“ Day Scholars are received from the age of ten to twelve at 2*l.*, paid quarterly in advance.

“ The Incorporated Society have abundant cause for believing that the introduction of Boarders into their Establishments has produced far more advantageous results to the public than they could, at so early a period, have anticipated ; and that the election of boys to their Foundations *only* after a fair competition with others of a given district, has had the effect of stimulating masters and scholars to exertion and study, and promises to operate most beneficially for the advancement of religious and general knowledge.

“ The districts for eligible Candidates are as follow :—

“ Dundalk Institution embraces the counties of Louth and Down, because the properties which support it lie in this district.

“ The Pococke Institution, Kilkenny, embraces the counties of Kilkenny and Waterford, for the same cause.

“ The Ranelagh Institution, the towns of Athlone and Roscommon, and three districts in the counties of Galway and Ros-

master that classics were not taught in the school, I took occasion to lament this circumstance, saying, with a knowing air, that I would like to have examined the lads in a Greek play.

common, which the Incorporated Society hold in fee, or from which they receive inappropriate tithes.

(Signed) "CÆSAR OTWAY, *Secretary.*"

ARRANGEMENT OF SCHOOL BUSINESS IN
DUNDALK INSTITUTION.

Hours.	Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.	Tuesday and Thursday.	Saturday.
6 to 7	Rise, wash, &c.	Rise, wash, &c.	Rise, wash, &c.
7 to 7½	{ Scripture by the Master, and prayer.	{ Scripture by the Master, and prayer.	{ Scripture by the Master, and prayer.
7½ to 8½	Reading, History, &c.	Reading, History, &c.	Reading, History, &c.
8½ to 9	Breakfast.	Breakfast.	Breakfast.
9 to 10	Play.	Play.	Play.
10 to 10½	English Grammar.	Geography.	10 to 11, Repetition.
10½ to 11¼	Algebra.	Euclid.	11 to 12, Use of Globes.
11¼ to 12	Scripture.	{ Lecture on principles of Arithmetic.	{ 12 to 1, Catechism and Scripture, by the Catechist.
12 to 12½	Writing.	Writing.	Dinner.
12½ to 2	{ Arithmetic at desks, and Book-keeping.	Mensuration.	
2 to 2½	Dinner.	Dinner.	
2½ to 5	Play.	Play.	
5 to 7½	{ Spelling, Mental Arithmetic, and Euclid.	{ Spelling, Mental Arithmetic, and Euclid.	The remainder of this day is devoted to exercise till the hour of Supper, after which the Boys assemble in the School-room and hear a portion of Scripture read and explained by the Master, as on other days, and conclude with prayer.
7½ to 8	Supper.	Supper.	
8 to 8½	Exercise.	Exercise.	
8½ to 9	{ Scripture by the Master, and prayer in School-room.	{ Scripture by the Master, and prayer in School-room.	
9	Retire to bed.	Retire to bed.	

The sciences of Navigation and practical Surveying are taught in the Establishment, also a selection of the Pupils, who have a taste for it, are instructed in the art of Drawing.

DIETARY.

Breakfast—Stirabout and Milk, every Morning.

Dinner—On Sunday and Wednesday, Potatoes and Beef: 10 ounces of the latter to each boy. On Monday and Thursday, Bread and Broth, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of the former to each boy. On Tuesday, Friday, and Saturday, Potatoes and Milk: 2 lbs. of the former to each boy.

Supper— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of Bread with Milk, uniformly, except on Monday and Thursday; on these days, Potatoes and Milk.

Classics, then, these young fellows do not get. Meat they get but twice a week. Let English parents bear this fact in mind ; but that the lads are healthy and happy, anybody who sees them can have no question ; furthermore, they are well instructed in a sound practical education—history, geography, mathematics, religion. What a place to know of would this be for many a poor half-pay officer, where he may put his children in all confidence that they will be well cared for and soundly educated ! Why have we not State Schools in England, where, for the prime cost—for a sum which never need exceed for a young boy's maintenance $25l.$ a year—our children might be brought up ? We are establishing National Schools for the labourer ; why not give education to the sons of the poor gentry—the clergyman whose pittance is small, and would still give his son the benefit of a public education—the artist—the officer—the merchant's office-clerk—the literary man ? What a benefit might be conferred upon all of us if honest Charter Schools could be established for our children, and where it would be impossible for Squeers to make a profit !*

* The Proprietary Schools of late established have gone far to protect the interests of parents and children ; but the masters of these schools take boarders, and of course draw profits from them. Why make the learned man a beef and mutton con-

Our next day's journey led us, by half-past ten o'clock, to the ancient town of Louth, a little poor village now, but a great seat of learning and piety, it is said, formerly, where there stood a university and abbeys, and where Saint Patrick worked wonders. Here my kind friend, the rector, was called upon to marry a smart sergeant of police to a pretty lass, one of the few Protestants who attend his church ; and, the ceremony over, we were invited to the house of the bride's father hard by, where the clergyman was bound to cut the cake, and drink a glass of wine to the health of the new-married couple. There was evidently to be a dance and some merriment in the course of the evening ; for the good mother of the bride (Oh, blessed is he who has a good mother-in-law !) was busy at a huge fire in the little kitchen, and along the road we met various parties of neatly-dressed people, and several of the sergeant's comrades, who were hastening to the wedding. The mistress of the rector's darling Infant School was one of the bridesmaids, consequently the little ones had a holiday.

But he was not to be disappointed of his Infant School in this manner ; so, mounting the car again,

tractor ? It would be easy to arrange the economy of a school so that there should be no possibility of a want of confidence, or of peculation, to the detriment of the pupil.

with a fresh horse, we went a very pretty drive of three miles to the snug lone school-house of Glyde-farm, near a handsome park, I believe of the same name, where the proprietor is building a mansion of the Tudor order.

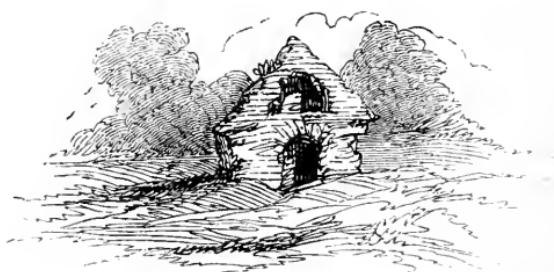
The pretty scene of Dundalk was here played over again ; the children sang their little hymns, the good old clergyman joined delighted in the chorus, the holiday was given and the little hands held up, and I looked at more clean bright faces, and little rosy feet—the scene need not be repeated in print, but I can understand what pleasure a man must take in the daily witnessing of it, and in the growth of these little plants which are set and tended by his care. As we returned to Louth, a woman met us with a curtsey, and expressed her sorrow that she had been obliged to withdraw her daughter from one of the rector's schools, which the child was vexed at leaving too. But the orders of the priest were peremptory ; and who can say they were unjust ? The priest, on his side, was only enforcing the rule which the parson maintains as his :—the latter will not permit his young flock to be educated except upon certain principles and by certain teachers ; the former has his own scruples unfortunately also—and so that noble and brotherly scheme of National

Education falls to the ground. In Louth, the National School was standing by the side of the priest's chapel—it is so almost everywhere throughout Ireland; the Protestants have rejected, on very good motives doubtless, the chance of union which the Education-board gave them—be it so; if the children of either sect be educated apart, so that they *be* educated, the education scheme will have produced its good, and the union will come afterwards.

The church at Louth stands boldly upon a hill looking down on the village, and has nothing remarkable in it but neatness, except the monument of a former rector, Dr. Little, which attracts the spectator's attention from the extreme inappropriateness of the motto on the coat of arms of the reverend defunct. It looks rather unorthodox to read in a Christian temple, where a man's bones have the honour to lie, and where, if anywhere, humility is requisite—that there is *multum in parvo*, “a great deal in Little.” O Little, in life you were not much, and lo! you are less now; why should filial piety engrave that pert pun upon your monument, to cause people to laugh in a place where they ought to be grave? The defunct doctor built a very handsome rectory-house, with a set of stables that would be

useful to a nobleman, but are rather too commodious for a peaceful rector who does not ride to hounds ; and it was in Little's time, I believe, that the church was removed from the old abbey, where it formerly stood, to its present proud position on the hill.

The abbey is a fine ruin, the windows of a good style, the tracings of carvings on many of them ; but a great number of stones and ornaments were removed formerly to build farm-buildings withal, and the place is now as rank and ruinous as the generality of Irish burying-places seem to be. Skulls lie in clusters amongst nettle-beds by the abbey-walls ; graves are only partially covered with rude stones ; a fresh coffin was lying, broken in pieces, within the abbey ; and the surgeon of the dispensary hard by might procure subjects here, almost without grave-breaking. Hard by the abbey is a building, of which I beg leave to offer the following interesting sketch.



The legend in the country goes, that the place was

built for the accommodation of Saint “ Murtogh,” who lying down to sleep here in the open fields, not having any place to house under, found to his surprise, on waking in the morning, the above edifice, which the angels had built. The angelic architecture, it will be seen, is of rather a rude kind : and the village antiquary, who takes a pride in showing the place, says that the building was erected *two thousand years ago*. In the handsome grounds of the rectory is another spot visited by popular tradition—a fairy’s ring ; a regular mound of some thirty feet in height, flat and even on the top, and provided with a winding path for the foot-passenger to ascend. Some trees grew on the mound, one of which was removed in order to make the walk. But the country-people cried out loudly at this desecration, and vowed that the “ little people” had quitted the country side for ever in consequence.

While walking in the town, a woman meets the Rector, with a number of curtsies and compliments, and vows that ‘tis your reverence is the friend of the poor, and may the Lord preserve you to us, and lady ; and having poured out blessings innumerable, concludes by producing a paper for her son that’s in trouble in England. The paper ran to the effect, that “ We, the undersigned, inhabitants of the

parish of Louth, have known Daniel Horgan ever since his youth, and can speak confidently as to his integrity, piety, and good conduct.” In fact, the paper stated that Daniel Horgan was an honour to his country, and consequently quite incapable of the crime of sack-stealing, I think, with which at present he was charged and lay in prison in Durham Castle. The paper had, I should think, come down to the poor mother from Durham with a direction ready-written to despatch it back again when signed, and was evidently the work of one of those benevolent individuals in assize-towns, who, following the profession of the law, delight to extricate unhappy young men of whose innocence (from various six-and-eight-penny motives) they feel convinced. There stood the poor mother, as the rector examined the document, with a huge wafer in her hand, ready to forward it so soon as it was signed; for the truth is, that “We, the undersigned” were as yet merely imaginary.

“You don’t come to church,” says the Rector. “I know nothing of you or your son: why don’t you go to the Priest?”

“O your Reverence, my son’s to be tried next Tuesday,” whimpered the woman; and then said the Priest was not in the way, but as we had seen him a

few minutes before, recalled the assertion, and she confessed that she *had* been to the Priest, and that he would not sign,—and fell to prayers, tears, and unbounded supplications to induce the Rector to give his signature. But that hard-hearted divine stating that he had *not* known Daniel Horgan from his youth upwards, that he could not certify as to his honesty or dishonesty, enjoined the woman to make an attempt upon the R. C. Curate, to whose hand-writing he would certify if need were.

The upshot of the matter was, that the woman returned with a certificate from the R. C. Curate, as to her son's good behaviour while in the village, and the Rector certified that the hand-writing was that of the R. C. clergyman in question, and the woman popped her big red wafer into the letter, and went her way. Tuesday is passed long ere this: Mr. Horgan's guilt or innocence is long since clearly proved, and he celebrates the latter in freedom, or expiates the former at the mill. Indeed, I don't know that there was any call to introduce his adventures to the public, except, perhaps, it may be good to see how in this little distant Irish village the blood of life is running. Here goes a happy party to a marriage, and the parson prays a "God bless you!" upon them, and the world begins for them. Yonder lies a stall-

fed rector in his tomb, flaunting over his nothingness, his pompous heraldic motto: and yonder lie the fresh fragments of a nameless deal coffin, which any foot may kick over. Presently you hear the clear voices of little children praising God: and here comes a mother wringing her hands and asking for succour for her lad, who was a child but the other day. Such motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta, are going on in an hour of an October day in a little pinch of clay in the county Louth.

Perhaps—being in the moralizing strain—the honest surgeon at the dispensary might come in as an illustration. He inhabits a neat humble house, a story higher than his neighbours', but with a thatched roof. He relieves a thousand patients yearly at the dispensary, he visits seven hundred in the parish—he supplies the medicines gratis; and receiving for these services the sum of about one hundred pounds yearly, some county economists and calculators are loud against the extravagance of his salary, and threaten his removal. All these individuals and their histories we presently turn our backs upon, for, after all, dinner is at five o'clock, and we have to see the new road to Dundalk, which the county has lately been making.

Of this undertaking, which shows some skilful

engineering—some gallant cutting of rocks and hills, and filling of valleys, with a tall and handsome stone bridge thrown across the river, and connecting the high embankments on which the new road at that place is formed—I can say little, except that it is a vast convenience to the county, and a great credit to the surveyor and contractor too; for the latter, though a poor man, and losing heavily by his bargain, has yet refused to mulct his labourers of their wages; and, as cheerfully as he can, still pays them their shilling a day.

CHAPTER XII.

NEWRY, ARMAGH, BELFAST.—FROM DUNDALK TO NEWRY.

My kind host gave orders to the small ragged boy that drove the car, to take “particular care of the little gentleman ;” and the car-boy, grinning in appreciation of the joke, drove off at his best pace, and landed his cargo at Newry, after a pleasant two hours’ drive. The country for the most part is wild, but not gloomy—the mountains round about are adorned with woods and gentlemen’s seats ; and the car-boy pointed out one hill—that of Slievegullion, which kept us company all the way—as the highest hill in Ireland. Ignorant or deceiving car-boy ! I have seen a dozen hills, each the highest in Ireland, in my way through the country, of which the inexorable Guide-book gives the measurement and destroys the claim. Well, it was the tallest hill, in the estimation of the car-boy ; and in this respect the world is full of car-boys. Has not every mother of a

family a Slicevegullion of a son, who, according to her measurement, towers above all other sons? Is not the patriot, who believes himself equal to three Frenchmen, a car-boy in heart? There was a kind young creature with a child in her lap, that evidently held this notion. She paid the child a series of compliments, which would have led one to fancy he was an angel from heaven at the least; and her husband sate gravely by, very silent, with his arms round a barometer.

Beyond these there were no incidents or characters of note, except an old hostler that they said was ninety years old, and watered the horse at a lone inn on the road. "Stop!" cries this wonder of years and rags, as the car, after considerable parley, got under weigh. The car-boy pulled up, thinking a fresh passenger was coming out of the inn.

"*Stop, till one of the gentlemen gives me something,*" says the old man, coming slowly up with us; which speech created a laugh, and got him a penny: he received it without the least thankfulness, and went away grumbling to his pail.

Newry is remarkable as being the only town I have seen which has no cabin suburb; strange to say, the houses begin all at once, handsomely coated and hatted with stone and slate; and if Dundalk was

prosperous, Newry is better still. Such a sight of neatness and comfort is exceedingly welcome to an English traveller, who, moreover, finds himself, after driving through a plain bustling clean street, landed at a large plain comfortable inn, where business seems to be done, where there are smart waiters to receive him, and a comfortable warm coffee-room that bears no traces of dilapidation.

What the merits of the *cuisine* may be I can't say for the information of travellers; a gentleman to whom I had brought a letter from Dundalk taking care to provide me at his own table, accompanying me previously to visit the lions of the town. A river divides it, and the counties of Armagh and Down—the river runs into the sea at Carlingford Bay, and is connected by a canal with Lough Neagh, and thus with the north of Ireland. Steamers to Liverpool and Glasgow sail continually. There are mills, foundries, and manufactories, of which the Guide-book will give particulars; and the town, of 13,000 inhabitants, is the busiest and most thriving that I have yet seen in Ireland.

Our first walk was to the church; a large and handsome building, although built in the unlucky period when the Gothic style was coming into vogue. Hence one must question the propriety of

many of the ornaments, though the whole is massive, well-finished, and stately. Near the church stands the Roman Catholic chapel, a very fine building, the work of the same architect, Mr. Duff, who erected the chapel at Dundalk ; but like almost all other edifices of the kind in Ireland that I have seen, the interior is quite unfinished, and already so dirty and ruinous, that one would think a sort of genius for dilapidation must have been exercised in order to bring it to its present condition. There are tattered green baize doors to enter at, a dirty clay floor, and cracked plaster walls, with an injunction to the public not to spit on the floor. Maynooth itself is scarcely more dreary. The architect's work, however, does him the highest credit ; the interior of the church is noble and simple in style : and one can't but grieve to see a fine work of art, that might have done good to the country, so defaced and ruined as this is.

The Newry poor-house is as neatly ordered and comfortable as any house, public or private, in Ireland : the same look of health, which was so pleasant to see among the Naas children of the union house, was to be remarked here : the same care and comfort for the old people. Of able-bodied there were but few in the house : it is in winter that there are most

applicants for this kind of relief; the sunshine attracts the women out of the place, and the harvest relieves it of the men. Cleanliness, the matron said, is more intolerable to most of the inmates, than any other regulation of the house; and instantly on quitting the house they relapse into their darling dirt, and of course at their periodical return are subject to the unavoidable initiatory lustration.

Newry has many comfortable and handsome public buildings; the streets have a business-like look, the shops and people are not too poor, and the southern grandiloquence is not shown here in the shape of fine words for small wares. Even the beggars are not so numerous I fancy, or so coaxing and wheedling in their talk. Perhaps, too, among the gentry, the same moral change may be remarked; and they seem more downright and plain in their manner; but one must not pretend to speak of national characteristics, from such a small experience as a couple of evenings' intercourse may give.

Although not equal in natural beauty to a hundred other routes which the traveller takes in the south, the ride from Newry to Armagh is an extremely pleasant one, on account of the undeniable increase of prosperity which is visible through the country. Well-tilled fields, neat farm-houses, well-dressed

people, meet one everywhere, and people and landscape alike have a plain, hearty, flourishing look.

The greater part of Armagh has the aspect of a good stout old English town, although round about the steep on which the cathedral stands (the Roman Catholics have taken possession of another hill, and are building an opposition cathedral on this eminence), there are some decidedly Irish streets, and that dismal combination, of house and pig-sty, which is so common in Munster and Connaught.

But the main streets though not fine are bustling, substantial, and prosperous; and a fine green has some old trees and some good houses, and even handsome stately public buildings round about it, that remind one of a comfortable cathedral city across the water.

The cathedral service is more completely performed here than in any English town, I think. The church is small, but extremely neat, fresh, and handsome—almost too handsome; covered with spick-and-span gilding, and carved work in the style of the thirteenth century: every pew as smart and well-cushioned as my lord's own seat in the country-church; and for the clergy and their chief, stalls and thrones quite curious for their ornament and splendour. The Primate with his blue riband and

badge (to whom the two clergymen bow reverently as passing between them he enters at the gate of the altar rail) looks like a noble Prince of the Church ; and I had heard enough of his magnificent charity and kindness, to look with reverence at his lofty handsome features.

Will it be believed that the sermon lasted only for twenty minutes ? Can this be Ireland ? I think this wonderful circumstance impressed me more than any other with the difference between north and south, and, having the Primate's own countenance for the opinion, may confess a great admiration for orthodoxy in this particular.

A beautiful monument to Archbishop Stuart, by Chantrey ; a magnificent stained window, containing the arms of the clergy of the diocese (in the very midst of which I was glad to recognise the sober old family coat of the kind and venerable rector of Louth), and numberless carvings and decorations, will please the lover of church architecture here. I must confess, however, that in my idea, the cathedral is quite too complete. It is of the twelfth century, but not the least venerable. It is as neat and trim as a lady's drawing-room. It wants a hundred years at least to cool the raw colour of the stones, and to dull the brightness of the gilding ; all

which benefits, no doubt, time will bring to pass, and future Cocknies setting off from London-bridge after breakfast in an aerial machine, may come to hear the morning-service here, and not remark the faults which have struck a too susceptible tourist of the nineteenth century.

Strolling round the town after service, I saw more decided signs that Protestantism was there in the ascendant. I saw no less than three different ladies on the prowl dropping religious tracts at various doors ; and felt not a little ashamed to be seen by one of them getting into a car with bag and baggage, being bound for Belfast.

The ride of ten miles from Armagh to Portadown, was not the prettiest but one of the pleasantest drives I have had in Ireland ; for the country is well cultivated along the whole of the road ; the trees in plenty, and villages and neat houses always in sight. The little farms with their orchards, and comfortable buildings, were as clean and trim as could be wished ; they are mostly of one story, with long thatched roofs and shining windows, such as those that may be seen in Normandy and Picardy. As it was Sunday evening, all the people seemed to be abroad, some sauntering quietly down the roads—a pair of

girls here and there pacing leisurely in a field—a little group seated under the trees of an orchard, which pretty adjunct to the farm is very common in this district; and the crop of apples seemed this year to be extremely plenty. The physiognomy of the people too has quite changed: the girls have their hair neatly braided up, not loose over their faces as in the south; and not only are bare feet very rare, and stockings extremely neat and white, but I am sure I saw at least a dozen good silk gowns upon the women along the road, and scarcely one which was not clean and in good order. The men for the most part figured in jackets, caps, and trowsers, eschewing the old well of a hat which covers the popular head at the other end of the island, the breeches, and the long ill-made tail-coat. The people's faces are sharp and neat, not broad lazy knowing-looking, like that of many a shambling Diogenes who may be seen lounging before his cabin in Cork or Kerry. As for the cabins, they have disappeared; and the houses of the people may rank decidedly as cottages. The accent, too, is quite different; but this is hard to describe in print. The people speak with a Scotch twang, and, as I fancied, much more simply and to the point. A man gives you a downright answer, without any grin, or joke,

or attempt at flattery. To be sure, these are rather early days to begin to judge of national characteristics ; and very likely the above distinctions have been drawn after profoundly studying a Northern and a Southern waiter at the inn at Armagh.

At any rate, it is clear that the towns are vastly improved,—the cottages and villages no less so ; the people look active and well-dressed ; a sort of weight seems all at once to be taken from the Englishman's mind on entering the province, when he finds himself once more looking upon comfort, and activity, and resolution. What is the cause of this improvement ? *Protestantism* is, more than one Church-of-England man said to me ; but for Protestantism, would it not be as well to read Scotchism ?—meaning thrift, prudence, perseverance, boldness, and common sense, with which qualities any body of men, of any Christian denomination, would no doubt prosper.

The little brisk town of Portadown, with its comfortable unpretending houses, its squares, and market-place, its pretty quay with craft along the river,—a steamer building on the dock, close to mills and warehouses, that look in a full state of prosperity,—was a pleasant conclusion to this ten miles drive, that ended at the newly opened railway-station. The distance hence to Belfast is twenty-five miles; Lough

Neagh may be seen at one point of the line, and the Guide-book says, that the station-towns of Lurgan and Lisburn are extremely picturesque ; but it was night when I passed by them, and after a journey of an hour and a quarter reached Belfast.

That city has been discovered by another eminent Cockney traveller, (for though born in America, the dear old Bow-bell blood must run in the veins of Mr. N. P. Willis,) and I have met, in the periodical works of the country, with repeated angry allusions to his description of Belfast, the pink-heels of the chamber-maid who conducted him to bed, (what business had he to be looking at the young woman's legs at all ?) and his wrath at the beggary of the town and the laziness of the inhabitants, as marked by a line of dirt running along the walls, and showing where they were in the habit of lolling.

These observations struck me as rather hard when applied to Belfast, though possibly pink-heels and beggary might be remarked in other cities of the kingdom ; but the town of Belfast seemed to me really to be as neat, prosperous, and handsome a city as need be seen ; and, with respect to the inn, that in which I stayed (Kearn's) was as comfortable and well-ordered an establishment as the most fastidious Cockney can desire : and with an advantage which

some people, perhaps, do not care for, that the dinners which cost seven shillings at London taverns, are here served for half-a-crown : but, I must repeat here, in justice to the public, what I stated to Mr. William, the waiter : viz., that half-a-pint of port wine *does* contain more than two glasses—at least it does in happy, happy England. . . Only to be sure, here the wine is good, whereas the port wine in England is not port, but, for the most part, an abominable drink of which it would be a mercy only to give us two glasses ; which, however, is clearly wandering from the subject in hand.

They call Belfast the Irish Liverpool : if people are for calling names, it would be better to call it the Irish London at once—the chief city of the kingdom, at any rate. It looks hearty, thriving, and prosperous, as if it had money in its pockets, and roast-beef for dinner : it has no pretensions to fashion, but looks, mayhap, better in its honest broad-cloth, than *some people* in their shabby brocade. The houses are as handsome as at Dublin, with this advantage, that people seem to live in them. They have no attempt at ornament for the most part, but are grave, stout, red-brick edifices, laid out at four angles in orderly streets and squares.

The stranger cannot fail to be struck (and haply a

little frightened) by the great number of Meeting-houses that decorate the town, and give evidence of great sermonizing on Sundays. These buildings do not affect the Gothic, like many of the meagre edifices of the Established and the Roman Catholic churches, but have a physiognomy of their own—a thick-set citizen look. Porticos have they, to be sure, and ornaments Doric, Ionic, and what not ; but the Meeting-house peeps through all these classical friezes and entablatures ; and though one reads of “imitations of the Ionic Temple of Ilissus, near Athens,” the classic temple is made to assume a bluff, downright, Presbyterian air, which would astonish the original builder, doubtless. The churches of the Establishment are handsome and stately ;—the Catholics are building a brick cathedral, no doubt of the Tudor style. The present chapel, flanked by the National Schools, is an exceedingly unprepossessing building of the Strawberry-Hill or Castle-of-Otranto Gothic ; the keys and mitre figuring in the centre—“The cross-keys and night-cap,” as a hard-hearted Presbyterian called them to me, with his blunt humour.

The three churches are here pretty equally balanced—Presbyterians 25,000, Catholics 20,000, Episcopalians 17,000 : each party has two or more

newspaper organs ; and the wars between them are dire and unceasing, as the reader may imagine. For whereas, in other parts of Ireland where Catholics and Episcopalian prevail, and the Presbyterian body is too small, each party has but one opponent to belabour ; here, the Ulster politician, whatever may be his way of thinking, has the great advantage of possessing two enemies on whom he may exercise his eloquence ; and in this triangular duel all do their duty nobly. Then there are subdivisions of hostility. For the Church, there is a High-church and a Low-church journal ; for the Liberals, there is a Repeal journal and a No-repeal journal. For the Presbyterians, there are yet more varieties of journalist opinion, of which it does not become a stranger to pass a judgment. If the *Northern Whig* says that the banner of Ulster “is a polluted rag which has hoisted the red banner of falsehood” (which elegant words may be found in the first-named journal of the 13th October), let us be sure the *Banner* has a compliment for the *Northern Whig* in return : if the Repeal *Vindicator* and the priests attack the Presbyterian journals and the Home Missions, the reverend gentlemen of Geneva are quite as ready with the pen as their brethren of Rome, and not much more scrupulous

in their language than the laity. When I was in Belfast, violent disputes were raging between Presbyterian and Episcopalian Conservatives with regard to the Marriage Bill; between Presbyterians and Catholics on the subject of the Home Missions; between the Liberals and Conservatives, of course. "Thank God," for instance, writes a Repeal journal, "that the honour and power of *Ireland* are not involved in the disgraceful Afghan war!"—a sentiment insinuating Repeal and something more; disowning, not merely this or that ministry, but the sovereign and her jurisdiction altogether. But details of these quarrels, religious or political, can tend to edify but few readers out of the country. Even in it, as there are some nine shades of politico-religious differences, an observer pretending to impartiality must necessarily displease eight parties, and almost certainly the whole nine; and the reader who desires to judge the politics of Belfast must study for himself. Nine journals, publishing four hundred numbers in a year, each number containing about as much as an octavo volume: these and the back numbers of former years, sedulously read, will give the student a notion of the subject in question. And then, after having read the statements on either side, he must ascertain the truth of them, by which

time more labour of the same kind will have grown upon him, and he will have attained a good old age.

Amongst the poor, the Catholics and Presbyterians are said to go in a pretty friendly manner to the National Schools; but among the Presbyterians themselves it appears there are great differences and quarrels, by which a fine institution, the Belfast Academy, seems to have suffered considerably. It is almost the only building in this large and substantial place that bears, to the stranger's eye, an unprosperous air. A vast building, standing fairly in the midst of a handsome green and place, and with snug, comfortable red-brick streets stretching away at neat right-angles all around—the Presbyterian College looks handsome enough at a short distance, but on a nearer view is found in a woful state of dilapidation. It does not possess the supreme dirt and filth of Maynooth—that can but belong to one place, even in Ireland;—but the building is in a dismal state of unrepair, steps and windows broken, doors and stairs battered. Of scholars I saw but a few, and these were in the drawing academy. The fine arts do not appear as yet to flourish in Belfast. The models from which the lads were copying were not good: one was copying a bad copy of a drawing by Prout; one was colouring a print. The ragged

children in a German National School have better models before them, and are made acquainted with truer principles of art and beauty.

Hard by is the Belfast Museum, where an exhibition of pictures was in preparation, under the patronage of the Belfast Art-Union. Artists in all parts of the kingdom had been invited to send their works, of which the Union pays the carriage; and the porters and secretary were busy unpacking cases, in which I recognised some of the works which had before figured on the walls of the London exhibition-rooms.

The book-shops which I saw in this thriving town said much for the religious disposition of the Belfast public; there were numerous portraits of reverend gentlemen, and their works of every variety:—“The Sinners’ Friend,” “The Watchman on the Tower,” “The Peep of Day,” “Sermons delivered at Bethesda Chapel,” by so-and-so; with hundreds of the neat little gilt books with bad prints, scriptural titles, and gilt edges, that come from one or two serious publishing houses in London, and in considerable numbers from the neighbouring Scotch shores. As for the Theatre, with such a public the drama can be expected to find but little favour; and the gentleman who accompanied me in my walk, and to whom I

am indebted for many kindnesses during my stay, said not only that he had never been in the play-house, but that he never heard of any one going thither. I found out the place where the poor neglected dramatic Muse of Ulster hid herself; and was of a party of six in the boxes, the benches of the pit being dotted over with about a score more. Well, it was a comfort to see that the gallery was quite full, and exceedingly happy and noisy; they stamped, and stormed, and shouted, and clapped in a way that was pleasant to hear. One young god, between the acts, favoured the public with a song—extremely ill sung, certainly, but the intention was everything; and his brethren above stamped in chorus with roars of delight.

As for the piece performed, it was a good old melodrama of the British sort, inculcating a thorough detestation of vice, and a warm sympathy with suffering virtue. The serious are surely too hard upon poor play-goers. We never for a moment allow rascality to triumph beyond a certain part of the third act: we sympathise with the woes of young lovers—her in ringlets and a Polish cap, him in tights and a Vandyke collar; we abhor avarice or tyranny in the person of “the first old man,” with the white wig and red stockings; or of the villain

with the roaring voice and black whiskers ; we applaud the honest wag (he is a good fellow in spite of his cowardice) in his hearty jests at the tyrant before mentioned ; and feel a kindly sympathy with all mankind, as the curtain falls over all the characters in a group, of which successful love is the happy centre. Reverend gentlemen in meeting-house and church, who shout against the immoralities of this poor stage, and threaten all play-goers with the fate which is awarded to unsuccessful plays, should try and bear less hardly upon us.

An artist, who in spite of the Art-union, can scarcely, I should think, flourish in a place that seems devoted to preaching, politics, and trade, has somehow found his way to this humble little theatre, and decorated it with some exceedingly pretty scenery—almost the only indication of a taste for the fine arts which I have found as yet in the country.

A fine night-exhibition in the town is that of the huge spinning-mills which surround it, and of which the thousand windows are lighted up at night-fall, and may be seen from almost all quarters of the city.

A gentleman to whom I had brought an introduction, good-naturedly left his work to walk with me to one of these mills, and stated by whom he

had been introduced to me to the mill-proprietor, Mr. Mulholland. “*That* recommendation,” said Mr. Mulholland, gallantly, “is welcome anywhere.” It was from my kind friend Mr. Lever. What a privilege some men have, who can sit quietly in their studies, and make friends all the world over!



Here is the figure of a girl sketched in the place; there are nearly five hundred girls employed in it. They work in huge long chambers lighted by numbers of windows, hot with steam, buzzing and humming with hundreds of thousands of whirling wheels

that all take their motion from a steam-engine which lives apart in a hot cast-iron temple of its own, from which it communicates with the innumerable machines that the five hundred girls preside over. They have seemingly but to take away the work when done—the enormous monster in the cast-iron room does it all. He cards the flax, and combs it, and spins it, and beats it, and twists it; the five hundred girls stand by to feed him, or take the material from him, when he has had his will of it. There is something frightful in the vastness as in the minuteness of this power. Every thread writhes and twirls as the steam-fate orders it,—every thread, of which it would take a hundred to make the thickness of a hair.

I have seldom, I think, seen more good looks than amongst the young women employed in this place. They work for twelve hours daily, in rooms of which the heat is intolerable to a stranger; but in spite of it they looked gay, stout, and healthy; nor were their forms much concealed by the very simple clothes they wear while in the mill.

The stranger will be struck by the good looks not only of these spinsters, but of almost all the young women in the streets. I never saw a town where so many women are to be met—so many and

so pretty: with and without bonnets, with good figures, in neat homely shawls and dresses; the grisettes of Belfast are among the handsomest ornaments of it, and as good, no doubt, and irreproachable in morals as their sisters in the rest of Ireland.

Many of the merchants' counting-houses are crowded in little old-fashioned "entries," or courts, such as one sees about the Bank in London. In and about these, and in the principal streets in the day-time, is a great activity, and homely unpretending bustle. The men have a business look too, and one sees very few flaunting dandies, as in Dublin. The shopkeepers do not brag upon their signboards, or keep "emporiums," as elsewhere,—their places of business being for the most part homely; though one may see some splendid shops, which are not to be surpassed by London. The docks and quays are busy with their craft and shipping, upon the beautiful borders of the Lough;—the large red warehouses stretching along the shores, with ships loading, or unloading, or building, hammers clang, pitch-pots flaming and boiling, seamen cheering in the ships, or lolling lazily on the shore. The life and movement of a port, here give the stranger plenty to admire and observe. And nature has likewise

done everything for the place—surrounding it with picturesque hills and water ;—for which latter I must confess I was not very sorry to leave the town behind me, and its mills, and its meeting-houses, and its commerce, and its theologians, and its politicians.



CHAPTER XIII.

BELFAST TO THE CAUSEWAY.

THE Lough of Belfast has a reputation for beauty, almost as great as that of the Bay of Dublin ; but though, on the day I left Belfast for Larne, the morning was fine, and the sky clear and blue above, an envious mist lay on the water, which hid all its beauties from the dozen of passengers on the Larne coach. All we could see were ghostly-looking *silhouettes* of ships gliding here and there through the clouds ; and I am sure the coachman's remark was quite correct, that it was a pity the day was so misty. I found myself, before I was aware, entrapped into a theological controversy with two grave gentlemen outside the coach—another fog, which did not subside much before we reached Carrickfergus. The road from the Ulster capital to that little town seemed meanwhile to be extremely lively ; cars and omnibuses passed thickly peopled :

For some miles along the road is a string of handsome country-houses, belonging to the rich citizens of the town ; and we passed by neat-looking churches and chapels, factories and rows of cottages clustered round them, like villages of old at the foot of feudal castles. Furthermore it was hard to see, for the mist which lay on the water had enveloped the mountains too, and we only had a glimpse or two of smiling comfortable fields and gardens.

Carrickfergus rejoices in a real romantic-looking castle, jutting bravely into the sea, and famous as a back-ground for a picture. It is of use for little else now, luckily, nor has it been put to any real war-like purposes since the day when honest Thurot stormed, took, and evacuated it. Let any romancer who is in want of a hero, peruse the second volume, or it may be the third, of the Annual Register, where the adventures of that gallant fellow are related. He was a gentleman, a genius, and, to crown all, a smuggler. He lived for some time in Ireland, and in England in disguise ; he had love passages and romantic adventures ; he landed a body of his countrymen on these shores, and died in the third volume, after a battle gallantly fought on both sides, but in which victory rested with the British arms. What can a novelist want more ? William III. also

landed here ; and as for the rest—"M'Skimin, the accurate and laborious historian of the town, informs us that the founding of the castle is lost in the depths of antiquity :"—it is pleasant to give a little historic glance at a place as one passes through. The above facts may be relied on, as coming from Messrs. Curry's excellent new Guide-book, with the exception of the history of Mons. Thurot, which is "private information," drawn years ago from the scarce work previously mentioned. By the way, another excellent companion to the traveller in Ireland is the collection of the *Irish Penny Magazine*, which may be purchased for a guinea, and contains a mass of information regarding the customs and places of the country. Willis's work is amusing, as everything is, written by that lively author, and the engravings accompanying it as unfaithful as any ever made.

Meanwhile, asking pardon for this double digression, which has been made while the guard-coachman is delivering his mail-bags—while the landlady stands looking on in the sun, her hands folded a little below the waist—while a company of tall burly troops from the castle has passed by, "surrounded" by a very mean, mealy-faced, uneasy-looking, little subaltern—

while the poor, epileptic idiot of the town, wallowing and grinning in the road, and snorting out supplications for a halfpenny, has tottered away in possession of the coin ;—meanwhile, fresh horses are brought out, and the small boy who acts behind the coach, makes an unequal and disagreeable tootooing on a horn kept to warn sleepy carmen, and celebrate triumphal entries into and exits from cities. As the mist clears up, the country shows round about wild but friendly ; at one place we passed a village, where a crowd of well-dressed people were collected at an auction of farm-furniture, and many more figures might be seen coming over the fields and issuing from the mist : the owner of the carts and machines is going to emigrate to America. Presently we come to the demesne of Red Hall, “through which is a pretty drive of upwards of a mile in length : it contains a rocky glen, the bed of a mountain stream—which is perfectly dry, except in winter—and the woods about it are picturesque, and it is occasionally the resort of summer-parties of pleasure.” Nothing can be more just than the first part of the description, and there is very little doubt that the latter paragraph is equally faithful ;—with which we come to Larne, a “most thriving town,” the same authority says, but a most

dirty and narrow-streeted and ill-built one. Some of the houses reminded one of the south, as thus.—



A benevolent fellow-passenger said that the window was “a convenience ;” and here, after a drive of nineteen miles upon a comfortable coach, we were transferred with the mail-bags to a comfortable car that makes the journey to Ballycastle. There is no harm in saying that there was a very pretty smiling buxom young lass for a travelling companion ; and somehow to a lonely person, the landscape always looks prettier in such society. The “Antrim coast road,” which we now, after a few miles, begin to follow, besides being one of the most noble and gallant works of art that is to be seen in any country, is likewise a route highly picturesque and romantic ; the sea spreading wide before the spectator’s eyes upon one side of the route ;—the tall cliffs

of limestone rising abruptly above him on the other. There are in the map of Curry's Guide-book, points indicating castle and abbey ruins in the vicinity of Glenarm ; and the little place looked so comfortable, as we abruptly came upon it round a rock, that I was glad to have an excuse for staying, and felt an extreme curiosity with regard to the abbey and the castle.

The abbey only exists in the unromantic shape of a wall ; the castle, however, far from being a ruin, is an antique in the most complete order—an old castle repaired so as to look like new, and increased by modern wings, towers, gables, and terraces, so extremely old that the whole forms a grand and imposing-looking baronial edifice, towering above the little town which it seems to protect, and with which it is connected by a bridge and a severe-looking armed tower and gate. In the town is a town-house with a campanile in the Italian taste, and a school or chapel opposite, in the early English ; so that the inhabitants can enjoy a considerable architectural variety. A grave-looking church with a beautiful steeple stands amid some trees, hard by a second handsome bridge and the little quay ; and here, too, was perched a poor little wandering theatre (gallery 1*d.*, pit 2*d.*), and proposing that

night to play “Bombastes Furioso, and the Comic Bally of Glenarm in an Uproar.” I heard the thumping of the drum in the evening, but, as at Roundwood, nobody patronised the poor players : at nine o’clock there was not a single taper lighted under their awning, and my heart (perhaps it is too susceptible) bled for Fusbos.

The severe gate of the castle was opened by a kind, good-natured, old porteress, instead of a rough gallowglass with a battle-axe and yellow shirt, (more fitting guardian of so stern a postern,) and the old dame insisted upon my making an application to see the grounds of the castle, which request was very kindly granted, and afforded a delightful half-hour’s walk. The grounds are beautiful, and excellently kept ; the trees in their autumn livery of red, yellow, and brown, except some stout ones that keep to their green summer clothes, and the laurels and their like, who wear pretty much the same dress all the year round. The birds were singing with most astonishing vehemence in the dark glistening shrubberies ; but the only sound in the walks was that of the rakes pulling together the falling leaves. There was of these walks one especially, flanked towards the river by a turreted wall covered with ivy, and having on the one side a row of lime trees that had turned

quite yellow, while opposite them was a green slope, and a quaint terrace-stair, and a long range of fantastic gables, towers, and chimnies;—there was, I say, one of these walks which Mr. Cattermole would hit off with a few strokes of his gallant pencil, and which I could fancy to be frequented by some of those long-trained, tender, gentle-looking, young beauties, whom Mr. Stone loves to design.—Here they come, talking of love in a tone that is between a sigh and a whisper, and gliding in rustling shot silks over the fallen leaves.

There seemed to be a good deal of stir in the little port, where, says the Guide-book, a couple of hundred vessels take in cargoes annually of the produce of the district. Stone and lime are the chief articles exported, of which the cliffs for miles give an unfailing supply; and, as one travels the mountains at night, the kilns may be seen lighted up in the lonely places, and flaring red in the darkness.

If the road from Larne to Glenarm is beautiful, the coast route from the latter place to Cushendall is still more so; and, except peerless Westport, I have seen nothing in Ireland so picturesque as this noble line of coast-scenery. The new road, luckily,

is not yet completed, and the lover of natural beauties had better hasten to the spot in time, ere by flattening and improving the road, and leading it along the sea-shore, half the magnificent prospects are shut out, now visible from along the mountainous old road, which, according to the good old fashion, gallantly takes all the hills in its course, disdaining to turn them. At three miles' distance, near the village of Cairlough, Glenarm looks more beautiful than when you are close upon it; and, as the car travels on, to the stupendous Garron Head, the traveller, looking back, has a view of the whole line of coast southward as far as Isle Magee, with its bays and white villages, and tall precipitous cliffs, green, white, and gray. Eyes left, you may look with wonder at the mountains rising above, or presently at the pretty park and grounds of Drumnasole. Here, near the woods of Nappan, which are dressed in ten thousand colours —ash leaves turned yellow, nut trees red, birch leaves brown, lime leaves speckled over with black spots (marks of a disease which they will never get over), stands a school-house that looks like a French château, having probably been a villa in former days, and discharges as we pass a cluster of fair-haired children that begin running madly down the hill, their fair hair streaming behind them. Down the

hill goes the car madly, too, and you wonder and bless your stars that the horse does not fall, or crush the children that are running before, or you that are sitting behind. Every now and then, at a trip of the horse, a disguised lady's-maid with a canary bird in her lap, and a vast anxiety about her best bonnet in the band-box, begins to scream ; at which the car-boy grins, and rattles down the hill only the quicker. The road, which almost always skirts the hill side, has been torn sheer through the rock here and there ; and immense work of levelling, shovelling, picking, blasting, filling, is going on along the whole line. As I was looking up a vast cliff decorated with patches of green here and there at its summit, and at its base, where the sea had beaten until now, with long, thin, waving grass, that I told a grocer, my neighbour, was like mermaids' hair (though he did not in the least coincide in the simile)—as I was looking up the hill admiring two goats that were browsing on a little patch of green, and two sheep perched yet higher (I had never seen such agility in mutton)—as I say once more, I was looking at these phenomena, the grocer nudges me, and says, “ *Look on to this side—that's Scotland, yon.* ” If ever this book reaches a second edition, a sonnet shall be inserted in this place, describing the author's feelings

ON HIS FIRST VIEW OF SCOTLAND. Meanwhile, Scotch mountains remain undisturbed, looking blue and solemn, far away in the placid sea.

Rounding Garron Head, we come upon the inlet which is called Red Bay, the shores and sides of which are of red clay that has taken the place of limestone, and towards which, between two noble ranges of mountains, stretches a long green plain, forming, together with the hills that protect it and the sea that washes it, one of the most beautiful landscapes of this most beautiful country. A fair writer whom the Guide-book quotes, breaks out into strains of admiration in speaking of this district, calls it “Switzerland in miniature,” celebrates its mountains of Glenariff and Lurgethan, and lauds, in terms of equal admiration, the rivers, waterfalls, and other natural beauties that lie within the glen.

The writer’s enthusiasm regarding this tract of country is quite warranted, nor can any praise in admiration of it be too high; but, alas! in calling a place “Switzerland in miniature,” do we describe it? In joining together cataracts, valleys, rushing streams, and blue mountains, with all the emphasis and picturesqueness of which type is capable, we cannot get near to a copy of Nature’s sublime countenance; and the writer can’t hope to describe such

grand sights so as to make them visible to the fire-side reader, but can only, to the best of his taste and experience, warn the future traveller where he may look out for objects to admire. I think this sentiment has been repeated a score of times in this journal; but it comes upon one at every new display of beauty and magnificence, such as here the Almighty in his bounty has set before us; and every such scene seems to warn one, that it is not made to talk about too much, but to think of, and love, and be grateful for.

Rounding this beautiful bay and valley, we passed by some caves that penetrate deep into the red rock, and are inhabited—one by a blacksmith, whose forge was blazing in the dark; one by cattle; and one by an old woman that has sold whiskey here for time out of mind. The road then passes under an arch cut in the rock by the same spirited individual who has cleared away many of the difficulties in the route to Glenarm, and beside a conical hill, where for some time previous have been visible the ruins of the “ancient ould castle” of Red Bay. At a distance, it looks very grand upon its height; but on coming close it has dwindled down to a mere wall, and not a high one. Hence, quickly we reach Cushendall, where the grocer’s family are on the

look-out for him ; the driver begins to blow his little bugle, and the disguised lady's-maid begins to smooth her bonnet and hair.

At this place, a good dinner of fresh whiting, broiled bacon, and small beer was served up to me for the sum of eightpence, while the lady's-maid in question took her tea. "This town is full of Papists," said her ladyship, with an extremely genteel air ; and, either in consequence of this, or because she ate up one of the fish, which she had clearly no right to, a disagreement arose between us, and we did not exchange another word for the rest of the journey. The road led us for fourteen miles by wild mountains and across a fine aqueduct to Ballycastle ; but it was dark as we left Cushendall, and it was difficult to see more in the gray evening but that the country was savage and lonely, except where the kilns were lighted up here and there in the hills, and a shining river might be seen winding in the dark ravines. Not far from Ballycastle lies a little old ruin, called the Abbey of Bonamargy ; by it the Margy river runs into the sea, upon which you come suddenly ; and on the shore are some tall buildings and factories, that looked as well in the moonlight as if they had not been in ruins ; and hence, a fine avenue of limes leads to Ballycastle. They must have been

planted at the time recorded in the Guide-book, when a mine was discovered near the town, and the works and warehouses on the quay erected. At present, the place has little trade, and half a dozen carts with apples, potatoes, dried fish, and turf, seem to contain the commerce of the market.



The picturesque sort of vehicle which is here designed, is said to be going much out of fashion in the country, the solid wheels giving place to those common to the rest of Europe. A fine and edifying conversation took place between the designer and the owner of the vehicle. "Stand still for a minute, you and the car, and I will give you twopence!" "What do you want to do with it?" says the latter. "To draw it." "To *draw* it?" says he, with a

wild look of surprise, “and is it you ’ll draw it?” “I mean, I want to take a picture of it; you know what a picture is?” “No, I don’t.” “Here’s one,” says I, showing him a book. “O faith, sir,” says the carman, drawing back rather alarmed, “I’m no scholar!” and he concluded by saying, “*Will you buy the turf, or will you not?*” by which straightforward question he showed himself to be a real practical man of sense; and, as he got an unsatisfactory reply to this query, he forthwith gave a lash to his pony, and declined to wait a minute longer. As for the twopence, he certainly accepted that handsome sum, and put it into his pocket, but with an air of extreme wonder at the transaction, and of contempt for the giver, which very likely was perfectly justifiable. I have seen men despised in genteel companies with not half so good a cause.

In respect to the fine arts, I am bound to say, that the people in the South and West showed much more curiosity and interest with regard to a sketch and its progress, than has been shown by the *badauds* of the North; the former looking on by dozens, and exclaiming, “That’s Frank Mahony’s house!” or, “Look at Biddy Mullins and the child!” or, “He’s taking off the chimney now!” as

the case may be; whereas, sketching in the North, I have collected no such spectators, the people not taking the slightest notice of the transaction.

The little town of Ballycastle does not contain much to occupy the traveller: behind the church stands a ruined old mansion with round turrets, that must have been a stately tower in former days. The town is more modern, but almost as dismal as the tower. A little street behind it slides off into a potato field—the peaceful barrier of the place; and hence I could see the tall rock of Bengore, with the sea beyond it, and a pleasing landscape stretching towards it.

Dr. Hamilton's elegant and learned book has an awful picture of yonder head of Bengore; and hard by it the Guide-book says is a coal-mine, where Mr. Barrow found a globular stone hammer, which he infers was used in the coal-mine before weapons of iron were invented. The former writer insinuates that the mine must have been worked more than a thousand years ago, “before the turbulent chaos of events that succeeded the eighth century.” Shall I go and see a coal-mine that may have been worked a thousand years since? Why go see it? says idleness: to be able to say that I have seen it. Sheri-

dan's advice to his son here came into my mind* ; and I shall reserve a description of the mine, and an antiquarian dissertation regarding it, for publication elsewhere.

Ballycastle must not be left without recording the fact, that one of the snuggest inns in the country is kept by the post-master there ; who has also a stable full of good horses for travellers who take his little inn on the way to the Giant's Causeway.

The road to the Causeway is bleak, wild, and hilly. The cabins along the road are scarcely better than those of Kerry, the inmates as ragged, and more fierce and dark-looking. I never was so pestered by juvenile beggars, as in the dismal village of Ballintoy. A crowd of them rushed after the car, calling for money in a fierce manner, as if it was their right : dogs as fierce as the children came yelling after the vehicle ; and the faces which scowled out of the black cabins were not a whit more good-humoured. We passed by one or two more clumps of cabins, with their turf and corn-stacks lying together at the foot of the hills ; placed there for the convenience of the children, doubtless, who

* "I want to go into a coal-mine," says Tom Sheridan, "in order to say I have been there." "Well, then, say so," replied the admirable father.

can thus accompany the car either way, and shriek out their “ Bonny gentleman, gie us a hap’ny.” A couple of churches, one with a pair of its pinnacles blown off, stood in the dismal open country ; and a gentleman’s house here and there : there were no tress about them, but a brown grass round about—hills rising and falling in front, and the sea beyond. The occasional view of the coast was noble ; wild Bengore towering eastwards as we went along ; Raghery Island before us, in the steep rocks and caves of which Bruce took shelter when driven from yonder Scottish coast, that one sees stretching blue in the north-east.

I think this wild gloomy tract through which one passes, is a good prelude for what is to be the great sight of the day ; and got my mind to a proper state of awe by the time we were near the journey’s end ; and turning away shorewards by the fine house of Sir Francis Macnaghten, went towards a lone handsome inn, that stands close to the Causeway. The landlord at Ballycastle had lent me Hamilton’s book, to read on the road ; but I had no time then to read more than half a dozen pages of it. They described how the author, a clergyman distinguished as a man of science, had been thrust out of a friend’s house by the frightened servants one wild night,

and butchered by some White Boys, who were waiting outside, and called for his blood. I had been told at Belfast, that there was a corpse in the inn ; was it there now ? It had driven off, the car-boy said, “ in a handsome hearse and four to Dublin the whole way.” It was gone, but I thought the house looked as if the ghost was there. See, yonder are the black rocks stretching to Port-Rush ; how leaden and gray the sea looks ! how gray and leaden the sky ! You hear the waters roaring evermore, as they have done since the beginning of the world. The car drives up with a dismal grinding noise of the wheels to the big lone house ; there’s no smoke in the chimneys ; the doors are locked ; three savage-looking men rush after the car : are they the men who took out Mr. Hamilton—took him out and butchered him in the moonlight ? Is everybody, I wonder, dead in that big house ? Will they let us in before those men are up ? Out comes a pretty smiling girl, with a curtsey, just as the savages are at the car, and you are ushered into a very comfortable room ; and the men turn out to be guides. Well, thank Heaven it’s no worse ! I had fifteen pounds still left ; and, when desperate, have no doubt should fight like a lion.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE GIANT'S CAUSEWAY—COLERAINE—PORTRUSH.

THE traveller no sooner issues from the inn, by a back door, which he is informed will lead him straight to the Causeway, than the guides pounce upon him, with a dozen rough boatmen, who are likewise lying in wait ; and a crew of shrill beggar-boys, with boxes of spars, ready to tear him and each other to pieces seemingly, yell and bawl incessantly round him. “I’m the guide Miss Henry recommends,” shouts one ; “I’m Mr. Macdonald’s guide,” pushes in another ; “This way,” roars a third, and drags his prey down a precipice ; the rest of them clambering and quarreling after. I had no friends, I was perfectly helpless, I wanted to walk down to the shore by myself, but they would not let me, and I had nothing for it but to yield myself into the hands of the guide who had seized me, who hurried me down the steep to a little wild bay,

flanked on each side by rugged cliffs and rocks, against which the waters came tumbling, frothing, and roaring furiously. Upon some of these black rocks two or three boats were lying; four men seized a boat, pushed it shouting into the water, and ravished me into it. We had slid between two rocks, where the channel came gurgling in; we were up one swelling wave that came in a huge advancing body ten feet above us, and were plunging madly down another, (the descent causes a sensation in the lower regions of the stomach, which it is not at all necessary here to describe,) before I had leisure to ask myself why the deuce I was in that boat, with four rowers hurrooing and bounding madly from one huge liquid mountain to another—four rowers whom I was bound to pay. I say, the query came qualmishly across me, why the devil I was there, and why not walking calmly on the shore.

The guide began pouring his professional jargon into my ears.—“Every one of them bays,” says he, “has a name (take my place, and the spray won’t come over you); that is Port Noffer, and the next, Port na Gange; them rocks is the Stookawns (for every rock has his name as well as every bay); and yonder—give way, my boys,—hurray, we’re over it now, has it wet you much, sir?—that’s the little

cave ; it goes five hundred feet under ground, and the boats goes in it easy of a calm day.”

“ Is it a fine day or a rough one, now ? ” said I ; the internal disturbance going on with more severity than ever.

“ It ’s betwixt and between ; or, I may say, neither one nor the other. Sit up, sir ; look at the entrance of the cave : don ’t be afraid, sir ; never has an accident happened in any one of these boats, and the most delicate ladies has rode in them on rougher days than this. Now, boys, pull to the big cave ; that, sir, is six hundred and sixty yards in length, though some says it goes for miles inland, where the people sleeping in their houses hears the waters roaring under them.”

The water was tossing and tumbling into the mouth of the little cave. I looked,—for the guide would not let me alone till I did,—and saw what might be expected ;—a black hole of some forty feet high, into which it was no more possible to see than into a mill-stone. “ For Heaven’s sake, sir,” says I, “ if you ’ve no particular wish to see the mouth of the big cave, put about and let us see the Causeway and get ashore.” This was done, the guide meanwhile telling some story of a ship of the Spanish Armada having fired her guns at two peaks of rock,

then visible, which the crew mistook for chimney-pots—what benighted fools these Spanish Armadilloes must have been—it is easier to see a rock than a chimney-pot ; it is easy to know that chimney-pots do not grow on rocks :—but where, if you please, is the Causeway ?

“ That’s the Causeway before you,” says the guide.

“ Which ? ”

“ That pier which you see jutting out into the bay, right a-head.”

“ Mon Dieu ! and have I travelled a hundred and fifty miles to see *that* ? ”

I declare, upon my conscience, the barge moored at Hungerford-market is a more majestic object, and seems to occupy as much space. As for telling a man that the Causeway is merely a part of the sight ; that he is there for the purpose of examining the surrounding scenery ; that if he looks to the westward he will see Portrush and Donegal-head before him ; that the cliffs immediately in his front are green in some places, black in others, interspersed with blotches of brown and streaks of verdure ;—what is all this to a lonely individual lying sick in a boat, between two immense waves that only give him momentary glimpses of the land in question, to show that it is frightfully near,

and yet you are an hour from it ? They won't let you go away—that cursed guide *will* tell out his stock of legends and stories. The boatmen insist upon your looking at boxes of “specimens,” which you must buy of them ; they laugh as you grow paler and paler ; they offer you more and more “specimens ;” even the dirty lad who pulls number three, and is not allowed by his comrades to speak, puts in *his* oar, and hands you over a piece of Irish diamond (it looks like half-sucked-alicompayne), and scorns you. “Hurray, lads, now for it, give way !” how the oars do hurtle in the rullocks, as the boat goes up an aqueous mountain, and then down into one of those cursed maritime valleys where there is no rest as on shore !

At last, after they had pulled me enough about, and sold me all the boxes of specimens, I was permitted to land at the spot whence we set out, and whence, though we had been rowing for an hour, we had never been above five hundred yards distant. Let all Cockneys take warning from this ; let the solitary one, caught issuing from the back door of the hotel, shout at once to the boatmen to be gone—that he will have none of them. Let him, at any rate, go first down to the water to determine whether it be smooth enough to allow him to take any decent pleasure by riding on its surface. For after all, it

must be remembered that it *is* pleasure we come for—that we are not *obliged* to take those boats.—Well, well ! I paid ten shillings for mine, and ten minutes before would cheerfully have paid five pounds to be allowed to quit it : it was no hard bargain after all. As for the boxes of spar and specimens, I at once, being on terra firma, broke my promise, and said I would see them all —— first. It is wrong to swear, I know ; but sometimes it relieves one *so* much !

The first act on shore, was to make a sacrifice to Sanctissima Tellus ; offering up to her a neat and becoming Taglioni coat, bought for a guinea in Covent Garden only three months back. I sprawled on my back on the smoothest of rocks that is, and tore the elbows to pieces : the guide picked me up ; the boatmen did not stir, for they had had their will of me ; the guide alone picked me up, I say, and bade me follow him. We went across a boggy ground in one of the little bays, round which rise the green walls of the cliff, terminated on either side by a black crag, and the line of the shore washed by the poluphlosboiotic, nay, the poluphlosboiotatotic sea. Two beggars stepped over the bog after us, howling for money, and each holding up a cursed box of specimens. No oaths, threats, entreaties, would drive

this vermin away ; for some time the whole scene had been spoilt by the incessant and abominable jargon of them, the boatmen, and the guides. I was obliged to give them money to be left in quiet ; and if, as no doubt will be the case, the Giant's Causeway shall be a still greater resort of travellers than ever, the county must put policemen on the rocks to keep the beggars away, or fling them in the water when they appear.

And now, by force of money, having got rid of the sea and land beggars, you are at liberty to examine at your leisure the wonders of the place. There is not the least need for a guide to attend the stranger, unless the latter have a mind to listen to a parcel of legends, which may be well from the mouth of a wild simple peasant who believes in his tales ; but are odious from a dullard who narrates them at the rate of sixpence a lie. Fee him and the other beggars, and at last you are left tranquil to look at the strange scene with your own eyes, and enjoy your own thoughts at leisure.

That is, if the thoughts awakened by such a scene may be called enjoyment ; but for me, I confess, they are too near akin to fear to be pleasant ; and I don't know that I would desire to change that sensation of awe and terror which the hour's walk

occasioned, for a greater familiarity with this wild, sad, lonely place. The solitude is awful. I can't understand how those chattering guides dare to lift up their voices here, and cry for money.

It looks like the beginning of the world, somehow: the sea looks older than in other places, the hills and rocks strange, and formed differently from other rocks and hills—as those vast dubious monsters were formed who possessed the earth before man. The hill-tops are shattered into a thousand cragged fantastical shapes; the water comes swelling into scores of little strange creeks, or goes off with a leap, roaring into those mysterious caves yonder, which penetrate who knows how far into our common world? The savage rock-sides are painted of a hundred colours. Does the sun ever shine here? When the world was moulded and fashioned out of formless chaos, this must have been the *bit over*—a remnant of chaos! Think of that!—it is a tailor's simile. Well, I am a Cockney: I wish I were in Pall-Mall! Yonder is a kelp-burner; a lurid smoke from his burning kelp rises up to the leaden sky, and he looks as naked and fierce as Cain. Bubbling up out of the rocks at the very brim of the sea rises a little crystal spring: how comes it there? and there is an old gray hag beside

it, who has been there for hundreds and hundreds of years, and there sits and sells whiskey at the extremity of creation ! How do you dare to sell whiskey there, old woman ? Did you serve old Saturn with a glass when he lay along the Causeway here ? In reply, she says, she has no change for a shilling : she never has ; but her whiskey is good.'

This is not a description of the Giant's Causeway (as some clever critic will remark), but of a Londoner there, who is by no means so interesting an object as the natural curiosity in question. That single hint is sufficient ; I have not a word more to say. " If," says he, " you cannot describe the scene lying before us—if you cannot state from your personal observation that the number of basaltic pillars composing the Causeway has been computed at about forty thousand, which vary in diameter, their surface presenting the appearance of a tesselated pavement of polygonal stones—that each pillar is formed of several distinct joints, the concave end of the one being accurately fitted into the concave of the next, and the length of the joints varying from five feet to four inches—that although the pillars are polygonal, there is but one of three sides in the whole forty thousand (think of that !), but three of nine sides, and that it may be safely computed that ninety-nine

out of one hundred pillars have either five, six, or seven sides ;—if you cannot state something useful, you had much better, sir, retire and get your dinner.”

Never was summons more gladly obeyed. The dinner must be ready by this time ; so, remain you, and look on at the awful scene, and copy it down in words if you can. If at the end of the trial you are dissatisfied with your skill as a painter, and find that the biggest of your words cannot render the hues and vastness of that tremendous swelling sea—of those lean solitary crags standing rigid along the shore, where they have been watching the ocean ever since it was made—of those gray towers of Dunluce standing upon a leaden rock, and looking as if some old, old princess, of old, old fairy times, were dragon-guarded within—of yon flat stretches of sand where the Scotch and Irish mermaids hold conference—come away too, and prate no more about the scene ! There is that in nature, dear Jenkins, which passes even our powers. We can feel the beauty of a magnificent landscape, perhaps ; but we can describe a leg of mutton and turnips better. Come, then, this scene is for our betters to depict. If Mr. Tennyson were to come hither for a month, and brood over the place, he might, in some of those lofty heroic lines which the Author of the “Morte

d'Arthur" knows how to pile up, convey to the reader a sense of this gigantic desolate scene. What ! you, too, are a poet ? Well then, Jenkins, stay ! but believe me, you had best take my advice, and come off.

The worthy landlady made her appearance with the politest of bows and an apology,—for what does the reader think a lady should apologise in the most lonely rude spot in the world?—because a plain servant-woman was about to bring in the dinner, the waiter being absent on leave at Coleraine ! O heaven and earth ! where will the genteel end ? I replied philosophically, that I did not care twopence for the plainness or beauty of the waiter, but that it was the dinner I looked to, the frying whereof made a great noise in the huge lonely house ; and it must be said, that though the lady *was* plain, the repast was exceedingly good. "I have expended my little all," says the landlady, stepping in with a speech after dinner, "in the building of this establishment ; and though to a man its profits may appear small, to such a *being* as I am it will bring, I trust, a sufficient return ;" and on my asking her why she took the place, she replied, that she had always, from her earliest youth, a fancy to dwell in that spot, and had

accordingly realised her wish by building this hotel —this mausoleum. In spite of the bright fire, and the good dinner, and the good wine, it was impossible to feel comfortable in the place; and when the car wheels were heard, I jumped up with joy to take my departure and forget the awful lonely shore, that wild, dismal, genteel inn. A ride over a wide gusty country, in a gray, misty, half-moonlight, the loss of a wheel at Bushmills, and the escape from a tumble, were the delightful varieties after the late awful occurrences. “Such a being” as I am, would die of loneliness in that hotel; and so let all brother Cockneys be warned.

Some time before we came to it, we saw the long line of mist that lay above the Bann, and coming through a dirty suburb of low cottages, passed down a broad street with gas and lamps in it (thank Heaven, there are people once more!) and at length drove up in state, across a gas-pipe, in a market-place, before an hotel in the town of Coleraine, famous for linen and for Beautiful Kitty, who must be old and ugly now, for it’s a good five-and-thirty years since she broke her pitcher, according to Mr. Moore’s account of her. The scene as we entered the Diamond was rather a lively one—a score of little stalls were brilliant with lights; the people were

thronging in the place, making their Saturday bargains ; the town clock began to toll nine ; and hark ! faithful to a minute, the horn of the Derry mail was heard too-tooing, and four commercial gentlemen, with Scotch accents, rushed into the hotel at the same time with myself.

Among the beauties of Coleraine may be mentioned the price of beef, which a gentleman told me may be had for fourpence a pound ; and I saw him purchase an excellent codfish for a shilling. I am bound, too, to state for the benefit of aspiring radicals, what two conservative citizens of the place stated to me, viz. :—that though there were two conservative candidates then canvassing the town, on account of a vacancy in the representation, the voters were so truly liberal that they would elect any person of any other political creed, who would simply bring money enough to purchase their votes. There are 220 voters, it appears ; of whom it is not, however, necessary to “argue” with more than fifty, who alone are open to conviction ; but as parties are pretty equally balanced, the votes of the quinquagint, of course, carry an immense weight with them. Well, this is all discussed calmly standing on an inn-steps, with a jolly landlord and a professional man of the town, to give the information. So, Heaven bless us, the

ways of London are beginning to be known even here. Gentility has already taken up her seat in the Giant's Causeway, where she apologises for the plainness of her look ; and, lo ! here is bribery as bold as in the most civilised places—hundreds and hundreds of miles away from St. Stephen's and Pall-Mall. I wonder, in that little island of Raghery, so wild and lonely, whether civilisation is beginning to dawn upon them ?—whether they bribe and are genteel ? But for the rough sea of yesterday, I think I would have fled thither to make the trial.

The town of Coleraine, with a number of cabin suburbs belonging to it, lies picturesquely grouped on the Bann river ; and the whole of the little city was echoing with psalms as I walked through it on the Sunday morning. The piety of the people seems remarkable ; some of the inns even will not receive travellers on Sunday ; and this is written in an hotel, of which every room is provided with a testament, containing an injunction on the part of the landlord to consider this world itself as only a passing abode. Is it well that Boniface should furnish his guests with bibles as well as bills, and sometimes shut his door on a traveller who has no other choice but to read it on a Sunday ? I heard of a gentleman arriving from ship-board at Kilrush on a Sunday, when the pious

hotel-keeper refused him admittance ; and some more tales, which to go into would require the introduction of private names and circumstances, but would tend to show that the Protestant of the north is as much priest-ridden as the Catholic of the south ;—priest and old woman-ridden, for there are certain exponents of doctrine in our church, who are not, I believe, to be found in the church of Rome ; and woe betide the stranger who comes to settle in these parts, if his “ seriousness ” be not satisfactory to the heads (with false fronts to most of them) of the congregations.

Look at that little snug harbour of Portrush ; a hideous new castle standing on a rock protects it on one side, a snug row of gentlemen’s cottages curves round the shore facing northwards, a bath-house, an hotel, more smart houses, face the beach westward, defended by another mound of rocks. In the centre of the little town stands a new-built church ; and the whole place has an air of comfort and neatness which is seldom seen in Ireland. One would fancy that all the tenants of these pretty snug habitations, sheltered in this nook far away from the world, have nothing to do but to be happy, and spend their little comfortable means in snug little hospitalities among one another, and kind little charities among the poor.

What does a man in active life ask for more than to retire to such a competence, to such a snug nook of the world; and there repose with a stock of healthy children round the fireside, a friend within call, and the means of decent hospitality wherewith to treat him?

Let any one meditating this pleasant sort of retreat, and charmed with the look of this or that place as peculiarly suited to his purpose, take a special care to understand his neighbourhood first, before he commit himself, by lease-signing or house-buying. It is not sufficient that you should be honest, kind-hearted, hospitable, of good family—what are your opinions upon religious subjects? Are they such as agree with the notions of old Lady This, or Mrs. That, who are the patronesses of the village? If not, woe betide you! you will be shunned by the rest of the society, thwarted in your attempts to do good, whispered against over evangelical bohea and serious muffins. Lady This will inform every new arrival that you are a reprobate, and lost, and Mrs. That will consign you and your daughters, and your wife (a worthy woman, but, alas! united to that sad worldly man!) to damnation. The clergyman who partakes of the muffins and bohea before mentioned, will very possibly preach

sermons against you from the pulpit: this was not done at Portstewart to my knowledge, but I have had the pleasure of sitting under a minister in Ireland who insulted the very patron who gave him his living, discoursing upon the sinfulness of partridge-shooting, and threatening hell-fire as the last “meet” for fox-hunters; until the squire, one of the best and most charitable resident landlords in Ireland, was absolutely driven out of the church where his fathers had worshipped for hundreds of years, by the insults of this howling evangelical inquisitor.

So much as this I did not hear at Portstewart; but I was told that at yonder neat-looking bath-house *a dying woman* was denied a bath on a Sunday. By a clause of the lease by which the bath-owner rents his establishment, he is forbidden to give baths to any one on the Sunday. The landlord of the inn, forsooth, shuts his gates on the same day, and his conscience on week days will not allow him to supply his guests with whiskey or ardent spirits. I was told by my friend, that because he refused to subscribe for some fancy charity, he received a letter to state that “he spent more in one dinner than in charity in the course of the year.” My worthy friend did not care to contradict the statement, as why should a man deign to meddle with such a lie?

But think how all the fishes, and all the pieces of meat, and all the people who went in and out of his snug cottage by the sea-side must have been watched by the serious round about ! The sea is not more constant roaring there, than scandal is whispering. How happy I felt, while hearing these histories (demure heads in crimped caps peering over the blinds at us as we walked on the beach), to think I am a Cockney, and don't know the name of the man who lives next door to me !

I have heard various stories, of course from persons of various ways of thinking, charging their opponents with hypocrisy, and proving the charge by statements clearly showing that the priests, the preachers, or the professing religionists in question, belied their professions wofully by their practice. But in matters of religion, hypocrisy is so awful a charge to make against a man, that I think it is almost unfair to mention even the cases in which it is proven, and which,—as, pray God, they are but exceptional,—a person should be very careful of mentioning, lest they be considered to apply generally. *Tartuffe* has been always a disgusting play to me to see, in spite of its sense and its wit ; and so, instead of printing, here or elsewhere, a few stories of the *Tartuffe* kind which I have heard in Ireland, the

best way will be to try and forget them. It is an awful thing to say of any man walking under God's sun by the side of us, "You are a hypocrite, lying as you use the Most Sacred Name, knowing that you lie while you use it." Let it be the privilege of any sect that is so minded, to imagine that there is perdition in store for all the rest of God's creatures who do not think with them; but the easy counter-charge of hypocrisy, which the world has been in the habit of making in its turn, is surely just as fatal and bigoted an accusation, as any that the sects make against the world.

What has this disquisition to do apropos of a walk on the beach at Portstewart? Why, it may be made here as well as in other parts of Ireland, or elsewhere as well, perhaps, as here. It is the most priest-ridden of countries; Catholic clergymen lord it over their ragged flocks, as Protestant preachers, lay and clerical, over their more genteel co-religionists. Bound to inculcate peace and good-will, their whole life is one of enmity and distrust.

Walking away from the little bay and the disquisition which has somehow been raging there, we went across some wild dreary highlands to the neighbouring little town of Portrush, where is a neat town and houses, and a harbour, and a new church

too, so like the last named place that I thought for a moment we had only made a round, and were back again at Portstewart. Some gentlemen of the place, and my guide, who had a neighbourly liking for it, showed me the new church, and seemed to be well pleased with the edifice, which is indeed a neat and convenient one, of a rather irregular Gothic. The best thing about the church, I think, was the history of it. The old church had lain some miles off, in the most inconvenient part of the parish, whereupon the clergyman and some of the gentry had raised a subscription in order to build the present church. The expenses had exceeded the estimates, or the subscriptions had fallen short of the sums necessary ; and the church, in consequence, was opened with a debt on it, which the rector and two more of the gentry had taken on their shoulders. The living is a small one, the other two gentlemen going bail for the edifice not so rich as to think light of the payment of a couple of hundred pounds beyond their previous subscriptions—the lists are therefore still open ; and the clergyman expressed himself perfectly satisfied either that he would be reimbursed one day or other, or that he would be able to make out the payment of the money for which he stood engaged. Most of the Roman

Catholic churches that I have seen through the country have been built in this way,—begun when money enough was levied for constructing the foundation, elevated by degrees as fresh subscriptions came in, and finished—by the way, I don't think I *have* seen one finished;—but there is something noble in the spirit (however certain economists may cavil at it) that leads people to commence these pious undertakings with the firm trust that “Heaven will provide.”

Eastwards from Portrush, we came upon a beautiful level sand which leads to the White Rocks, a famous place of resort for the frequenters of the neighbouring watering-places. Here are caves, and for a considerable distance a view of the wild and gloomy Antrim coast as far as Bengore. Midway, jutting into the sea (and I was glad it was so far off), was the Causeway; and nearer, the gray towers of Dunluce.

Looking north, were the blue Scotch hills and the neighbouring Raghery Island. Nearer Portrush are two rocky islands, called the Skerries, of which a sportsman of our party vaunted the capabilities, regretting that my stay was not longer, so that I might land and shoot a few ducks there. This unlucky lateness of the season struck me also as

a most afflicting circumstance. He said also that fish were caught off the island—not fish good to eat, but very strong at pulling, eager of biting, and affording a great deal of sport. And so we turned our backs once more upon the Giant's Causeway, and the grim coast on which it lies; and as my taste in life leads me to prefer looking at the smiling fresh face of a young cheerful beauty rather than at the fierce countenance and high features of a fierce dishevelled Meg Merrilies, I must say again that I was glad to turn my back on that severe part of the Antrim coast, and my steps towards Derry.



CHAPTER XV.

PEG OF LIMAVADDY.

BETWEEN Coleraine and Derry there is a daily car (besides one or two occasional queer-looking coaches), and I had this vehicle with an intelligent driver, and a horse with a hideous raw on his shoulder, entirely to myself for the five-and-twenty miles of our journey. The cabins of Coleraine are not parted with in a hurry, and we crossed the bridge, and went up and down the hills of one of the suburban streets, the Ban flowing picturesquely to our left, a large Catholic chapel, the before-mentioned cabins, and farther on, some neat-looking houses and plantations, to our right. Then we began ascending wide lonely hills, pools of bog shining here and there amongst them, with birds, both black and white, both geese and crows, on the hunt. Some of the stubble was already ploughed up, but by the side of most cottages you saw a black potato field that it

was time to dig now, for the weather was changing and the winds beginning to roar. Woods, whenever we passed them, were flinging round eddies of mustard-coloured leaves; the white trunks of lime and ash trees beginning to look very bare. Then we stopped to give the raw-backed horse water; then we trotted down a hill with a noble bleak prospect of Lough Foyle and the surrounding mountains before us, until we reached the town of Newtown Limavaddy, where the raw-backed horse was exchanged for another not much more agreeable in his appearance, though, like his comrade, not slow on the road.

Newtown Limavaddy is the third town in the county of Londonderry. It comprises three well-built streets, the others are inferior; it is, however, respectably inhabited; all this may be true, as the well-informed Guide-book avers, but I am bound to say that I was thinking of something else as we drove through the town, having fallen eternally in love during the ten minutes of our stay. Yes, Peggy of Limavaddy, if Barrow and Inglis have gone to Connemara to fall in love with the Misses Flynn, let us be allowed to come to Ulster and offer a tribute of praise at your feet—at your stockingless feet, O Margaret! Do you remember the October day ('twas the first day of the hard weather), when

the way-worn traveller entered your inn ? But the circumstances of this passion had better be chronicled in deathless verse.

PEG OF LIMAVADDY.

Riding from Coleraine
(Famed for lovely Kitty),
Came a Cockney bound
Unto Derry city ;

Weary was his soul,
Shivering and sad he
Bump'd along the road
Leads to Limavaddy.

Mountains stretch'd around,
Gloomy was their tinting,
And the horse's hoofs
Made a dismal clinting ;
Wind upon the heath
Howling was and piping,
On the heath and bog,
Black with many a snipe in :
'Mid the bogs of black,
Silver pools were flashing,
Crows upon their sides
Picking were and splashing.
Cockney on the car
Closer folds his plaidy,
Grumbling at the road
Leads to Limavaddy.

Through the crashing woods
Autumn brawl'd and bluster'd,
Tossing round about
Leaves the hue of mustard ;
Yonder lay Lough Foyle,
Which a storm was whipping,
Covering with mist
Lake, and shores, and shipping.
Up and down the hill
(Nothing could be bolder),
Horse went with a raw,
Bleeding on his shoulder.
" Where are horses changed ? "
Said I to the laddy
Driving on the box :
" Sir, at Limavaddy."

Limavaddy inn 's
But a humble baithouse,
Where you may procure
Whiskey and potatoes ;
Landlord at the door
Gives a smiling welcome

To the shivering wights
Who to his hotel come.
Landlady within
Sits and knits a stocking,
With a wary foot
Baby's cradle rocking.

To the chimney nook,
Having found admittance,
There I watch a pup
Playing with two kittens ;
(Playing round the fire,
Which of blazing turf is,
Roaring to the pot [phies) ;
Which bubbles with the mur-
And the cradled babe
Fond the mother nursed it,
Singing it a song
As she twists the worsted !

Up and down the stair
Two more young ones patter
(Twins were never seen
Dirtier nor fatter) ;
Both have mottled legs,
Both have snubby noses,
Both have—Here the host
Kindly interposes :
“Sure you must be froze
With the sleet and hail, sir,
So will you have some punch,
Or will you have some ale, sir ?”

Presently a maid
Enters with the liquor,
(Half a pint of ale
Frothing in a beaker).
Gods ! I didn’t know
What my beating heart meant,
Hebe’s self I thought
Enter’d the apartment.
As she came she smiled,
And the smile bewitching,
On my word and honour,
Lighted all the kitchen !

With a curtsey neat
Greeting the new-comer,
Lovely, smiling Peg
Offers me the rummer ;
But my trembling hand
Up the beaker tilted,
And the glass of ale
Every drop I spilt it :
Spilt it every drop
(Dames, who read my volumes,
Pardon such a word,)
On my whatd’ye call’ems !

Witnessing the sight
Of that dire disaster,
Out began to laugh
Missis, maid, and master ;
Such a merry peal,
‘Specially Miss Peg’s was,
(As the glass of ale
Trickling down my legs was),
That the joyful sound
Of that ringing laughter
Echoed in my ears
Many a long day after.

Such a silver peal !
In the meadows listening,
You who’ve heard the bells
Ringing to a christening ;
You who ever heard
Caradori pretty,
Smiling like an angel
Singing “Giovinetti,”
Fancy Peggy’s laugh,
Sweet, and clear, and cheerful,
At my pantaloons
With half-a-pint of beer full !

When the laugh was done,
 Peg, the pretty hussy,
 Moved about the room
 Wonderfully busy ;
 Now she looks to see
 If the kettle keep hot,

Now she rubs the spoons,
 Now she cleans the teapot ;
 Now she sets the cups
 Trimly and secure,
 Now she scours a pot
 And so it was I drew her.



Thus it was I drew her
 Scouring of a kettle *,
 (Faith ! her blushing cheeks
 Redden'd on the metal !)
 Ah ! but 'tis in vain
 That I try to sketch it ;

The pot perhaps is like,
 But Peggy's face is wretched.
 No : the best of lead,
 And of Indian rubber,
 Never could depict
 That sweet kettle-scrubber !

* The late Mr. Pope represents Camilla as "*scouring the plain*,"

See her as she moves !
 Scarce the ground she touches,
 Airy as a fay,
 Graceful as a duchess ;
 Bare her rounded arm,
 Bare her little leg is,

Vestriss never show'd
 Ankles like to Peggy's ;
 Braided is her hair,
 Soft her look and modest,
 Slim her little waist
 Comfortably boddiced.

This I do declare,
 Happy is the laddy
 Who the heart can share
 Of Peg of Limavaddy ;
 Married if she were,
 Blest would be the daddy
 Of the children fair
 Of Peg of Limavaddy.
 Beauty is not rare
 In the land of Paddy,
 Fair beyond compare
 Is Peg of Limavaddy.

Citizen or squire,
 Tory, Whig, or Radical
 would all desire
 Peg of Limavaddy.
 Had I Homer's fire,
 Or that of Sergeant Taddy,
 Meetly I 'd admire
 Peg of Limavaddy.
 And till I expire,
 Or till I grow mad, I
 Will sing unto my lyre
 Peg of Limavaddy !

an absurd and useless task. Peggy's occupation with the kettle is much more simple and noble. The second line of this poem (whereof the author scorns to deny an obligation), is from the celebrated Frithiof of Esaias Tigner. A maiden is serving warriors to drink, and is standing by a shield — “ Und die Runde des Schildes ward wie das Mägdelein roth,” — perhaps the above is the best thing in both poems.

CHAPTER XVI.

TEMPLEMOYLE—DERRY.

FROM Newtown Limavaddy to Derry, the traveller has many wild and noble prospects of Lough Foyle and the plains and mountains round it, and of scenes which may possibly in this country be still more agreeable to him—of smiling cultivation, and comfortable well-built villages, such as are only too rare in Ireland. Of a great part of this district, the London Companies are landlords—the best of landlords, too, according to the report I could gather ; and their good stewardship shows itself especially in the neat villages of Muff and Ballikelly, through both of which I passed. In Ballikelly, besides numerous simple, stout, brick-built dwellings for the peasantry, with their shining windows and trim garden-plots, is a Presbyterian meeting-house, so well-built, substantial, and handsome, so different from the lean, pretentious, sham-Gothic ecclesiastical edifices which have been erected of late years in Ireland, that it can't fail to strike the

tourist who has made architecture his study or his pleasure. The gentlemen's seats in the district are numerous and handsome; and the whole movement along the road betokened cheerfulness and prosperous activity.

As the carman had no other passengers but myself, he made no objection to carry me a couple of miles out of his way, through the village of Muff, belonging to the Grocers of London, (and so handsomely and comfortably built by them as to cause all Cockneys to exclaim, “Well done our side!”) and thence to a very interesting institution, which was established some fifteen years since in the neighbourhood—the Agricultural Seminary of Templemoyle. It lies on a hill in a pretty wooded country, and is most curiously secluded from the world by the tortuousness of the road which approaches it.

Of course it is not my business to report upon the agricultural system practised there, or to discourse on the state of the land or the crops; the best testimony on this subject is the fact, that the Institution hired, at a small rental, a tract of land, which was reclaimed and farmed, and that of this farm the landlord has now taken possession, leaving the young farmers to labour on a new tract of land for which they pay five times as much rent as for

their former holding. But though a person versed in agriculture could give a far more satisfactory account of the place than one to whom such pursuits are quite unfamiliar, there is a great deal about the establishment which any citizen can remark on ; and he must be a very difficult Cockney indeed who won't be pleased here.

After winding in and out, and up and down, and round about the eminence on which the house stands, we at last found an entrance to it, by a court-yard, neat, well-built, and spacious, where are the stables and numerous offices of the farm. The scholars were at dinner off a comfortable meal of boiled beef, potatoes, and cabbages, when I arrived ; a master was reading a book of history to them ; and silence, it appears, is preserved during the dinner. Seventy scholars were here assembled, some young and some expanded into six feet and whiskers—all, however, are made to maintain exactly the same discipline, whether whiskered or not.

The “head farmer” of the school, Mr. Campbell, a very intelligent Scotch gentleman, was good enough to conduct me over the place and the farm, and to give a history of the establishment and the course pursued there. The Seminary was founded in 1827, by the North-west of Ireland Society, by members

of which and others about three thousand pounds were subscribed, and the buildings of the school erected. These are spacious, simple, and comfortable; there is a good stone house, with airy dormitories, school-rooms, &c., and large and convenient offices. The establishment had, at first, some difficulties to contend with, and for some time did not number more than thirty pupils. At present, there are seventy scholars, paying *ten pounds* a year, with which sum, and the labour of the pupils on the farm, and the produce of it, the school is entirely supported. The reader will, perhaps, like to see an extract from the Report of the school, which contains mere details regarding it.

TEMPLEMOYLE WORK AND SCHOOL TABLE
From 20th March to 23d Sept.

Boys divided into two classes, A and B.

Hours.		At work.	At school.
5 $\frac{1}{2}$ —	All rise.		
6—8	· · · · ·	A · · · ·	B
8—9	Breakfast.		
9—1	· · · · ·	A · · · ·	B
1—2	Dinner and recreation.		
2—6	· · · · ·	B · · · ·	A
6—7	Recreation.		
7—9	Prepare lessons for next day.		
9—	To bed.		

On Tuesday B commences work in the morning and A at school, and so on alternate days.

Each class is again subdivided into three divisions, over each of which is placed a monitor selected from the steadiest and best informed boys ; he receives the Head Farmer's directions as to the work to be done, and superintends his party while performing it.

In winter the time of labour is shortened according to the length of the day, and the hours at school increased.

In wet days, when the boys cannot work out, all are required to attend school.

DIETARY.

BREAKFAST.—Eleven ounces of oatmeal made in stirabout—one pint of sweet milk.

DINNER.—Sunday—Three quarters of a pound of beef stewed with pepper and onions, or one-half pound of corned beef with cabbage, and three and one-half pounds of potatoes.

Monday—One-half pound of pickled beef, three and a half pounds of potatoes—one pint of buttermilk.

Tuesday—Broth made of one-half pound of beef, with leeks, cabbage, and parsley, and three and a half pounds of potatoes.

Wednesday—Two ounces of butter, eight ounces of oatmeal made into bread, three and one-half pounds of potatoes, and one pint of sweet milk.

Thursday—Half a pound of pickled pork, with cabbage or turnips, and three and a half pounds of potatoes.

Friday—Two ounces of butter, eight ounces wheat meal made into bread, one pint of sweet milk or fresh buttermilk, three and a half pounds of potatoes.

Saturday—Two ounces of butter, one pound of potatoes mashed, eight ounces of wheat meal made into bread, two and a half pounds of potatoes, one pint of buttermilk.

SUPPER.—In summer, flummery made of one pound of oatmeal seeds, and one pint of sweet milk. In winter, three and a half pounds of potatoes and one pint of buttermilk or sweet milk.

RULES FOR THE TEMPLEMOYLE SCHOOL.

1.—The pupils are required to say their prayers in the morning, before leaving the dormitory, and at night, before retiring to

rest, each separately, and after the manner to which he has been habituated.

2.—The pupils are required to wash their hands and faces before the commencement of business in the morning, on returning from agricultural labour, and after dinner.

3.—The pupils are required to pay the strictest attention to their instructors, both during the hours of agricultural and literary occupation.

4.—Strife, disobedience, inattention, or any description of riotous or disorderly conduct, is punishable by extra labour or confinement, as directed by the Committee, according to circumstances.

5.—Diligent and respectful behaviour, continued for a considerable time, will be rewarded by occasional permission for the pupil so distinguished to visit his home.

6.—No pupil, on obtaining leave of absence, shall presume to continue it for a longer period than that prescribed to him on leaving the Seminary.

7.—During their rural labour, the pupils are to consider themselves amenable to the authority of their Agricultural Instructor alone, and during their attendance in the school-room, to that of their Literary Instructor alone.

8.—Non-attendance during any part of the time allotted either for literary or agricultural employment, will be punished as a serious offence.

9.—During the hours of recreation the pupils are to be under the superintendence of their instructors, and not suffered to pass beyond the limits of the farm, except under their guidance, or with a written permission from one of them.

10.—The pupils are required to make up their beds and keep those clothes, not in immediate use, neatly folded up in their trunks, and to be particular in never suffering any garment, book, implement, or other article belonging to or used by them, to lie about in a slovenly or disorderly manner.

11.—Respect to superiors, and gentleness of demeanour, both among the pupils themselves and towards the servants and labourers of the establishment, are particularly insisted upon, and will be considered a prominent ground of approbation and reward.

12.—On Sundays the pupils are required to attend their respective places of worship, accompanied by their Instructors or Monitors ; and it is earnestly recommended to them, to employ a part of the remainder of the day in sincerely reading the Word of God, and in such other devotional exercises as their respective ministers may point out.

At certain periods of the year, when all hands are required, such as harvest, &c., the literary labours of the scholars are stopped, and they are all in the field. On the present occasion, we followed them into a potato field, where an army of them were employed digging out the potatoes ; while another regiment were trenching-in elsewhere for the winter : the boys were leading the carts to and fro. To reach the potatoes we had to pass a field, part of which was newly ploughed : the ploughing was the work of the boys, too ; one of them being left with an experienced ploughman for a fortnight at a time, in which space the lad can acquire some practice in the art. Amongst the potatoes and the boys digging them, I observed a number of girls, taking them up as dug and removing the soil from the roots. Such a society for seventy young men, would, in any other country in the world, be not a little dangerous ; but Mr. Campbell said that no instance of harm had ever occurred in consequence, and I believe his statement may be fully relied on : the whole country

bears testimony to this 'noble purity of morals. Is there any other in Europe which in this point can compare with it ?

In winter the farm works do not occupy the pupils so much, and they give more time to their literary studies. They get a good English education ; they are grounded in arithmetic and mathematics ; and I saw a good map of an adjacent farm, made from actual survey by one of the pupils. Some of them are good draughtsmen likewise, but of their performances I could see no specimen, the artists being abroad, occupied wisely in digging the potatoes.

And here, apropos, not of the school but of potatoes, let me tell a potato story, which is, I think, to the purpose, wherever it is told. In the county of Mayo a gentleman by the name of Crofton is a landed proprietor, in whose neighbourhood great distress prevailed among the peasantry during the spring and summer, when the potatoes of the last year were consumed, and before those of the present season were up ; Mr. Crofton, by liberal donations on his own part, and by a subscription which was set on foot among his friends in England as well as in Ireland, was enabled to collect a sum of money sufficient to purchase meal for the people, which was given to them, or sold at very low prices, until

the pressure of want was withdrawn, and the blessed potato crop came in. Some time in October, a smart night's frost made Mr. Crofton think that it was time to take in and pit his own potatoes; and he told his steward to get labourers accordingly.

Next day, on going to the potato-grounds, he found the whole fields swarming with people; the whole crop was out of the ground, and again under it, pitted and covered, and the people gone, in a few hours. It was as if the fairies that we read of in the Irish legends, as coming to the aid of good people and helping them in their labours, had taken a liking to this good landlord, and taken in his harvest for him. Mr. Crofton, who knew who his helpers had been, sent the steward to pay them their day's wages, and to thank them at the same time for having come to help him at a time when their labour was so useful to him. One and all refused a penny; and their spokesman said, "They wished they could do more for the likes of him or his family." I have heard of many conspiracies in this country; is not this one as worthy to be told as any of them?

Round the house of Templemoyle is a pretty garden which the pupils take pleasure in cultivating, filled not with fruit (for this, though there are

seventy gardeners, the superintendent said somehow seldom reached a ripe state) but with kitchen herbs, and a few beds of pretty flowers, such as are best suited to cottage horticulture. Such simple carpenters' and masons' work as the young men can do is likewise confided to them; and though the dietary may appear to the Englishman as rather a scanty one, and though the English lads certainly make at first very wry faces at the stirabout porridge (as they naturally will when first put in the presence of that abominable mixture), yet after a time, strange to say, they begin to find it actually palatable; and the best proof of the excellence of the diet is, that nobody is ever ill in the institution: colds and fevers, the ailments of lazy glutinous gentility, are unknown; and the doctor's bill for the last year, for seventy pupils, amounted to thirty-five shillings. *O beati agricoliculæ!* You do not know what it is to feel a little uneasy after half-a-crown's worth of raspberry-tarts, as lads do at the best public schools; you don't know in what majestic polished hexameters the Roman poet has described your pursuits; you are not fagged and flogged into Latin and Greek at the cost of two hundred pounds a-year. Let these be the privileges of your youthful betters; meanwhile content your-

selves with thinking that you *are* preparing for a profession, while they are *not* ; that you are learning something useful, while they, for the most part, are not ; for after all, as a man grows old in the world, old and fat, cricket is discovered not to be any longer very advantageous to him—even to have pulled in the Trinity boat does not in old age amount to a substantial advantage ; and though to read a Greek play be an immense pleasure, yet it must be confessed few enjoy it. In the first place, of the race of Etonians, and Harrovians, and Carthusians that one meets in the world, very few *can* read the Greek ; of those few—there are not, as I believe, any considerable majority of poets. Stout men in the bow-windows of clubs (for such young Etonians by time become) are not generally remarkable for a taste for Æschylus*. You do not hear much poetry in Westminster Hall, or I believe at the bar-tables afterwards ; and if occasionally, in the House of Commons, Sir Robert Peel lets off a quotation—a pocket-pistol wadded with a leaf torn out of Horace—depend on it it is only to astonish the country gentlemen who don't understand him : and it is my firm conviction that Sir Robert no more cares for poetry than you or I do.

* And then, how much Latin and Greek does the public school-boy know ? Also, does he know anything else, and what ? Is it history, or geography, or mathematics, or divinity ?

Such thoughts will suggest themselves to a man who has had the benefit of what is called an education at a public school in England, when he sees seventy lads from all parts of the empire learning what his Latin poets and philosophers have informed him is the best of all pursuits,—finds them educated at one-twentieth part of the cost which has been bestowed on his own precious person; orderly without the necessity of submitting to degrading personal punishment; young, and full of health and blood, though vice is unknown among them; and brought up decently and honestly to know the things which it is good for them in their profession to know. So it is, however: all the world is improving except the gentleman. There are at this present writing five hundred boys at Eton, kicked, and licked, and bullied, by another hundred—scrubbing shoes, running errands, making false concords, and (as if that were a natural consequence!) putting their posteriors on a block for Dr. Hawtrey to lash at; and still calling it education. They are proud of it—good heavens!—absolutely vain of it; as what dull barbarians are not proud of their dulness and barbarism? They call it the good old English system: nothing like classics, says Sir John, to give a boy a taste, you know, and a habit of reading—(Sir John, who reads

the Racing Calendar, and belongs to a race of men of all the world the least given to reading!)—it's the good old English system; every boy fights for himself—hardens 'em, eh, Jack? Jack grins, and helps himself to another glass of claret, and presently tells you how Tibs and Miller fought for an hour and twenty minutes “like good uns.” . . . Let us come to an end, however, of this moralizing; the car-driver has brought the old raw-shouldered horse out of the stable, and says it is time to be off again.

Before quitting Templemoyle, one thing more may be said in its favour. It is one of the very few public establishments in Ireland where pupils of the two religious denominations are received, and where no religious disputes have taken place. The pupils are called upon, morning and evening, to say their prayers privately. On Sunday each division, Presbyterian, Roman Catholic, and Episcopalian, is marched to its proper place of worship. The pastors of each sect may visit their young flock when so inclined; and the lads devote the Sabbath evening to reading the books pointed out to them by their clergymen.

Would not the Agricultural Society of Ireland, the success of whose peaceful labours for the national prosperity every Irish newspaper I read brings some

new indication, do well to show some mark of its sympathy for this excellent institution of Temple-moyle? A silver medal given by the Society to the most deserving pupil of the year, would be a great object of emulation amongst the young men educated at the place, and would be almost a certain passport for the winner in seeking for a situation in after life. I do not know if similar seminaries exist in England. Other seminaries of a like nature have been tried in this country, and have failed: but English country gentlemen cannot, I should think, find a better object of their attention than this school; and our farmers would surely find such establishments of great benefit to them: where their children might procure a sound literary education at a small charge, and at the same time be made acquainted with the latest improvements in their profession. I can't help saying here, once more, what I have said *apropos* of the excellent school at Dundalk, and begging the English middle classes to think of the subject. If government will not act (upon what never can be effectual, perhaps, until it become a national measure), let small communities act for themselves, and tradesmen and the middle classes set up **CHEAP PROPRIETARY SCHOOLS**. Will country newspaper editors, into whose hands this book may fall, be kind enough to speak upon

this hint, and extract the tables of the Templemoyle and Dundalk establishments, to show how, and with what small means, boys may be well, soundly, and humanely educated—not brutally, as some of us have been, under the bitter fagging and the shameful rod. It is no plea for the barbarity that use has made us accustomed to it; and in seeing these institutions for humble lads, where the system taught is at once useful, manly, and kindly, and thought of what I had undergone in my own youth,—of the frivolous monkish trifling in which it was wasted, of the brutal tyranny to which it was subjected,—I could not look at the lads but with a sort of envy: please God, their lot will be shared by thousands of their equals and their betters before long!

It was a proud day for Dundalk, Mr. Thackeray well said, when, at the end of one of the vacations there, fourteen English boys, and an Englishman with his little son in his hand, landed from the Liverpool packet, and, walking through the streets of the town, went into the school-house quite happy. That *was* a proud day in truth for a distant Irish town, and I can't help saying that I grudge them the cause of their pride somewhat. Why should there not be schools in England as good, and as cheap, and as happy?

With this, shaking Mr. Campbell gratefully by the hand, and begging all English tourists to go and visit his establishment, we trotted off for Londonderry, leaving at about a mile's distance from the town, and at the pretty lodge of Saint Columb's, a letter, which was the cause of much delightful hospitality.

Saint Columb's Chapel, the walls of which still stand picturesquely in Sir George Hill's park, and from which that gentleman's seat takes its name, was here since the sixth century. It is but fair to give precedence to the mention of the old abbey, which was the father, as it would seem, of the town. The approach to the latter from three quarters, certainly, by which various avenues I had occasion to see it, is always noble. We had seen the spire of the cathedral peering over the hills for four miles on our way: it stands, a stalwart and handsome building, upon an eminence, round which the old-fashioned stout red houses of the town cluster, girt in with the ramparts and walls that kept out James's soldiers of old. Quays, factories, huge red warehouses, have grown round this famous old barrier, and now stretch along the river. A couple of large steamers and other craft, lay within the bridge; and, as we passed over that stout wooden edifice, stretching eleven

hundred feet across the noble expanse of the Foyle, we heard along the quays a great thundering and clattering of iron-work in an enormous steam frigate which has been built in Derry, and seems to lie alongside a whole street of houses. The suburb, too, through which we passed was bustling and comfortable ; and the view was not only pleasing from its natural beauties, but has a manly, thriving, honest air of prosperity, which is no bad feature, surely, for a landscape.

Nor does the town itself, as one enters it, belie, as many other Irish towns do, its first flourishing look. It is not splendid, but comfortable ; a brisk movement in the streets : good downright shops, without particularly grand titles ; few beggars. Nor have the common people, as they address you, that eager smile,—that manner of compound fawning and swaggering, which an Englishman finds in the town's-people of the West and South. As in the North of England, too, when compared with other districts, the people are greatly more familiar, though by no means disrespectful to the stranger.

On the other hand, after such a commerce as a traveller has with the race of waiters, postboys, porters, and the like (and it may be that the vast race of postboys, &c., whom I did not see in the

north, are quite unlike those unlucky specimens with whom I came in contact), I was struck by their excessive greediness after the traveller's gratuities, and their fierce dissatisfaction if not sufficiently rewarded. To the gentleman who brushed my clothes at the comfortable hotel at Belfast, and carried my bags to the coach, I tendered the sum of two shillings, which seemed to me quite a sufficient reward for his services ; he battled and bawled with me for more, and got it too ; for a street-dispute with a porter calls together a number of delighted bystanders, whose remarks and company are by no means agreeable to a solitary gentleman. Then, again, was the famous case of Boots of Ballycastle, which, being upon the subject, I may as well mention here : Boots of Ballycastle, that romantic little village near the Giant's Causeway, had cleaned a pair of shoes for me certainly, but declined either to brush my clothes, or to carry down my two carpet bags to the car, leaving me to perform those offices for myself, which I did, and indeed they were not very difficult. But immediately I was seated on the car, Mr. Boots stepped forward, and wrapped a mackintosh very considerately round me, and begged me at the same time to "remember him."

There was an old beggar-woman standing by, to whom I had a desire to present a penny; and having no coin of that value, I begged Mr. Boots, out of a sixpence which I tendered to him, to subtract a penny, and present it to the old lady in question. Mr. Boots took the money, looked at me, and his countenance, not naturally good-humoured, assumed an expression of the most indignant contempt and hatred as he said, “I’m thinking I’ve no call to give my money away. Sixpence is my right for what I’ve done.”

“Sir,” says I, “you must remember that you did but black one pair of shoes, and that you blacked them very badly too.”

“Sixpence is my right,” says Boots, “a *gentleman* would give me sixpence!” and, though I represented to him that a pair of shoes might be blacked in a minute—that fivepence a minute was not usual wages in the country—that many gentlemen, half-pay officers, briefless barristers, unfortunate literary gentlemen would gladly black twelve pairs of shoes per diem if rewarded with five shillings for so doing, there was no means of convincing Mr. Boots. I then demanded back the sixpence, which proposal, however, he declined, saying, after a struggle, he would give the money, but a gentleman would have

given sixpence ; and so left me with furious rage and contempt.

As for the city of Derry, a carman who drove me one mile out to dinner at a gentleman's house, where he himself was provided with a comfortable meal, was dissatisfied with eighteenpence, vowing that "a dinner job" was always paid half-a-crown, and not only asserted this, but continued to assert it for a quarter of an hour with the most noble though unsuccessful perseverance. A second car-boy, to whom I gave a shilling for a drive of two miles altogether, attacked me because I gave the other boy eighteenpence ; and the porter who brought my bags fifty yards from the coach, entertained me with a dialogue that lasted at least a couple of minutes, and said, "I should have had sixpence for carrying one of 'em."

For the car which carried me two miles the landlord of the inn made me pay the sum of five shillings. He is a godly landlord, has bibles in the coffee-room, the drawing-room, and every bed-room in the house, with this inscription—

UT MIGRATORUS HABITA.

THE TRAVELLER'S TRUE REFUGE

Jones's Hotel, Londonderry.

This pious double or triple entendre, the reader will, no doubt, admire—the first simile establishing the resemblance between this life and an inn; the second allegory showing that the inn and the bible are both the traveller's refuge.

In life we are in death—the hotel in question is about as gay as a family vault: a severe figure of a landlord, in seedy black, is occasionally seen in the dark passages or on the creaking old stairs of the black inn. He does not bow to you—very few landlords in Ireland condescend to acknowledge their guests—he only warns you,—a silent solemn gentleman who looks to be something between a clergyman and a sexton—“*ut migratus habita!*”—the “*migratus*” was a vast comfort in the clause.

It must, however, be said, for the consolation of future travellers, that when at evening, in the old lonely parlour of the inn, the great gaunt fireplace is filled with coals, two dreary funereal candles and sticks glimmering upon the old-fashioned round table, the rain pattering fiercely without, the wind roaring and thumping in the streets, this worthy gentleman can produce a pint of port wine for the use of his migratory guest, which causes the latter to be almost reconciled to the cemetery in which he

is resting himself, and he finds himself, to his surprise, almost cheerful. There is a mouldy-looking old kitchen, too, which, strange to say, sends out an excellent comfortable dinner, so that the sensation of fear gradually wears off.

As in Chester, the ramparts of the town form a pleasant promenade; and the batteries, with a few of the cannon, are preserved, with which the stout 'prentice boys of Derry beat off King James in '88. The guns bear the names of the London Companies —venerable Cockney titles! It is pleasant for a Londoner to read them, and see how, at a pinch, the sturdy citizens can do their work.

The public buildings of Derry are, I think, among the best I have seen in Ireland; and the Lunatic Asylum, especially, is to be pointed out as a model of neatness and comfort. When will the middle classes be allowed to send their own afflicted relatives to public institutions of this excellent kind, where violence is never practised—where it is never to the interest of the keeper of the asylum to exaggerate his patient's malady, or to retain him in durance, for the sake of the enormous sums which the sufferer's relatives are made to pay? The gentry of three counties which contribute to the Asylum have no such resource for members of their own body, should any be so

afflicted—the condition of entering this admirable asylum is, that the patient must be a pauper, and on this account he is supplied with every comfort and the best curative means, and his relations are in perfect security. Are the rich in any way so lucky? —and if not, why not?

The rest of the occurrences at Derry belong, unhappily, to the domain of private life, and though very pleasant to recall, are not honestly to be printed. Otherwise, what popular descriptions might be written of the hospitalities of St. Columb's, of the jovialities of the mess of the —th Regiment, of the speeches made and the songs sung, and the devilled turkey at twelve o'clock, and the head-ache afterwards; all which events could be described in an exceedingly facetious manner. But these amusements are to be met with in every other part of her Majesty's dominions; and the only point which may be mentioned here as peculiar to this part of Ireland, is the difference of the manner of the gentry to that in the South. The Northern manner is far more *English* than that of the other provinces of Ireland—whether it is *better* for being English is a question of taste, of which an Englishman can scarcely be a fair judge.

CHAPTER XVII.

DUBLIN AT LAST.

A WEDDING party that went across Derry Bridge to the sound of bell and cannon, had to flounder through a thick coat of frozen snow, that covered the slippery planks, and the hills round about were whitened over by the same inclement material. Nor was the weather, implacable towards young lovers and unhappy buckskinned postilions, shivering in white favours, at all more polite towards the passengers of her Majesty's mail that runs from Derry to Ballyshannon.

Hence the aspect of the country between those two places can only be described at the rate of nine miles an hour, and from such points of observation as may be had through a coach-window starred with ice and mud. While horses were changed we saw a very dirty town called Strabane; and had to visit the old house of the O'Donnels in Donegal during a

quarter-of-an-hour's pause that the coach made there—and with an umbrella over-head. The pursuit of the picturesque under umbrellas, let us leave to more venturesome souls: the fine weather of the finest season known for many long years in Ireland was over, and I thought with a great deal of yearning of Pat the waiter, at the Shelbourne Hotel, Stephen's Green, Dublin, and the gas lamps, and the covered cars, and the good dinners to which they take you.

Farewell then, O wild Donegal, and ye stern passes through which the astonished traveller windeth! Farewell Ballyshannon, and thy salmon-leap, and thy bar of sand, over which the white head of the troubled Atlantic was peeping! Likewise, adieu to Lough Erne and its numberless green islands, and winding river-lake, and wavy fir-clad hills! Good by, moreover, neat Enniskillen, over the bridge and churches whereof the sun peepeth as the coach starteth from the inn! See how he shines now on Lord Belmore's stately palace and park, with gleaming porticoes and brilliant grassy chases: now, behold he is yet higher in the heavens, as the twanging horn proclaims the approach to beggarly Cavan, where a beggarly breakfast awaits the hungry voyager. Snatching up a roll wherewith to satisfy the pangs of hunger, sharpened by the mockery of

breakfast, the tourist now hastens in his arduous course, through Virginia, Kells, Navan, by Tara's threadbare mountain, and Skreen's green hill ; day darkens, and a hundred thousand lamps twinkle in the gray horizon—see above the darkling trees a stumpy column rise, see on its base the name of Wellington (though this, because 'tis night, thou can'st not see), and cry “It is the *Phaynix!*”—On and on, across the iron-bridge, and through the streets, (dear streets, though dirty, to the citizen's heart how dear you be !) and, lo, now with a bump, the dirtycoach stops at the seedy inn, six ragged porters battle for the bags, six wheedling carmen recommend their cars, and (giving first the coachman eighteenpence) the Cockney says, “Drive, car-boy, to the Shelbourne.”

And so having reached Dublin—and seeing the ominous 304 which figures upon the last page, it becomes necessary to curtail the observations which were to be made upon that city : which surely ought to have a volume to itself—the humours of Dublin at least require so much space. For instance, there was the dinner at the Kildare-street Club, or the Hotel opposite,—the dinner in Trinity College Hall,—that at Mr. ——, the publisher's, where a dozen of the literary men of Ireland were assembled,—and

those (say 50), with Harry Lorrequer himself, at his mansion of Templeogue. What a favourable opportunity to discourse upon the peculiarities of Irish character ! to describe men of letters, of fashion, and university dons ! Sketches of these personages may be prepared, and sent over, perhaps, in confidence to Mrs. Sigourney in America, (who will of course not print them)—but the English habit does not allow of these happy communications between writers and the public ; and the author who wishes to dine again at his friend's cost, must needs have a care how he puts him in print.

Suffice it to say, that at Kildare-street, we had white neckcloths, black waiters, wax-candles, and some of the best wine in Europe ; at Mr. ——, the publisher's, wax-candles, and some of the best wine in Europe ; at Mr. Lever's, wax-candles, and some of the best wine in Europe ; at Trinity College—but there is no need to mention what took place at Trinity College ; for on returning to London, and recounting the circumstances of the repast, my friend B——, a Master of Arts of that university, solemnly declared the thing was impossible :—no stranger *could* dine at Trinity College ; it was too great a privilege—in a word, he would not believe the story, nor will he to this day ; and why, there-

fore, tell it in vain? I am sure if the Fellows of Colleges in Oxford and Cambridge were told that the Fellows of T. C. D. only drink beer at dinner, they would not believe *that*. Such, however, was the fact, or may be it was a dream, which was followed by another dream of about four-and-twenty gentlemen seated round a common-room table after dinner; and, by a subsequent vision, of a tray of oysters in the apartments of a tutor of the University, sometime before midnight. Did we swallow them or not?—the oysters are an open question.

Of the Catholic College of Maynooth, I must likewise speak briefly, for the reason that an accurate description of that establishment would be of necessity so disagreeable, that it is best to pass it over in a few words. An Irish union-house is a palace to it. Ruin so needless, filth so disgusting, such a look of lazy squalor, no Englishman who has not seen can conceive. Lecture-room and dining-hall, kitchen and students'-room were all the same. I shall never forget the sight of scores of shoulders of mutton lying on the filthy floor in the former, or the view of a bed and dressing-table that I saw in the other. Let the next Maynooth grant include a few shillings'-worth of whitewash and a few hundred-weights of soap; and if to this be added a half-score

of drill-sergeants to see that the students appear clean at lecture, and to teach them to keep their heads up and to look people in the face, Parliament will introduce some cheap reforms into the seminary, which were never needed more than here. Why should the place be so shamefully ruinous and foully dirty ? Lime is cheap, and water plenty at the canal hard by. Why should a stranger, after a week's stay in the country, be able to discover a priest by the scowl on his face, and his doubtful downcast manner ? Is it a point of discipline that his reverence should be made to look as ill-humoured as possible ? And I hope these words will not be taken hostilely. It would have been quite as easy, and more pleasant, to say the contrary, had the contrary seemed to me to have been the fact ; and to have declared that the priests were remarkable for their expression of candour, and their college for its extreme neatness and cleanliness.

This complaint of neglect applies to other public institutions besides Maynooth. The Mansion-house, when I saw it, was a very dingy abode for the Right Honourable Lord Mayor, and that Lord Mayor Mr. O'Connell. I saw him in full council, in a brilliant robe of crimson velvet, ornamented with white satin bows, and sable collar, in an enormous

cocked-hat, like a slice of an eclipsed moon—in the following costume, in fact.



The Aldermen and Common Council, in a black oak parlour, and at a dingy green table, were assembled around him, and a debate of thrilling interest to the town ensued. It related, I think, to water-pipes: the great man did not speak publicly, but

was occupied chiefly at the end of the table, giving audiences to at least a score of clients and petitioners.

The next day I saw him in the famous Corn Exchange. The building without has a substantial look, but the hall within is rude, dirty, and ill-kept. Hundreds of persons were assembled in the black, steaming place ; no inconsiderable share of frieze-coats were among them ; and many small repealers, who could but lately have assumed their breeches, ragged as they were. These kept up a great chorus of shouting, and “hear, hear !” at every pause in the great repealer’s address. Mr. O’Connell was reading a report from his repeal-wardens ; which proved that when repeal took place, commerce and prosperity would instantly flow into the country ; its innumerable harbours would be filled with countless ships, its immense water-power would be directed to the turning of myriads of mills : its vast energies and resources brought into full action. At the end of the report, three cheers were given for repeal, and in the midst of a great shouting Mr. O’Connell leaves the room.

“Mr. Quiglan, Mr. Quiglan,” roars an active aide-de-camp to the door-keeper, “a covered kyar for the Lard Mayre.” The covered car came ; I saw his lordship get into it. Next day he was Lord

Mayor no longer ; but Alderman O'Connell in his state-coach, with the handsome grays whose manes were tied up with green ribbon, following the new Lord Mayor to the right honourable inauguration. Javelin men, city marshals (looking like military undertakers), private carriages, glass coaches, cars, covered and uncovered, and thousands of yelling ragamuffins, formed the civic procession of that faded, worn-out, insolvent, old Dublin Corporation.

The walls of this city had been placarded with huge notices to the public, that O'Connell's rent-day was at hand ; and I went round to all the chapels in town on that Sunday (not a little to the scandal of some Protestant friends), to see the popular behaviour. Every door was barred, of course, with plate-holders ; and heaps of pence at the humble entrances, and bank-notes at the front gates, told the willingness of the people to reward their champion. The car-boy who drove me had paid his little tribute of fourpence at morning mass ; the waiter who brings my breakfast had added to the national subscription with his humble shilling ; and the Catholic gentleman with whom I dined, and between whom and Mr. O'Connell there is no great love lost, pays his annual donation, out of gratitude for old services, and to the man who won Catholic

Emancipation for Ireland. The piety of the people at the chapels is a sight, too, always well worthy to behold. Nor indeed is this religious fervour less in the Protestant places of worship : the warmth and attention of the congregation, the enthusiasm with which hymns are sung and responses uttered, contrasts curiously with the cool formality of worshippers at home.

The service at St. Patrick's is finely sung ; and the shameless English custom of retreating after the anthem, is properly prevented, by locking the gates, and having the music after the sermon. The interior of the cathedral itself, however, to an Englishman who has seen the neat and beautiful edifices of his own country, will be anything but an object of admiration. The greater part of the huge old building is suffered to remain in gaunt decay, and with its stalls of sham-Gothic, and the tawdry old rags and gimcracks of the "most illustrious order of Saint Patrick," (whose pasteboard helmets, and calico banners, and lath swords, well characterise the humbug of chivalry which they are made to represent,) looks like a theatre behind the scenes. "Paddy's Opera," however, is a noble performance ; and the Englishman may here listen to a half-hour sermon, and in the anthem to a bass singer whose voice is one of the finest ever heard.

The Drama does not flourish much more in Dublin than in any other part of the country. Operatic stars make their appearance occasionally, and managers lose money. I was at a fine concert, at which Lablache and others performed, where there were not a hundred people in the pit of the pretty theatre, and where the only encore given was to a young woman in ringlets and yellow satin, who stepped forward and sung “Coming through the rye,” or some other scientific composition, in an exceedingly small voice. On the nights when the regular drama was enacted, the audience was still smaller. The theatre of Fishamble-street was given up to the performances of the Rev. Mr. Greg and his Protestant company, whose soirées I did not attend; and, at the Abbey-street Theatre, whither I went in order to see, if possible, some specimens of the national humour, I found a company of English people ranting through a melodrama, the tragedy whereof was the only laughable thing to be witnessed.

Humbler popular recreations may be seen by the curious. One night I paid twopence to see a puppet-show—such an entertainment as may have been popular a hundred and thirty years ago, and is described in the *Spectator*. But the company

here assembled were not, it scarcely need be said, of the genteel sort. There were a score of boys, however, and a dozen of labouring men, who were quite happy and contented with the piece performed, and loudly applauded. Then in passing homewards of a night, you hear, at the humble public-houses, the sound of many a fiddle, and the stamp of feet dancing the good old jig, which is still maintaining a struggle with Teetotalism, and, though vanquished now, may rally some day and overcome the enemy. At Kingstown, especially, the old “fire-worshippers” yet seem to muster pretty strongly; loud is the music to be heard in the taverns there, and the cries of encouragement to the dancers.

Of the numberless amusements that take place in the *Phaynix*, it is not very necessary to speak. Here you may behold garrison races, and reviews; lord-lieutenants in brown great coats; aides-de-camp scampering about like mad in blue; fat colonels roaring “charge” to immense heavy dragoons; dark riflemen lining woods and firing; galloping cannoneers banging and blazing right and left. Here comes his Excellency the Commander-in-chief, with his huge feathers, and white hair, and hooked nose; and yonder sits his Excellency the Ambassador from the republic of Topinambo, in a glass coach,

smoking a cigar. The honest Dublinites make a great deal of such small dignitaries as his excellency of the glass coach ; you hear every body talking of him, and asking which is he ; and when presently one of Sir Robert Peel's sons makes his appearance on the course, the public rush delighted to look at him.

They love great folks, those honest Emerald islanders, more intensely than any people I ever heard of, except the Americans. They still cherish the memory of the sacred George IV. They chronicle genteel small beer with never-failing assiduity. They go in long trains to a sham court—simpering in tights and bags, with swords between their legs. Oh, heaven and earth, what joy ! Why are the Irish noblemen absentees ? If their lordships like respect, where would they get it so well as in their own country ?

The Irish noblemen are very likely going through the same delightful routine of duty before their real sovereign—in *real* tights and bag-wigs, as it were, performing their graceful and lofty duties, and celebrating the august service of the throne. These, of course, the truly loyal heart can only respect : and I think a drawing-room at St. James's the grandest spectacle that ever feasted the eye or exercised the intellect. The crown, surrounded by its

knights and nobles, its priests, its sages, and their respective ladies ; illustrious foreigners, men learned in the law, heroes of land and sea, beef-eaters, gold sticks, gentlemen at arms, rallying round the throne and defending it with those swords which never knew defeat (and would surely, if tried, secure victory) : these are sights and characters which every man must look upon with a thrill of respectful awe, and count amongst the glories of his country. What lady that sees this will not confess that she reads every one of the drawing-room costumes, from Majesty down to Miss Anna Maria Smith ; and all the names of the presentations from Prince Baccabocksky (by the Russian ambassador) to Ensign Stubbs on his appointment ?

We are bound to read these accounts. It is our pride, our duty as Britons. But though one may honour the respect of the aristocracy of the land for the sovereign, yet there is no reason why those who are not of the aristocracy should be aping their betters : and the Dublin Castle business has, I cannot but think, a very high-life below-stairs look. There is no aristocracy in Dublin. Its magnates are tradesmen—Sir Fiat Haustus, Sir Blacker Dosy, Mr. Serjeant Bluebag, or Mr. Counsellor O'Fee. Brass plates are their titles of honour, and they live

by their boluses or their briefs. What call have these worthy people to be dangling and grinning at lord-lieutenants' levees, and playing sham aristocracy before a sham sovereign? Oh that old humbug of a castle! It is the greatest sham of all the shams in Ireland.

Although the season may be said to have begun, for the courts are opened, and the noblesse de la robe have assembled, I do not think the genteel quarters of the town look much more cheerful. They still, for the most part, wear their faded appearance, and lean half-pay look. There is the beggar still dawdling here and there. Sound of carriages or footmen do not deaden the clink of the burly policeman's boot heels. You may see, possibly, a smutty-faced nursemaid leading out her little charges to walk; or the observer may catch a glimpse of Mick the footman lolling at the door, and grinning as he talks to some dubious tradesman. **MICK** and **JOHN** are very different characters externally and inwardly;—profound essays (involving the history of the two countries for a thousand years) might be written regarding **Mick** and **John**, and the moral and political influences which have developed the funkeys of the two nations. The friend, too, with whom **Mick** talks at the door is a puzzle to a Londoner. I have

hardly ever entered a Dublin house without meeting with some such character on my way in or out. He looks too shabby for a dun, and not exactly ragged enough for a beggar—a doubtful, lazy, dirty family vassal—a guerilla footman. I think it is he who makes a great noise, and whispering, and clattering, handing in the dishes to Mick from outside of the dining-room door. When an Irishman comes to London, he brings Erin with him; and ten to one you will find one of these queer retainers about his place.

London one can only take leave of by degrees: the great town melts away into suburbs, which soften, as it were, the parting between the Cockney and his darling birth-place. But you pass from some of the stately fine Dublin streets straight into the country. After No. 46, Eccles Street, for instance, potatoes begin at once. You are on a wide green plain, diversified by occasional cabbage plots, by drying grounds white with chemises, in the midst of which the chartered wind is revelling; and though in the map some fanciful engineer has laid down streets and squares, they exist but on paper; nor, indeed, can there be any need of them at present, in a quarter where houses are not wanted so much as people to dwell in the same.

If the genteel portions of the town look to the full as melancholy as they did, the downright poverty ceases, I fear, to make so strong an impression as it made four months ago. Going over the same ground again, places appear to have quite a different aspect; and, with their strangeness, poverty and misery have lost much of their terror. The people, though dirtier and more ragged, seem certainly happier than those in London.

Near to the King's Court, for instance, (a noble building, as are almost all the public edifices of the city,) is a straggling green suburb, containing numberless little shabby, patched, broken-windowed huts, with rickety gardens dotted with rags that have been washed, and children that have not; and thronged with all sorts of ragged inhabitants. Near to the suburb in the town, is a dingy, old, mysterious district called Stoney-batter, where some houses have been allowed to reach an old age, extraordinary in this country of premature ruin, and look as if they had been built some sixscore years since. In these and the neighbouring tenements, not so old, but equally ruinous and mouldy, there is a sort of vermin swarm of humanity; dirty faces at all the dirty windows; children on all the broken steps; smutty slip-shod women clacking and bustling

about, and old men dawdling. Well, only paint and prop the tumbling gates and huts in the suburb, and fancy the Stoney-batterites clean, and you would have rather a gay and agreeable picture of human life—of workpeople and their families reposing after their labours. They are all happy, and sober, and kindhearted,—they seem kind, and playing with the children—the young women having a gay good-natured joke for the passer-by ; the old seemingly contented, and buzzing to one another. It is only the costume, as it were, that has frightened the strangers, and made him fancy that people so ragged must be unhappy. Observation grows used to the rags as much as the people do ; and my impression of the walk through this district, on a sunshiny, clear, autumn evening, is that of a *fête*. I am almost ashamed it should be so.

Near to Stoney-batter lies a group of huge gloomy edifices—an hospital, a penitentiary, a madhouse, and a poor-house. I visited the latter of these, the North Dublin Union-house, an enormous establishment, which accommodates two thousand beggars. Like all the public institutions of the country, it seems to be well-conducted, and is a vast orderly and cleanly place, wherein the prisoners are better clothed, better fed, and better housed than they can

hope to be when at liberty. We were taken into all the wards in due order—the schools and nursery for the children ; the dining-rooms, day-rooms, &c., of the men and women. Each division is so accommodated, as also with a large court or ground to walk and exercise in.

Among the men, there are very few able-bodied, the most of them, the keeper said, having gone out for the harvest time, or as soon as the potatoes came in. If they go out, they cannot return before the expiration of a month: the guardians have been obliged to establish this prohibition, lest the persons requiring relief should go in and out too frequently. The old men were assembled in considerable numbers in a long day-room that is comfortable and warm. Some of them were picking oakum by way of employment ; but most of them were past work, all such inmates of the house as are able-bodied, being occupied upon the premises. Their hall was airy and as clean as brush and water could make it : the men equally clean, and their gray jackets and Scotch caps stout and warm. Thence we were led, with a sort of satisfaction, by the guardian, to the kitchen —a large room, at the end of which might be seen certain coppers, emitting, it must be owned, a very faint inhospitable smell. It was Friday, and rice-

milk is the food on that day, each man being served with a pint-canful, of which cans a great number stood smoking upon stretchers—the platters were laid each with its portion of salt, in the large clean dining-room hard by. “Look at that rice,” said the keeper, taking up a bit, “try it, sir, it’s delicious.”—I’m sure I hope it is.

The old women’s room was crowded with, I should think, at least four hundred old ladies—neat and nice, in white clothes and caps—sitting demurely on benches, doing nothing for the most part ; but some employed, like the old men, in fiddling with the oakum. “There’s tobacco here,” says the guardian in a loud voice, “who’s smoking tobacco ?” “Fait, and I wish dere *was* some tabacky here,” says one old lady, “and my service to you, Mr. Leary, and I hope one of the gentlemen has a snuff-box, and a pinch for a poor old woman.” But we had no boxes ; and if any person who reads this visit, goes to a poor-house or lunatic asylum, let him carry a box, if for that day only—a pinch is like Dives’s drop of water to those poor limboed souls. Some of the poor old creatures began to stand up as we came in—I can’t say how painful such an honour seemed to me.

There was a separate room for the able-bodied

females ; and the place and courts were full of stout, red-cheeked, bouncing women. If the old ladies looked respectable, I cannot say the young ones were particularly good-looking ; there were some Hogarthian faces amongst them—sly, leering, and hideous. I fancied I could see only too well what these girls had been. Is it charitable or not to hope that such bad faces could only belong to bad women ?

“ Here, sir, is the nursery,” said the guide, flinging open the door of a long room. There may have been eighty babies in it, with as many nurses and mothers. Close to the door sat one with as beautiful a face as I almost ever saw : she had at her breast a very sickly and puny child, and looked up, as we entered, with a pair of angelical eyes, and a face that Mr. Eastlake could paint—a face that *had* been angelical that is, for there was the snow still, as it were, but with the footmark on it. I asked her how old she was—she did not know. She could not have been more than fifteen years, the poor child. She said she had been a servant—and there was no need of asking anything more about her story. I saw her grinning at one of her comrades as we went out of the room ; her face did not look angelical then. Ah, young master or old, young or old villain, who did this !—have you not enough wickedness of your own

to answer for, that you must take another's sins upon your shoulders ; and be this wretched child's sponsor in crime ?

But this chapter must be made as short as possible ; and, so I will not say how much prouder Mr. Leary, the keeper, was of his fat pigs than of his paupers—how he pointed us out the burial-ground of the family of the poor—their coffins were quite visible through the niggardly mould ; and the children might peep at their fathers over the burial-ground-playground-wall—nor, how we went to see the Linen Hall of Dublin—that huge, useless, lonely, decayed place, in the vast windy solitudes of which stands the simpering statue of George IV., pointing to some bales of shirting, over which he is supposed to extend his august protection.

The cheers of the rabble hailing the new Lord Mayor were the last sounds that I heard in Dublin : and I quitted the kind friends I had made there with the sincerest regret. As for forming “an opinion of Ireland,” such as is occasionally asked from a traveller on his return—that is as difficult an opinion to form as to express ; and the puzzle which has perplexed the gravest and wisest, may be confessed by a humble writer of light literature, whose aim it only was to look at the manners

and the scenery of the country ; and who does not venture to meddle with questions of more serious import.

To have “an opinion about Ireland,” one must begin by getting the truth ; and where is it to be had in the country ? Or rather, there are two truths, the Catholic truth and the Protestant truth. The two parties do not see things with the same eyes. I recollect, for instance, a Catholic gentleman telling me that the Primate had forty-three thousand *five hundred* a year : a Protestant clergyman gave me, chapter and verse, the history of a shameful perjury and malversation of money on the part of a Catholic priest ; nor was one tale more true than the other. But belief is made a party business ; and the receiving of the archbishop’s income would probably not convince the Catholic, any more than the clearest evidence to the contrary altered the Protestant’s opinion. Ask about an estate, you may be sure almost that people will make misstatements, or volunteer them if not asked. Ask a cottager about his rent, or his landlord ; you cannot trust him. I shall never forget the glee with which a gentleman in Munster told me how he had sent off MM. Tocqueville and Beaumont “with

such a set of stories.” Inglis was seized, as I am told, and mystified in the same way. In the midst of all these truths, attested with “I give ye my sacred honour and word,” which is the stranger to select? And how are we to trust philosophers who make theories upon such data?

Meanwhile it is satisfactory to know, upon testimony so general as to be equivalent almost to fact, that, wretched as it is, the country is steadily advancing, nor nearly so wretched now as it was a score of years since: and let us hope that the *middle class*, which this increase of prosperity must generate (and of which our laws have hitherto forbidden the existence in Ireland, making there a population of Protestant aristocracy and Catholic peasantry), will exercise the greatest and most beneficial influence over the country. Too independent to be bullied by priest or squire—having their interest in quiet, and alike indisposed to servility or to rebellion; may not as much be hoped from the gradual formation of such a class, as from any legislative meddling? It is the want of the middle class that has rendered the squire so arrogant, and the clerical or political demagogue so powerful; and I think Mr. O’Connell himself would say that the existence of

such a body would do more for the steady acquirement of orderly freedom, than the occasional outbreak of any crowd, influenced by any eloquence from altar or tribune.

THE END.

An allusion has been made in the first chapter of this volume to a frontispiece which was originally intended for it. But an accident happened to the plate, which has compelled the author to cancel it, and insert that which at present appears.



1845

v. 2



